

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

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~~BY THE AUTHOR.~~



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ANCIENT AND MODERN SATURNALIA.

THE Stagirite discovered that our nature delights in imitation, and perhaps in nothing more than in representing personages different from ourselves in mockery of them; in fact, there is a passion for masquerade in human nature. Children discover this propensity, and the populace, who are the children of society, through all ages have been humoured by their governors with festivals and recreations, which are made up of this malicious transformation of persons and things; and the humble orders of society have been privileged by the higher, to please themselves by burlesquing and ridiculing the great, at short seasons, as some consolation for the rest of the year.

The Saturnalia of the Romans is a remarkable instance of this characteristic of mankind. Macrobius could not trace the origin of this institution, and seems to derive it from the Grecians; so that it might have arisen in some rude period of antiquity, and among another

people. The conjecture seems supported by a passage in Gibbon's *Miscellanies**, who discovers traces of this institution among the more ancient nations; and Huet imagined that he saw in the jubilee of the Hebrews some similar usages. It is to be regretted that Gibbon does not afford us any new light on the cause in which originated the institution itself. The jubilee of the Hebrews was the solemn festival of an agricultural people, but bears none of the ludicrous characteristics of the Roman Saturnalia.

It would have been satisfactory to have discovered the occasion of the inconceivable licentiousness which was thus sanctioned by the legislator,—this overturning of the principles of society, and this public ridicule of its laws, its customs, and its feelings. We are told, these festivals, dedicated to Saturn, were designed to represent the natural equality which prevailed in his golden age; and for this purpose the slaves were allowed to change places with the masters. This was, however, giving the people a false notion of the equality of men; for, while the slave was converted into the master, the pretended equality was as much violated as in the usual situation of the parties. The political misconception of this term of natural equality seems, however, to have been carried on through all ages; and the political Saturnalia had lately nearly thrown Europe into a state of that worse than slavery, where slaves are masters.

The Roman Saturnalia were latterly prolonged to a week's debauchery and folly; and a diary of that week's

* *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. v 504.

words and deeds would have furnished a copious chronicle of *Facetiæ*. Some notions we acquire from the laws of the Saturnalia of Lucian, an Epistle of Seneca's*, and from Horace, who, from his love of quiet, retired from the city during this noisy season.

It was towards the close of December, that all the town was in an unusual motion, and the children every where invoking Saturn; nothing now to be seen but tables spread out for feasting, and nothing heard but shouts of merriment: all business was dismissed, and none at work but cooks and confectioners; no account of expenses was to be kept, and it appears that one tenth part of a man's income was to be appropriated to this jollity. All exertion of mind and body was forbidden, except for the purposes of recreation; nothing to be read or recited which did not provoke mirth, adapted to the season and the place. The slaves were allowed the utmost freedom of raillery and truth, with their masters†: sitting with them at table, dressed in their clothes, playing all sorts of tricks, telling them of their faults to their faces, while they smutted them. The slaves were imaginary kings, as indeed a lottery determined their rank; and as their masters attended them, whenever it happened that these performed their offices clumsily, doubtless with some recollections of their own similar misdemeanors, the slave made the master leap into the water head-foremost. No one was allowed to be angry, and he who was played on, if he

* Seneca, Epist 18

† Horace, in his dialogue with his slave Davus, exhibits a lively picture of this circumstance. Lib 11 Sat 7.

loved his own comfort, would be the first to laugh. Glasses of all sizes were to be ready, and all were to drink when and what they chose; none but the most skilful musicians and tumblers were allowed to perform, for those people are worth nothing unless exquisite, as the Saturnalian laws decreed. Dancing, singing, and shouting, and carrying a female musician thrice round on their shoulders, accompanied by every grotesque humour they imagined, were indulged in that short week, which was to repay the many in which the masters had their revenge for the reign of this pretended equality. Another custom prevailed at this season: the priests performed their sacrifices to Saturn bare-headed, which Pitiscus explains in the spirit of this extraordinary institution, as designed to show that time discovers, or, as in the present case of the bare-headed priests, uncovers, all things.

Such was the Roman Saturnalia, the favourite popular recreations of Paganism; and as the sports and games of the people outlast the date of their empires, and are carried with them, however they may change their name and their place on the globe, the grosser pleasures of the Saturnalia were too well adapted to their tastes to be forgotten. The Saturnalia, therefore, long generated the most extraordinary institutions among the nations of modern Europe; and, what seems more extraordinary than the unknown origin of the parent absurdity itself, the Saturnalia crept into the services and offices of the Christian church. Strange it is to observe at the altar the rites of religion burlesqued, and all its offices performed with the utmost buffoonery. It

is only by tracing them to the Roman Saturnalia, that we can at all account for these grotesque sports—that extraordinary mixture of libertinism and profaneness, so long continued under Christianity.

Such were the feasts of the ass, the feast of fools or madmen, *fêtes des fous*—the feast of the bull—of the Innocents—and that of the *soudiacres*, which perhaps, in its original term, meant only sub-deacons, but their conduct was expressed by the conversion of a pun into *soudiacres* or *diacres saouls*, drunken deacons. Institutions of this nature, even more numerous than the historian has usually recorded, and varied in their mode, seem to surpass each other in their utter extravagance*.

These profane festivals were universally practised in the middle ages, and, as I shall show, comparatively even in modern times. The ignorant and the careless clergy then imagined it was the securest means to retain the populace, who were always inclined to these pagan revelries.

* A large volume might be composed on these grotesque, profane, and licentious feasts. Du Cange notices several under different terms in his Glossary—*Festum Asinorum*, *Kalendæ*, *Cervula*. A curious collection has been made by the Abbé Aitigny, in the fourth and seventh volumes of his *Mémoires d'Histoire*, &c. Du Radier, in his *Récréations Historiques*, vol. 1 p. 109, has noticed several writers on the subject, and preserves one on the hunting of a man, called Adam, from Ash-Wednesday to Holy-Thursday, and treating him with a good supper at night, peculiar to a town in Saxony. See Ancillon's *Mélange Critique*, &c., 1 39, where the passage from Raphael de Volterra is found at length. In my learned friend Mr Turner's second volume of his *History of England*, p. 367, will be found a copious and a curious note on this subject.

These grotesque festivals have sometimes amused the pens of foreign and domestic antiquaries: for our own country has participated as keenly in these irreligious fooleries. In the feast of asses, an ass covered with sacerdotal robes was gravely conducted to the choir, where service was performed before the ass, and a hymn chanted in as discordant a manner as they could contrive; the office was a medley of all that had been sung in the course of the year, pails of water were flung at the head of the chanters; the ass was supplied with drink and provender at every division of the service; and the asinines were drinking, dancing, and braying for two days. The hymn to the ass has been preserved; each stanza ends with the burthen "Hez! Sire Ane, hez!" "Huzza! Seignior Ass, Huzza!" On other occasions, they put burnt old shoes to fume in the censers; ran about the church, leaping, singing, and dancing obscenely; scattering ordure among the audience; playing at dice upon the altar! while a *boy-bishop*, or a *pope of fools*, burlesqued the divine service. Sometimes they disguised themselves in the skins of animals, and pretending to be transformed into the animal they represented, it became dangerous, or worse, to meet these abandoned fools. There was a *precentor of fools*, who was shaved in public, during which he entertained the populace with all the balderdash his genius could invent. We had in Leicester, in 1415, what was called a *glutton-mass*, during the five days of the festival of the Virgin Mary. The people rose early to mass, during which they practised eating and drinking with the most zealous velocity, and, as in

France, drew from the corners of the altar the rich puddings placed there.

So late as in 1645, a pupil of Gassendi, writing to his master, what he himself witnessed at Aix on the feast of the Innocents, says, "I have seen, in some monasteries in this province, extravagancies solemnised, which the pagans would not have practised. Neither the clergy, nor the guardians, indeed, go to the choir on this day, but all is given up to the lay-brethren, the cabbage-cutters, the errand-boys, the cooks and scullions, the gardeners; in a word, all the menials fill their places in the church, and insist that they perform the offices proper for the day. They dress themselves with all the sacerdotal ornaments, but torn to rags, or wear them inside out; they hold in their hands the books reversed or sideways, which they pretend to read with large spectacles without glasses, and to which they fix the shells of scooped oranges, which renders them so hideous, that one must have seen these madmen to form a notion of their appearance; particularly while dangling the censers, they keep shaking them in derision, and letting the ashes fly about their heads and faces, one against the other. In this equipage they neither sing hymns, nor psalms, nor masses; but mumble a certain gibberish as shrill and squeaking as a herd of pigs whipped on to market. The nonsense-verses they chant are singularly barbarous:—

"Hæc est clara dies, clararum clara dierum,

Hæc est festa dies, festarum festa dierum*"

* Thiels, Traité des Jeux, p 449.

These are scenes which equal any which the humour of the Italian burlesque poets have invented, and which might have entered with effect into the "*Malmantile racquistato*" of Lippi; but that they should have been endured amidst the solemn offices of religion, and have been performed in cathedrals, while it excites our astonishment, can only be accounted for by perceiving that they were, in truth, the Saturnalia of the Romans. Mr. Turner observes, without perhaps having a precise notion that they were copied from the Saturnalia, that "It could be only by rivalling the pagan revelries, that the christian ceremonies could gain the ascendancy." Our historian further observes, that these "licentious festivities were called the *December liberties*, and seem to have begun at one of the most solemn seasons of the christian year, and to have lasted through the chief part of January." This very term, as well as the time, agrees with that of the ancient Saturnalia:—

"Age, *libertate Decembri*,

Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere narra."

Hor lib 11 sat 7

The Roman Saturnalia, thus transplanted into christian churches, had for its singular principle, that of inferiors, whimsically and in mockery, personifying their superiors with a licensed licentiousness. This forms a distinct characteristic from those other popular customs and pastimes which the learned have also traced to the Roman, and even more ancient nations. Our present inquiry is, to illustrate that proneness in man, of delighting to reverse the order of society, and ridiculing its decencies.

Here we had our *boy-bishop*, a legitimate descendant of this family of foolery. On St. Nicholas's day, a saint who was the patron of children, the boy-bishop with his *mitra parva* and a long crosier, attended by his school-mates as his diminutive prebendaries, assumed the title and state of a bishop. The child-bishop preached a sermon, and afterwards, accompanied by his attendants, went about singing and collecting his pence : to such theatrical processions in collegiate bodies, Warton attributes the custom, still existing at Eton, of going *ad montem*. But this was a tame mummary, compared with the grossness elsewhere allowed in burlesquing religious ceremonies. The English, more particularly after the Reformation, seem not to have polluted the churches with such abuses. The relish for the Saturnalia was not, however, less lively here than on the Continent ; but it took a more innocent direction, and was allowed to turn itself into civil life : and since the people would be gratified by mock dignities, and claimed the privilege of ridiculing their masters, it was allowed them by our kings and nobles ; and a troop of grotesque characters, frolicsome great men, delighting in merry mischief, are recorded in our domestic annals.

The most learned Selden, with parsimonious phrase and copious sense, has thus compressed the result of an historical dissertation : he derives our ancient Christmas sports at once from the true, though remote, source. "Christmas succeeds the Saturnalia ; the same time, the same number of holy-days ; then the master waited

upon the servant like the *lord of misrule**." Such is the title of a facetious potentate, who, in this notice of Selden's, is not further indicated, for this personage was familiar in his day, but of whom the accounts are so scattered, that his offices and his glory are now equally obscure. The race of this nobility of drollery, and this legitimate king of all hoaxing and quizzing, like mightier dynasties, has ceased to exist.

In England our festivities at Christmas appear to have been more entertaining than in other countries. We were once famed for merry Christmasses and their pies: witness the Italian proverb, "*Ha piu di fare che i form di Natale in Inghilterra*:" "He has more business than English ovens at Christmas." Wherever the king resided, there was created for that merry season a Christmas prince, usually called "the *Lord of Misrule*;" and whom the Scotch once knew under the significant title of "the *Abbot of Unreason*." His office, according to Stowe, was "to make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholder." Every nobleman, and every great family, surrendered their houses, during this season, to the Christmas prince, who found rivals or usurpers in almost every parish; and more particularly, as we shall see, among the grave students in our inns of court.

The Italian Polydore Vergil, who, residing here, had clearer notions of this facetious personage, considered the Christmas Prince as peculiar to our country. Without venturing to ascend in his genealogy, we must admit

* Selden's Table-talk.

his relationship to that ancient family of foolery we have noticed, whether he be legitimate or not. If this whimsical personage, at his creation, was designed to regulate "misrule," his lordship, invested with plenary power, came himself, at length, to delight too much in his "merry disports." Stubbes, a morose puritan in the reign of Elizabeth, denominates him "a grand capitaine of mischiefe," and has preserved a minute description of all his wild doings in the country; but as Strutt has anticipated me in this amusing extract, I must refer to his "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," p. 254. I prepare another scene of unparalleled Saturnalia, among the grave judges and serjeants of the law, where the Lord of Misrule is viewed amidst his frolicsome courtiers, with the humour of hunting the fox and the cat with ten couple of hounds round their great hall, among the other merry disports of those joyous days when sages could play like boys.

For those who can throw themselves back amidst the grotesque humours and clumsy pastimes of our ancestors, who, without what we think to be taste, had whim and merriment—there has been fortunately preserved a curious history of the manner in which "A grand Christmas" was kept at our Inns of Court, by the grave and learned Dugdale, in his "Origines Juridicales:" it is a complete festival of foolery, acted by the students and law-officers. They held for that season every thing in mockery: they had a mock parliament, a Prince of *Sophie*, or Wisdom, an honourable order of Pegasus, a high constable, marshal, a master of the game, a ranger of the forest, lieutenant of the Tower, which was

a temporary prison for Christmas delinquents, all the paraphernalia of a court, burlesqued by these youthful sages before the boyish judges.

The characters personified were in the costume of their assumed offices. On Christmas-day, the constable-marshal, accoutred with a complete gilded "harness," showed that every thing was to be chivalrously ordered, while the lieutenant of the Tower, in "a fair white armour," attended with his troop of halberdiers; and the Tower was then placed beneath the fire. After this opening followed the costly feasting; and then, nothing less than a hunt with a pack of hounds in their hall!

The master of the game dressed in green velvet, and the ranger of the forest in green satin, bearing a green bow and arrows, each with a hunting-horn about their necks, blowing together three blasts of venery (or hunting), they pace round about the fire three times. The master of the game kneels to be admitted into the service of the high-constable. A huntsman comes into the hall, with nine or ten couple of hounds, bearing on the end of his staff a pursenet, which holds a fox and a cat: these were let loose and hunted by the hounds, and killed beneath the fire.

These extraordinary amusements took place after their repast; for these grotesque Saturnalia appeared after that graver part of their grand Christmas. Supper ended, the constable-marshal presented himself with drums playing, mounted on a stage borne by four men, and carried round; at length he cries out "a lord! a lord!" &c., and then calls his mock court every one by name.

Sir Francis Flatterer, of Fowlshurt.

Sir Randall Rackabite, of Rascal hall, in the county of Rake-hell.

Sir Morgan Mumchance, of Much Monckery, in the county of Mad Mopery.

Sir Bartholomew Bald-breech, of Buttock-bury, in the county of Break-neck*.

They had also their mock arraignments. The king's-serjeant, after dinner or supper, "orateur-like," complained that the constable-marshal had suffered great disorders to prevail; the complaint was answered by the common-serjeant, who was to show his talent at defending the cause. The king's-serjeant replies; they rejoin, &c. : till one at length is committed to the Tower, for being found most deficient. If any offender contrived to escape from the lieutenant of the Tower into the buttery, and brought into the hall a manchet (or small loaf) upon the point of a knife, he was pardoned; for the buttery in this jovial season was considered as a sanctuary. Then began the *revels*. Blount derives

* A rare quarto tract seems to give an authentic narrative of one of these grand Christmas keepings, exhibiting all their whimsicality and burlesque humour. it is entitled "Gesta Grayorum, or the History of the high and mighty Prince Henry, Prince of Purpoole, Arch-duke of Stapulia and Bernardia (Staple's and Bernard's Inns), Duke of High and Nether-Holborn, Marquess of St Giles and Tottenham, Count Palatine of Bloomsbury and Clerkenwell, Great Lord of the Cantons of Islington, Kentish Town, &c. Knight and Sovereign of the most herocal order of the Helmet, who reigned and died A. D. 1594." It is full of burlesque speeches and addresses. As it was printed in 1688, I suppose it was from some manuscript of the times; the preface gives no information.

this term from the French *reveiller*, to awake from sleep. These were sports of dancing, masking, comedies, &c. (for some were called solemn revels), used in great houses, and were so denominated because they were performed by night; and these various pastimes were regulated by a master of the revels.

Amidst "the grand Christmass," a personage of no small importance was "the Lord of Misrule." His lordship was abroad early in the morning, and if he lacked any of his officers, he entered their chambers to drag forth the loiterers, but after breakfast his lordship's power ended, and it was in suspense till night, when his personal presence was paramount, or, as Dugdale expresses it, "and then his power is most potent."

Such were then the pastimes of the whole learned bench, and when once it happened that the underbarristers did not dance on Candlemas-day, according to the ancient order of the society, when the judges were present, the whole bar was offended, and at Lincoln's-Inn were by decimation put out of commons, for example sake; and should the same omission be repeated, they were to be fined or disbarred; for these dancings were thought necessary, "as much conducing to the making of gentlemen more fit for their books at other times" I cannot furnish a detailed notice of these pastimes, for Dugdale, whenever he indicates them, spares his gravity from recording the evanescent frolics, by a provoking &c. &c. &c.

The dance "round about the coal-fire" is taken off in the "Rehearsal." These revels have also been ridiculed by Donne in his Satires, Prior in his Alma, and

Pope in his Dunciad. "The judge to dance, his brother serjeants calls *."

"The Lord of Misrule," in the inns of court, latterly did not conduct himself with any recollection of "*Medio tutissimus ibis*," being unreasonable; but the "sparks of the Temple," as a contemporary calls them, had gradually, in the early part of Charles the First's reign, yielded themselves up to excessive disorders. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, in his MS. diary in 1620, has noticed their choice of a lieutenant, or lord of misrule, who seems to have practised all the mischief he invented; and the festival days, when "a standing table was kept," were accompanied by dicing, and much gaming, oaths, execrations, and quarrels: being of a serious turn of mind, he regrets this, for he adds, "the sport, of itself, I conceive to be lawful."

I suspect that the last memorable act of a Lord of Misrule of the inns of court occurred in 1627, when the Christmas game became serious. The Lord of Misrule then issued an edict to his officers to go out at Twelfth-night to collect his rents in the neighbourhood of the Temple, at the rate of five shillings a house; and on those who were in their beds, or would not pay, he levied a distress. An unexpected resistance at length occurred in a memorable battle with the Lord Mayor in person:—and I shall tell how the Lord of Misrule for some time stood victor, with his gunner, and his trumpeter, and his martial array: and how heavily and fearfully stood my Lord Mayor amidst his "watch and

* On the last Revels held, see Gent. Mag. 1774, p. 273.

ward:" and how their lordships agreed to meet half way, each to preserve his independent dignity, till one knocked down the other: and how the long halberds clashed with the short swords: how my Lord Mayor valorously took the Lord of Misrule prisoner with his own civic hand: and how the Christmas prince was immured in the Counter: and how the learned Templars insisted on their privilege, and the unlearned of Ram's-alley and Fleet-street asserted their right of saving their crown-pieces: and finally how this combat of mockery and earnestness was settled, not without the introduction of "a God," as Horace allows on great occasions, in the interposition of the king and the attorney-general—altogether the tale had been well told in some comic epic; but the wits of that day let it pass out of their hands.

I find this event, which seems to record the last desperate effort of a "Lord of Misrule," in a manuscript letter of the learned Mede to Sir Martin Stuteville; and some particulars are collected from Hammond L'Estrange's *Life of Charles the First*.

"Jan 12, 1627-8.

"On Saturday the Templars chose one Mr. Palmer their Lord of Misrule, who, on Twelfth-eve, late in the night, sent out to gather up his rents at five shillings a house, in Ram-alley and Fleet-street. At every door they came they winded the Temple horn, and if at the second blast or summons they within opened not the door, then the Lord of Misrule cried out, 'Give fire, gunner!' His gunner was a robustious Vulcan, and the gun or petard itself was a huge overgrown smith's

hammer. This being complained of to my Lord Mayor, he said he would be with them about eleven o'clock on Sunday night last; willing that all that ward should attend him with their halberds, and that himself, besides those that came out of his house, should bring the Watches along with him. His lordship, thus attended, advanced as high as Ram-alley in martial equipage; when forth came the Lord of Misrule, attended by his gallants, out of the Temple-gate, with their swords, all armed *in cuerpo*. A halberdier bade the Lord of Misrule come to my Lord Mayor. He answered, No! let the Lord Mayor come to me! At length they agreed to meet half way; and, as the interview of rival princes is never without danger of some ill accident, so it happened in this: for first, Mr. Palmer being quarrelled with for not pulling off his hat to my Lord Mayor, and giving cross answers, the halberds began to fly about his ears, and he and his company to brandish their swords. At last being beaten to the ground, and the Lord of Misrule sore wounded, they were fain to yield to the longer and more numerous weapon. My Lord Mayor taking Mr. Palmer by the shoulder, led him to the Compter, and thrust him in at the prison-gate with a kind of indignation; and so, notwithstanding his hurts, he was forced to lie among the common prisoners for two nights. On Tuesday the king's attorney became a suitor to my Lord Mayor for their liberty; which his lordship granted, upon condition they should repay the gathered rents, and do reparations upon broken doors. Thus the game ended. Mr. Attorney-General, being

of the same house, fetched them in his own coach, and carried them to the court, where the King himself reconciled my Lord Mayor and them together with joining all hands; the gentlemen of the Temple being this Shrovetide to present a Mask to their majesties, over and besides the king's own great Mask, to be performed at the Banqueting-house by an hundred actors."

Thus it appears, that although the grave citizens did well and rightly protect themselves, yet, by the attorney-general taking the Lord of Misrule in his coach, and the king giving his royal interference between the parties, that they considered that this Lord of Foolery had certain ancient privileges; and it was, perhaps, a doubt with them, whether this interference of the Lord Mayor might not be considered as severe and unseasonable. It is probable, however, that the arm of the civil power brought all future Lords of Misrule to their senses. Perhaps this dynasty in the empire of foolery closed with this Christmas prince, who fell a victim to the arbitrary taxation he levied. I find after this orders made for the Inner Temple, for "preventing of that general scandal and obloquie, which the House hath heretofore incurred in time of Christmas:" and that "there be not any going abroad out of the gates of this House, by any *lord* or others, to break open any house, or take anything in the name of rent or a distress."

These "Lords of Misrule," and their mock court and royalty, appear to have been only extinguished with the English sovereignty itself, at the time of our repub-

lican government. Edmund Gayton tells a story, to show the strange impressions of strong fancies: as his work is of great rarity, I shall transcribe the story in his own words, both to give a conclusion to this inquiry, and a specimen of his style of narrating this sort of little things. "A gentleman importuned, at a fire-night in the public hall, to accept the high and mighty place of a mock-emperor, which was duly conferred upon him by seven mock-electors. At the same time, with much wit and ceremony, the emperor accepted his chair of state, which was placed in the highest table in the hall, and at his instalment all pomp, reverence, and signs of homage, were used by the whole company; insomuch that our emperor, having a spice of self-conceit before, was soundly peppered now, for he was instantly metamorphosed into the stateliest, gravest, and commanding soul that ever eye beheld. Taylor acting Arbaces, or Swanston D'Amboise, were shadows to him: his pace, his look, his voice, and all his garb, was altered. Alexander upon his elephant, nay, upon the castle upon that elephant, was not so high, and so close did this imaginary honour stick to his fancy, that for many years he could not shake off this one night's assumed deportments, until the times came that drove all monarchical imaginations out, not only out of his head, but every one's *." This mock "emperor" was unquestionably one of these "Lords of Misrule," or "a Christmas Prince." The "public-hall" was that of

* Pleasant notes upon Don Quixote, by Edmund Gayton, Esq folio, 1654, p 24.

the Temple, or Lincoln's Inn, or Gray's Inn. And it was natural enough, when the levelling equality of our theatrical and practical commonwealths men were come into vogue, that even the shadowy regality of mockery startled them by reviving the recollections of ceremonies and titles, which some might incline, as they afterwards did, seriously to restore. The "Prince of Christmas" did not, however, attend the Restoration of Charles the Second.

The Saturnalian spirit has not been extinct even in our days. The Mayor of Garrat, with the mock addresses and burlesque election, was an image of such satirical exhibitions of their superiors, so delightful to the people. France, at the close of Louis the Fourteenth's reign, first saw her imaginary "Regiment de la Calotte," which was the terror of the sinners of the day, and the blockheads of all times. This "regiment of the skull-caps" originated in an officer and a wit, who, suffering from violent headaches, was recommended the use of a skull-cap of lead: and his companions, as great wits, formed themselves into a regiment, to be composed only of persons distinguished by their extravagances in words or in deeds. They elected a general, they had their arms blazoned, and struck medals, and issued "brevets," and "lettres patentes," and granted pensions to certain individuals, stating their claims to be enrolled in the regiment for some egregious extravagance. The wits versified these army commissions; and the idlers, like pioneers, were busied in clearing their way, by picking up the omissions and commissions of the most noted characters. Those who were favoured

with its "brevets" intrigued against the regiment; but at length they found it easier to wear their "calotte," and say nothing. This society began in raillery and playfulness, seasoned by a spice of malice. It produced a great number of ingenious and satirical little things. That the privileges of the "calotte" were afterwards abused, and calumny too often took the place of poignant satire, is the history of human nature, as well as of "the calotins*."

Another society in the same spirit has been discovered in one of the lordships of Poland. It was called "The Republic of Baboonery." The society was a burlesque model of their own government: a king, chancellor, councillors, archbishops, judges, &c. If a member would engross the conversation, he was immediately appointed orator of the republic. If he spoke with impropriety, the absurdity of his conversation usually led to some suitable office created to perpetuate his folly. A man talking too much of dogs, would be made a master of the buckhounds, or vaunting his courage, perhaps a field-marshal; and if bigoted on disputable matters and speculative opinions in religion, he was considered to be nothing less than an inquisitor. This was a pleasant and useful project to reform the manners of the Polish youth; and one of the Polish kings good-humouredly observed, that he considered himself "as much King of Baboonery as King of

* Their "brevets," &c are collected in a little volume, "Recueil des Pièces du Regiment de la Calotte, à Paris, chez Jaques Colombat, Imprimeur privilégié du Regiment. L'an de l'Ere Calotine 7726" From the date, we infer, that the true *calotins* is as old as the creation.

Poland." We have had in our own country some attempts at similar Saturnalia, but their success has been so equivocal that they hardly afford materials for our domestic history.

RELIQUIÆ GETHINIANÆ

IN the south aisle of Westminster Abbey stands a monument erected to the memory of LADY GRACE GETHIN. A statue of her ladyship represents her kneeling, holding a book in her right hand. This accomplished lady was considered as a prodigy in her day, and appears to have created a feeling of enthusiasm for her character. She died early, having scarcely attained to womanhood, although a wife; for "all this goodness and all this excellence was bounded within the compass of twenty years."

But it is her book commemorated in marble, and not her character, which may have merited the marble that chronicles it, which has excited my curiosity and my suspicion. After her death a number of loose papers were found in her hand-writing, which could not fail to attract, and, perhaps, astonish their readers, with the maturity of thought and the vast capacity which had composed them. These reliques of genius were collected together, methodised under heads, and appeared with the title of "*Reliquiæ Gethinianæ*; or some remains of Grace Lady Gethin, lately deceased: being a collection of choice discourses, pleasant apothegms, and witty sentences; written by her for the most part by way of Essay, and at spare hours, published by her

nearest relations, to preserve her memory. Second edition, 1700 ”

Of this book, considering that comparatively it is modern, and the copy before me is called a second edition, it is somewhat extraordinary that it seems always to have been a very scarce one. Even Ballard, in his *Memoirs of Learned Ladies*, 1750, mentions that these remains are “very difficult to be procured;” and Sir William Musgrave in a manuscript note observed, that “this book was very scarce.” It bears now a high price. A hint is given in the preface that the work was chiefly printed for the use of her friends; yet, by a second edition, we must infer that the public at large were so. There is a poem prefixed with the signature W. C. which no one will hesitate to pronounce is by Congreve, he wrote indeed another poem to celebrate this astonishing book, for, considered as the production of a young lady, it is a miraculous, rather than a human, production. The last lines in this poem we might expect from Congreve in his happier vein, who contrives to preserve his panegyric amidst that caustic wit, with which he keenly touched the age.

“A POEM IN PRAISE OF THE AUTHOR

“ I that hate books, such as come daily out
By public licence to the reading rout,
A due religion yet observe to this;
And here assert, if any thing's amiss,
It can be only the compiler's fault,
Who has ill-drest the charming author's thought,—
That was all right her beauteous looks were join'd
To a no less admur'd excelling mind.

But oh! this glory of frail Nature's dead,
 As I shall be that write, and you that read *
 Once, to be out of fashion, I'll conclude
 With something that may tend to public good
 I wish that piety, from which in heaven
 The fair is placed—to the lawn sleeves were given
 Her justice—to the knot of men, whose care
 From the raised millions is to take their share.

“W. C.”

The book claimed all the praise the finest genius could bestow on it. But let us hear the editor.—He tells us, that “It is a vast disadvantage to authors to publish their *private undigested thoughts*, and *first notions hastily set down*, and designed only as materials for a future structure.” And he adds, “That the work may not come short of that great and just expectation which the world had of her while she was alive, and still has of every thing that is the genuine product of her pen, they must be told that this *was written for the most part in haste*, were her *first conceptions* and overflowings of her luxuriant fancy, noted with *her pencil at spare hours*, or as *she was dressing*, as her *Παρεργον* only; and *set down just as they came into her mind*.”

All this will serve as a memorable example of the cant and mendacity of an editor! and that total absence of critical judgment that could assert such matured reflection, in so exquisite a style, could ever have been “first conceptions, just as they came into the mind of Lady Gethin, as she was dressing.”

* Was this thought, that strikes with a sudden effect, in the mind of Hawkesworth, when he so pathetically concluded his last paper?

The truth is, that Lady Gethin may have had little concern in all these "Reliquiæ Gethinianæ." They indeed might well have delighted their readers; but those who had read Lord Bacon's Essays, and other writers, such as Owen Feltham, and Osborne, from whom these relics are chiefly extracted, might have wondered that Bacon should have been so little known to the families of the Nortons and the Gethins, to whom her ladyship was allied, to Congreve and to the editor; and still more particularly to subsequent compilers, as Ballard in his Memoirs, and lately the Rev. Mark Noble in his Continuation of Granger; who both, with all the innocence of criticism, gave specimens of these "Relics," without a suspicion that they were transcribing literally from Lord Bacon's Essays! Unquestionably Lady Gethin herself intended no imposture, her mind had all the delicacy of her sex; she noted much from the book she seems most to have delighted in; and nothing less than the most undiscerning friends could have imagined that every thing written by the hand of this young lady was her "first conceptions;" and *apologise* for some of the finest thoughts, in the most vigorous style which the English language can produce. It seems, however, to prove that Lord Bacon's Essays were not much read at the time this volume appeared.

The marble book in Westminster Abbey must, therefore, lose most of its leaves; but it was necessary to discover the origin of this miraculous production of a young lady. What is Lady Gethin's, or what is not hers, in this miscellany of plagiarisms, it is not material to examine. Those passages in which her ladyship

speaks in her own person probably are of original growth, of this kind many evince great vivacity of thought, drawn from actual observation on what was passing around her; but even among these are intermixed the splendid passages of Bacon and other writers.

I shall not crowd my pages with specimens of a very suspicious author. One of her subjects has attracted my attention; for it shows the corrupt manners of persons of fashion who lived between 1680 and 1700. To find a mind so pure and elevated as Lady Gethin's unquestionably was, discussing whether it were most advisable to have for a husband a general lover, or one attached to a mistress, and deciding by the force of reasoning in favour of the dissipated man (for a woman, it seems, had only the alternative), evinces a public depravation of morals. These manners were the wretched remains of the Court of Charles the Second, when Wycherley, Dryden, and Congreve seem to have written with much less invention, in their indecent plots and language, than is imagined.

"I know not which is worse, to be wife to a man that is continually changing his *loves*, or to an husband that hath but one mistress whom he loves with a constant passion. And if you keep some measure of civility to her, he will at least esteem you, but he of the roving humour plays an hundred frolics that divert the town and perplex his wife. She often meets with her husband's mistress, and is at a loss how to carry herself towards her. 'Tis true the constant man is ready to sacrifice, every moment, his whole family to his love, he hates any place where she is not, is prodigal in what concerns his love, covetous in other respects, expects you should be blind to all he doth, and though you can't but see, yet must not dare to complain. And though both he who lends his heart to whosoever pleases it, and he that gives

it entirely to one, do both of them require the exactest devoir from their wives, yet I know not if it be not better to be wife to an unconstant husband (provided he be something discreet), than to a constant fellow who is always perplexing her with his inconstant humour. For the unconstant lovers are commonly the best humoured, but let them be what they will, women ought not to be unfaithful for Virtue's sake and their own, nor to offend by example. It is one of the best bonds of charity and obedience in the wife if she think her husband wise, which she will never do if she find him jealous.

“Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses”

The last degrading sentence is found in some writer, whose name I cannot recollect. Lady Gethin, with an intellect superior to that of the women of that day, had no conception of the dignity of the female character, the claims of virtue, and the duties of honour. A wife was only to know obedience and silence. however, she hints that such a husband should not be jealous! There was a sweetness in revenge reserved for some of these married women.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

ROBINSON CRUSOE, the favourite of the learned and the unlearned, of the youth and the adult; the book that was to constitute the library of Rousseau's Emilius, owes its secret charm to its being a new representation of human nature, yet drawn from an existing state; this picture of self-education, self-inquiry, self-happiness, is scarcely a fiction, although it includes all the magic of romance; and is not a mere narrative of truth, since it displays all the forcible genius of one of the most original minds our literature can boast. The

history of the work is therefore interesting. It was treated in the author's time as a mere idle romance, for the philosophy was not discovered in the story, after his death it was considered to have been pillaged from the papers of Alexander Selkirk, confided to the author, and the honour, as well as the genius, of De Foe were alike questioned.

The entire history of this work of genius may now be traced, from the first hints to the mature state, to which only the genius of De Foe could have wrought it.

The adventures of Selkirk are well known: he was found on the desert island of Juan Fernandez, where he had formerly been left, by Woodes, Rogers, and Edward Cooke, who in 1712 published their voyages, and told the extraordinary history of Crusoe's prototype, with all those curious and minute particulars which Selkirk had freely communicated to them. This narrative of itself is extremely interesting, and has been given entire by Captain Burney; it may also be found in the *Biographia Britannica*.

In this artless narrative we may discover more than the embryo of Robinson Crusoe.—The first appearance of Selkirk, “a man clothed in goats' skins, who looked more wild than the first owners of them.” The two huts he had built, the one to dress his victuals, the other to sleep in: his contrivance to get fire, by rubbing two pieces of pimento wood together; his distress for the want of bread and salt, till he came to relish his meat without either; his wearing out his shoes, till he grew so accustomed to be without them, that he could

not for a long time afterwards, on his return home, use them without inconvenience; his bedstead of his own contriving, and his bed of goat-skins; when his gunpowder failed, his teaching himself by continual exercise to run as swiftly as the goats; his falling from a precipice in catching hold of a goat, stunned and bruised, till coming to his senses he found the goat dead under him; his taming kids to divert himself by dancing with them and his cats; his converting a nail into a needle; his sewing his goat-skins with little thongs of the same; and when his knife was worn to the back, contriving to make blades out of some iron hoops. His solacing himself in this solitude by singing psalms, and preserving a social feeling in his fervent prayers. And the habitation which Selkirk had raised, to reach which, they followed him "with difficulty, climbing up and creeping down many rocks, till they came at last to a pleasant spot of ground full of grass and of trees, where stood his two huts, and his numerous tame goats showed his solitary retreat," and, finally, his indifference to return to a world, from which his feelings had been so perfectly weaned.—Such were the first rude materials of a new situation in human nature, an European in a primeval state, with the habits or mind of a savage.

The year after this account was published, Selkirk and his adventures attracted the notice of Steele, who was not likely to pass unobserved a man and a story so strange and so new. In his paper of "The Englishman," Dec. 1713, he communicates farther particulars of Selkirk. Steele became acquainted with him; he

says, that "he could discern that he had been much separated from company from his aspect and gesture. There was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his looks, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude." Steele adds another very curious change in this wild man, which occurred some time after he had seen him. "Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence, he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him. Familiar converse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face." De Foe could not fail of being struck by these interesting particulars of the character of Selkirk; but probably it was another observation of Steele which threw the germ of Robinson Crusoe into the mind of De Foe. "It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he was a man of sense, give an account of the *different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude.*"

The work of De Foe, however, was no sudden ebullition; long engaged in political warfare, condemned to suffer imprisonment, and at length struck by a fit of apoplexy, this unhappy and unprosperous man of genius on his recovery was reduced to a comparative state of solitude. To his injured feelings and lonely contemplations, Selkirk in his Desert Isle, and Steele's vivifying hint, often occurred, and to all these we perhaps owe the instructive and delightful tale, which shows

man what he can do for himself, and what the fortitude of piety does for man. Even the personage of Friday is not a mere coinage of his brain: a Mosquito-Indian, described by Dampier, was the prototype. Robinson Crusoe was not given to the world till 1719; seven years after the publication of Selkirk's adventures. Selkirk could have no claims on De Foe; for he had only supplied the man of genius with that which lies open to all, and which no one had, or perhaps could have converted into the wonderful story we possess but De Foe himself. Had De Foe not written Robinson Crusoe, the name and story of Selkirk had been passed over like others of the same sort, yet Selkirk has the merit of having detailed his own history, in a manner so interesting, as to have attracted the notice of Steele, and to have inspired the genius of De Foe.

After this, the originality of Robinson Crusoe will no longer be suspected; and the idle tale which Dr. Beattie has repeated of Selkirk having supplied the materials of his story to De Foe, from which our author borrowed his work, and published for his own profit, will be finally put to rest. This is due to the injured honour and the genius of De Foe.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT DRAMAS

LITERATURE, and the arts connected with it, in this free country, have been involved with its political state, and have sometimes flourished or declined with the fortunes, or been made instrumental to the purposes, of the parties which had espoused them. Thus

in our dramatic history, in the early period of the Reformation, the catholics were secretly working on the stage; and long afterwards the royalist party, under Charles the First, possessed it till they provoked their own ruin. The catholics, in their expiring cause, took refuge in the theatre, and disguised the invectives they would have vented in sermons, under the more popular forms of the drama, where they freely ridiculed the chiefs of the *new religion*, as they termed the Reformation, and "the new Gospellers," or those who quoted their Testament as an authority for their proceedings. Fuller notices this circumstance. "The popish priests, though unseen, stood behind the hangings, or lurked in the tying-house*." These found supporters among the elder part of their auditors, who were tenacious of their old habits and doctrines; and opposers in the younger, who eagerly adopted the term Reformation in its full sense.

This conduct of the catholics called down a proclamation from Edward the Sixth, when we find that the government was most anxious that these pieces should not be performed in "the English tongue;" so that we may infer that the government was not alarmed at treason in Latin. This proclamation states, "that a great number of those that be common players of interludes or plays, as well within the city of London as elsewhere, who for the most part play such interludes as contain matter tending to sedition, &c. &c. whereupon are grown, and daily are like to grow, much

* Eccl. Hist. Book vii p 390.

division, tumult, and uproars in this realm. The king charges his subjects that they should not openly or secretly play in the *English tongue* any kind of *Interlude, Play, Dialogue*, or other matter set forth in *form of Play*, on pain of imprisonment, &c."

This was, however, but a temporary prohibition ; it cleared the stage for a time of these Catholic dramatists ; but *reformed Enterludes*, as they were termed, were afterwards permitted.

These Catholic dramas would afford some speculations to historical inquirers : we know they made very free strictures on the first heads of the Reformation, on Cromwell, Cranmer, and their party ; but they were probably overcome in their struggles with their prevailing rivals. Some may yet possibly lurk in their manuscript state. We have, printed, one of those Moralities, or moral plays, or allegorical dramatic pieces, which succeeded the Mysteries in the reign of Henry the Eighth, entitled "Every Man : " in the character of that hero, the writer not unaptly designates Human Nature herself*. This comes from the Catholic school, to recal the auditors back to the forsaken ceremonies of that church ; but it levels no strokes of personal satire on the Reformers. Percy observed that from the solemnity of the subjects, the summoning of man out of the world by death, and by the gravity of its conduct, not without some attempts, however rude, to excite terror and pity, this morality may not improperly be

* It has been preserved by Hawkins in his "Origin of the English Drama," vol. i.

referred to the class of tragedy. Such ancient simplicity is not worthless to the poetical antiquary: although the mere modern reader would soon feel weary at such inartificial productions, yet the invention which may be discovered in these rude pieces would be sublime, warm with the colourings of a Gray or a Collins.

On the side of the Reformed we have no deficiency of attacks on the superstitions and idolatres of the Romish church; and Satan, and his old son Hypocrisy, are very busy at their intrigues with another hero called "Lusty Juventus," and the seductive mistress they introduce him to, "Abominable Living:" this was printed in the reign of Edward the Sixth. It is odd enough to see quoted in a dramatic performance chapter and verse, as formally as if a sermon were to be performed. There we find such rude learning as this:—

"Read the V to the Galatians, and there you shall see
That the flesh rebelleth against the spirit"—

or in homely rhymes like these—

"I will show you what St. Paul doth declare
In his epistle to the Hebrews, and the X chapter"

In point of historical information respecting the pending struggle between the Catholics and the "new Gospellers," we do not glean much secret history from these pieces: yet they curiously exemplify that regular progress in the history of man, which has shown itself in the more recent revolutions of Europe: the old people still clinging, from habit and affection, to what is obsolete, and the young ardent in establishing what is new; while the balance of human happiness trembles between both.

Thus "Lusty Juventus" conveys to us in his rude simplicity the feeling of that day. Satan, in lamenting the downfall of superstition, declares that—

"The old people would believe still in my laws,
But the younger sort lead them a contrary way—
They will live as the Scripture teacheth them."

Hypocrisy, when informed by his old master, the Devil, of the change that "Lusty Juventus" has undergone, expresses his surprise, attaching that usual odium of meanness on the early reformers, in the spirit that the Hollanders were nicknamed at their first revolution by their lords the Spaniards, "Les Gueux," or the Beggars.

"What, is Juventus become so tame,
To be a new Gospeller?"

But in his address to the young reformer, who asserts that he is not bound to obey his parents but "in all things honest and lawful," Hypocrisy thus vents his feelings:—

"Lawful, quoth ha? Ah! fool! fool!
Wilt thou set men to school
When they be old?
I may say to you secretly,
The world was never merry
Since children were so bold,
Now every boy will be a teacher,
The father a fool, the child a preacher
This is pretty gear!
The foul presumption of youth
Will shortly turn to great ruth,
I fear, I fear, I fear!"

In these rude and simple lines there is something like the artifice of composition: the repetition of words

in the first and the last lines was doubtless intended as a grace in the poetry. That the ear of the poet was not unmusical, amidst the inartificial construction of his verse, will appear in this curious catalogue of holy things, which Hypocrisy has drawn up, not without humour, in asserting the services he had performed for the Devil.

“ And I brought up such superstition
Under the name of holiness and religion,
That deceived almost all

As—holy cardinals, holy popes,
Holy vestments, holy copes,
Holy hermits, and friars,
Holy priests, holy bishops,
Holy monks, holy abbots,
Yea, and all obstinate liars

Holy pardons, holy beads,
Holy saints, holy images,
With holy holy blood
Holy stocks, holy stones,
Holy clouts, holy bones,
Yea, and holy holy wood.

Holy skins, holy bulls,
Holy rochets, and cowls,
Holy crutches and staves,
Holy hoods, holy caps,
Holy mitres, holy hats,
And good holy holy knaves

Holy days, holy fastings,
Holy twitchings, holy tastings,
Holy visions and sights,
Holy wax, holy lead,
Holy water, holy bread,
To drive away spirits

Holy fire, holy palme,
Holy oil, holy cream,
And holy ashes also ,
Holy broaches, holy rings,
Holy kneeling, holy censings,
And a hundred trims-trams mo.

Holy crosses, holy bells,
Holy reliques, holy jouels,
Of mine own invention ,
Holy candles, holy tapers,
Holy parchments, holy papers ,—
Had not you a holy son ?”

Some of these Catholic dramas were long afterwards secretly performed among Catholic families. In an unpublished letter of the times, I find a cause in the star-chamber respecting a play being acted at Christmas, 1614, at the house of Sir John Yorke ; the consequences of which were heavy fines and imprisonment. The letter-writer describes it as containing “many foul passages to the vilifying of our religion and exacting of popery, for which he and his lady, as principal procurers, were fined one thousand pounds apiece, and imprisoned in the Tower for a year ; two or three of his brothers at five hundred pounds apiece, and others in other sums.”

THE HISTORY OF THE THEATRE DURING ITS SUPPRESSION.

A PERIOD in our dramatic annals has been passed over during the progress of the civil wars, which indeed was one of silence, but not of repose in the theatre. It lasted beyond the death of Charles the First, when

the fine arts seemed also to have suffered with the monarch. The theatre, for the first time in any nation, was abolished by a public ordinance, and the actors, and consequently all that family of genius who by their labours or their tastes are connected with the drama, were reduced to silence. The actors were forcibly dispersed, and became even some of the most persecuted objects of the new government.

It may excite our curiosity to trace the hidden footsteps of this numerous fraternity of genius. Hypocrisy and Fanaticism had, at length, triumphed over Wit and Satire. A single blow could not, however, annihilate those never-dying powers; nor is suppression always extinction. Reduced to a state which did not allow of uniting in a body, still their habits and their affections could not desert them: actors would attempt to resume their functions, and the genius of the authors and the tastes of the people would occasionally break out, though scattered and concealed.

Mr. Gifford has noticed, in his introduction to *Mas-singer*, the noble contrast between our actors at that time, with those of revolutionary France, when, to use his own emphatic expression, "One wretched actor only deserted his sovereign; while of the vast multitude fostered by the nobility and the royal family of France, not one individual adhered to their cause: all rushed madly forward to plunder and assassinate their benefactors."

The contrast is striking, but the result must be traced to a different principle; for the cases are not parallel as they appear. The French actors did not occupy the

same ground as ours. Here, the fanatics shut up the theatre, and extirpated the art and the artists : there, the fanatics enthusiastically converted the theatre into an instrument of their own revolution, and the French actors therefore found an increased national patronage. It was natural enough that actors would not desert a flourishing profession. "The plunder and assassinations," indeed, were quite peculiar to themselves as Frenchmen, not as actors.

The destruction of the theatre here was the result of an ancient quarrel between the puritanic party and the whole *corps dramatique*. In this little history of plays and players, like more important history, we perceive how all human events form but a series of consequences, linked together ; and we must go back to the reign of Elizabeth to comprehend an event which occurred in that of Charles the First. It has been perhaps peculiar to this land of contending opinions, and of happy and unhappy liberty, that a gloomy sect was early formed, who, drawing, as they fancied, the principles of their conduct from the literal precepts of the Gospel, formed those views of human nature which were more practicable in a desert than a city, and which were rather suited to a monastic order than to a polished people. These were our puritans, who at first, perhaps from utter simplicity, among other extravagant reforms, imagined that of the extinction of the theatre. Numerous works from that time fatigued their own pens and their readers' heads, founded on literal interpretations of the Scriptures, which were applied to our drama, though written ere our drama existed ; voluminous

quotations from the Fathers, who had only witnessed farcical interludes and licentious pantomimes : they even quoted classical authority to prove that a "stage-player" was considered infamous by the Romans, among whom, however, Roscius, the admiration of Rome, received the princely remuneration of a thousand denarii per diem; the tragedian, Æsopus, bequeathed about 150,000*l.* to his son *: remunerations which show the high regard in which the great actors were held among the Roman people.

A series of writers might be collected of these anti-dramatists. The licentiousness of our comedies had too often indeed presented a fair occasion for their attacks; and they at length succeeded in purifying the stage: we owe them this good, but we owe little gratitude to that blind zeal which was desirous of extinguishing the theatre, which wanted the taste also to feel that the theatre was a popular school of morality; that the stage is a supplement to the pulpit; where virtue, according to Plato's sublime idea, moves our love and affections when made visible to the eye. Of this class among the earliest writers was Stephen Gosson, who in 1579 published "The School of Abuse, or a pleasant Invective against Poets, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillars." Yet this Gosson dedicated his work to Sir Philip Sidney, a great lover of plays, and one who has vindicated their morality in his "Defence of Poesy." The same puritanic spirit soon reached our universities; for when a Dr. Gager had a play performed at Christchurch,

* Macrobius, Saturn., lib. iii. l 14

Dr. Reynolds, of Queen's College, terrified at the Satanic novelty, published "The Ouerthrow of Stage-plays, 1593," a tedious invective, foaming at the mouth of its text with quotations and authorities; for that was the age when authority was stronger than opinion, and the slightest could awe the readers. Reynolds takes great pains to prove that a stage-play is infamous, by the opinions of antiquity, that a theatre corrupts morals, by those of the Fathers; but the most reasonable point of attack is "the sin of boys wearing the dress and affecting the airs of women." This was too long a flagrant evil in the theatrical economy. To us there appears something so repulsive in the exhibition of boys, or men, personating female characters, that one cannot conceive how they could ever have been tolerated as a substitute for the spontaneous grace, the melting voice, and the soothing looks of a female. It was quite impossible to give the tenderness of a woman to any perfection of feeling, in a personating male; and to this cause may we not attribute that the female characters have never been made a chief personage among our elder poets, as they would assuredly have been, had they not been conscious that the male actor could not have sufficiently affected the audience? A poet who lived in Charles the Second's day, and who has written a prologue to Othello, to introduce the *first actress* on our stage, has humorously touched on this gross absurdity.

"Our women are defective, and so sized,
You'd think they were some of the guard disguised,

For to speak truth, men act, that are between
 Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen ;
 With brows so large, and nerve so uncompliant,
 When you call *Desdemona*——enter *Giant* ”

Yet at the time the absurd custom prevailed, Tom Nash, in his *Pierce Pennilesse*, commends our stage for not having, as they had abroad, women-actors, or “courtezans,” as he calls them : and even so late as in 1650, when women were first introduced on our stage, endless are the apologies for the *indecorum* of this novel usage ! Such are the difficulties which occur even in forcing bad customs to return to nature ; and so long does it take to infuse into the multitude a little common sense ! It is even probable that this happy revolution originated from mere necessity, rather than from choice ; for the boys who had been trained to act female characters before the Rebellion, during the present suspension of the theatre, had grown too masculine to resume their tender office at the Restoration, and, as the same poet observes,

“Doubting we should never play agen,
 We have play’d all our *women* into *men* ”

so that the introduction of women was the mere result of necessity :—hence all these apologies for the most natural ornament of the stage.

This volume of Reynolds seems to have been the shadow and precursor of one of the most substantial of literary monsters, in the tremendous “*Histriomastix, or Player’s Scourge*,” of Prynne, in 1633. In that volume, of more than a thousand closely-printed quarto pages, all that was ever written against plays and players,

perhaps, may be found: what followed could only have been transcripts from a genius who could raise at once the Mountain and the Mouse. Yet Collier, so late as in 1698, renewed the attack still more vigorously, and with final success; although he left room for Arthur Bedford a few years afterwards, in his "Evil and Danger of Stage-plays:" in which extraordinary work he produced "seven thousand instances, taken out of plays of the present century," and a catalogue of "fourteen hundred texts of scriptures, ridiculed by the stage." This religious anti-dramatist must have been more deeply read in the drama than even its most fervent lovers. His piety pursued too deeply the study of such impious productions; and such labours were, probably, not without more amusement than he ought to have found in them.

This stage persecution, which began in the reign of Elizabeth, had been necessarily resented by the theatrical people, and the fanatics were really objects too tempting for the traders in wit and satire to pass by. They had made themselves very marketable; and the puritans, changing their character with the times, from Elizabeth to Charles the First, were often the *Tartuffes* of the stage. But when they became the government itself, in 1642, all the theatres were suppressed, because "stage-plaies do not suit with seasons of humiliation; but fasting and praying have been found very effectual." This was but a mild cant, and the suppression, at first, was only to be temporary. But as they gained strength, the hypocrite, who had at first only struck a gentle blow at the Theatre, with redoubled vengeance buried

it in its own ruins. Alexander Brome, in his verses on Richard Brome's Comedies, discloses the secret motive:—

——“ ’Tis worth our note,
 Bishops and *players*, both suffer'd in one vote
 And reason good, for *they* had cause to fear them ;
 One did suppress their schisms, and t'other JEER THEM
 Bishops were guiltiest, for they swell'd with riches ;
 T'other had nought but verses, songs and speeches,
 And by their run, the state did no more
 But rob the spittle, and unrag the poor ”

They poured forth the long-suppressed bitterness of their souls six years afterwards, in their ordinance of 1648, for “the suppression of all stage-plaies, and for the taking down all their boxes, stages, and seats whatsoever, that so there might be no more plaies acted.” “Those proud parroting players” are described as “a sort of superbious ruffians ; and, because sometimes the asses are clothed in lions’ skins, the dolts imagine themselves somebody, and walke in as great state as Cæsar.” This ordinance against “boxes, stages, and seats,” was, without a metaphor, a war of extermination. They passed their ploughshare over the land of the drama, and sowed it with their salt ; and the spirit which raged in the governing powers appeared in the deed of one of their followers. When an actor had honourably surrendered himself in battle to this spurious “saint,” he exclaimed, “Cursed be he who doth the work of the Lord negligently,” and shot his prisoner because he was an actor !

We find some account of the dispersed actors in that curious morsel of “*Historia Histrionica*,” preserved in

the twelfth volume of Dodsley's Old Plays; full of the traditional history of the Theatre, which the writer appears to have gleaned from the reminiscences of the old cavalier, his father.

The actors were "Malignants" to a man, if we except that "wretched actor," as Mr. Gifford distinguishes him, who was, however, only such for his politics: and he pleaded hard for his treason, that he really was a presbyterian, although an actor. Of these men, who had lived in the sunshine of a court, and amidst taste and criticism, many perished in the field, from their affection for their royal master. Some sought humble occupations; and not a few, who, by habits long indulged, and their own turn of mind, had hands too delicate to put to work, attempted often to entertain secret audiences, and were often dragged to prison.

These disturbed audiences were too unpleasant to afford much employment to the actors. Francis Kirkman, the author and bookseller, tells us they were often seized on by the soldiers, and stripped and fined at their pleasure. A curious circumstance occurred in the economy of these strolling theatricals: these seizures often deprived them of their wardrobe; and among the stage directions of the time, may be found among the exits and the entrances, these: *Enter the red-coat—Exit hat and cloak*, which were, no doubt, considered not as the least precious parts of the whole living company: they were at length obliged to substitute painted cloth for the splendid habits of the drama.

At this epoch a great comic genius, Robert Cox, invented a peculiar sort of dramatic exhibition, suited

to the necessities of the time, short pieces which he mixed with other amusements, that these might disguise the acting. It was under the pretence of rope-dancing that he filled the Red-bull playhouse, which was a large one, with such a confluence that as many went back for want of room as entered. The dramatic contrivance consisted of a combination of the richest comic scenes into one piece, from Shakspeare, Marston, Shirley, &c., concealed under some taking title, and these pieces of plays were called "Humours" or "Drolleries." These have been collected by Marsh, and reprinted by Kirkman, as put together by Cox, for the use of theatrical booths at the fairs*. The argument prefixed to each piece serves as its plot; and drawn as most are from some of our dramas, these "Drolleries" may still be read with great amusement, and offer, seen altogether, an extraordinary specimen of our national humour. The price this collection obtains

* The title of this collection is "THE WITS, or Sport upon Sport, in select pieces of Drollery, digested into scenes by way of Dialogue Together with variety of Humours of several nations, fitted for the pleasure and content of all persons, either in Court, City, Country, or Camp The like never before published Printed for H Marsh, 1662 " again printed for F Kirkman, 1672 To Kirkman's edition is prefixed a curious print representing the inside of a Bartholomew-fair theatre Several characters are introduced In the middle of the stage, a clown with a fool's cap peeps out of the curtain with a label from his mouth, "Tu quoque," which perhaps was a cant expression used by clowns or fools. Then a changeling, a simpleton, a French dancing-master, Clause the beggar, Sir John Falstaff and hostess Our notion of Falstaff by this print seems very different from that of our ancestors their Falstaff is no extravaganza of obesity, and he seems not to have required, to be Falstaff, so much "stuffing" as ours does.

among book-collectors is excessive. In "The bouncing Knight, or the Robbers robbed," we recognise our old friend Falstaff, and his celebrated adventure: "The Equal Match" is made out of "Rule a Wife and have a Wife;" and thus most. There are, however, some original pieces, by Cox himself, which were the most popular favourites; being characters created by himself, for himself, from ancient farces: such were "The Humours of John Swabber, Simpleton the Smith," &c. These remind us of the extemporal comedy and the pantomimical characters of Italy, invented by actors of genius. This Cox was the delight of the city, the country, and the universities: assisted by the greatest actors of the time, expelled from the theatre, it was he who still preserved alive, as it were by stealth, the suppressed spirit of the drama. That he merited the distinctive epithet of "the incomparable Robert Cox," as Kirkman calls him, we can only judge by the memorial of our mimetic genius, which will be best given in Kirkman's words. "As meanly as you may now think of these Drolls, they were then acted by the best comedians; and I may say, by some that then exceeded all now living; the incomparable Robert Cox, who was not only the principal actor, but also the contriver and author of most of these farces. How have I heard him cried up for his *John Swabber*, and *Simpleton the Smith*; in which he being to appear with a large piece of bread and butter, I have frequently known several of the female spectators and auditors to long for it; and once that well known natural *Jack Adams of Clerkenwell*, seeing him with bread and

butter on the stage, and knowing him, cried out, 'Cuz! Cuz! give me some!' to the great pleasure of the audience. And so naturally did he act the Smith's part, that being at a fair in a country town, and that farce being presented, the only master-smith of the town came to him, saying, 'Well, although your father speaks so ill of you, yet when the fair is done, if you will come and work with me, I will give you twelve pence a week more than I give any other journeyman.' Thus was he taken for a smith bred, that was, indeed, as much of any trade."

To this low state the gloomy and exasperated fanatics, who had so often smarted under the satirical whips of the dramatists, had reduced the drama itself; without, however, extinguishing the talents of the players, or the finer ones of those who once derived their fame from that noble arena of genius, the English stage. At the first suspension of the theatre by the Long Parliament in 1642, they gave vent to their feelings in an admirable satire. About this time, "petitions" to the parliament from various classes were put into vogue; multitudes were presented to the House from all parts of the country, and from the city of London; and some of these were extraordinary. The *porters*, said to have been 15,000 in number, declaimed with great eloquence on the blood-sucking malignants for insulting the privileges of parliament, and threatened to come to extremities, and make good the saying "necessity has no law;" there was one from the *beggars*, who declared, that by means of the bishops and popish lords, they knew not where to get bread; and we are told of a third from the

tradesmen's wives, in London, headed by a brewer's wife: all these were encouraged by their party, and were alike "most thankfully accepted."

The satirists soon turned this new political trick of "petitions," into an instrument for their own purpose: we have "Petitions of the Poets,"—of the House of Commons to the King,—Remonstrances to the Porters' Petition, &c. : spirited political satires. One of these, the "Players' Petition to the Parliament," after being so long silenced, that they might play again, is replete with sarcastic allusions. It may be found in that rare collection, entitled "Rump songs, 1662," but with the usual incorrectness of the press in that day. The following extract I have corrected by a manuscript copy:—

"Now while you reign, our low petition craves
That we, the king's true subjects and your slaves,
May in our comic mirth and tragic rage
Set up the theatre, and show the stage,
This shop of truth and fancy, where we vow
Not to act any thing you disallow
We will not dare at your strange votes to jeer,
Or personate King Pym* with his state-fleece,
Aspiring Catiline should be forgot,
Bloody Sejanus, or whoe'er could plot
Confusion 'gainst a state, the war betwixt
The parliament and just Harry the Sixth
Shall have no thought or mention, 'cause their power
Not only placed, but lost him in the Tower ;

* Pym was then at the head of the commons, and was usually deputed to address personally the motley petitioners. We have a curious speech he made to the *tradesmen's wives* in Echard's History of England, vol. ii 290,

Nor will we parallel, with least suspicion,
Your synod with the Spanish inquisition

“ All these, and such like maxims as may mar
Your soaring plots, or show you what you are,
We shall omit, lest our inventions shake them
Why should the men be wiser than you make them?”

“ We think there should not such a difference be
’Twixt our profession and your quality
You meet, plot, act, talk high with minds immense,
The like with us, but only we speak sense
Inferior unto yours, we can tell how
To depose kings, there we know more than you,
Although not more than what we would, then we
Likewise in our vast privilege agree,
But that yours is the larger, and controls
Not only lives and fortunes, but men’s souls,
Declaring by an enigmatic sense
A privilege on each man’s conscience,
As if the Trinity could not consent
To save a soul but by the parliament
We make the people laugh at some strange show,
And as they laugh at us, they do at you,
Only i’ the contrary we disagree,
For you can make them cry faster than we
Your tragedies more real are express’d,
You murder men in earnest, we in jest—
There we come short, but if you follow thus,
Some wise men fear you will come short of us

“ As humbly as we did begin, we pray,

Dear schoolmasters, you’ll give us leave to play
Quickly before the king comes, for we would
Be glad to say you’ve done a little good
Since you have sat your play is almost done
As well as ours—would it had ne’er begun!

But we shall find, ere the last act be spent,

Enter the King, exeunt the Parliament

And *Heigh then up we go!* who by the frown
Of guilty members have been voted down,

Until a legal trial show us how
 You used the king, and *Heigh then up go you!*
 So pray your humble slaves with all their powers,
 That when they have their due, you may have yours "

Such was the petition of the suppressed players in 1642; but, in 1653, their secret exultation appears, although the stage was not yet restored to them, in some verses prefixed to RICHARD BROME's Plays, by ALEXANDER BROME, which may close our little history. Alluding to the theatrical people, he moralises on the fate of players:—

" See the strange twirl of times! when such poor things
 Outlive the dates of parliaments or kings!
 This revolution makes exploded wit
 Now see the fall of those that ruin'd it,
 And the condemned stage hath now obtain'd
 To see her executioners arraign'd
 There's nothing permanent those high great men,
 That rose from dust, to dust may fall again,
 And fate so orders things, that the same hour
 Sees the same man both in contempt and power
 For the multitude, in whom the power doth lie,
 Do in one breath cry *Hail!* and *Crucify!* "

At this period, though deprived of a theatre, the taste for the drama was, perhaps, the more lively among its lovers; for, besides the performances already noticed, sometimes connived at, and sometimes protected by bribery, in Oliver's time they stole into a practice of privately acting at noblemen's houses, particularly at Holland-house, at Kensington: and " Alexander Goffe, *the woman-actor*, was the jackall, to give notice of time and place to the lovers of the drama," according to the

writer of "Historia Histrionica." The players, urged by their necessities, published several excellent manuscript plays, which they had hoarded in their dramatic exchequers, as the sole property of their respective companies. In one year appeared fifty of these new plays. Of these dramas many have, no doubt, perished; for numerous titles are recorded, but the plays are not known; yet some may still remain in their manuscript state, in hands not capable of valuing them. All our old plays were the property of the actors, who bought them for their own companies. The immortal works of Shakspeare had not descended to us, had Heminge and Condell felt no sympathy for the fame of their friend. They had been scattered and lost, and, perhaps, had not been discriminated among the numerous manuscript plays of that age. One more effort, during this suspension of the drama, was made in 1655, to recal the public attention to its productions. This was a very curious collection by John Cotgrave, entitled "The English Treasury of Wit and Language, collected out of the most, and best, of our English Dramatick Poems." It appears by Cotgrave's preface, that "The Dramatick Poem," as he calls our tragedies and comedies, "had been of late too much slighted." He tells us how some, not wanting in wit themselves, but "through a stiff and obstinate prejudice, have, in *this neglect*, lost the benefit of many rich and useful observations, not duly considering, or believing, that the *framers* of them were the most fluent and redundant wits that this age, or I think any other, ever knew." He enters further into this just

panegyric of our old dramatic writers, whose acquired knowledge in ancient and modern languages, and whose luxuriant fancies, which they derived from no other sources but their own native growth, are viewed to great advantage in COTGRAVE'S common-places; and, perhaps, still more in HAYWARD'S "British Muse," which collection was made under the supervisal, and by the valuable aid of OLDYS, an experienced caterer of these relishing morsels.

DRINKING-CUSTOMS IN ENGLAND.

THE ancient Bacchus, as represented in gems and statues, was a youthful and graceful divinity; he is so described by Ovid, and was so painted by Barry. He has the epithet of *Psilas*, or *Wings*, to express the light spirits which give wings to the soul. His voluptuousness was joyous and tender, and he was never viewed reeling with intoxication. According to Virgil:

Et quocunque deus circum caput eget *honestum*

Georg II. 392

which Dryden, contemplating on the red-faced boorish boy astride on a barrel on our sign-posts, tastelessly sinks into gross vulgarity:

"On whate'er side he turns his *honest* face"

This latinism of *honestum* even the literal inelegance of Davidson had spirit enough to translate, "Where'er the god hath moved around his *graceful* head." The hideous figure of that ebriety, in its most disgusting stage, the ancients exposed in the bestial Silenus and

his crew ; and with these, rather than with the Ovidian and Virgilian deity, our own convivial customs have assimilated.

We shall, probably, outlive that custom of hard-drinking, which was so long one of our national vices. The Frenchman, the Italian, and the Spaniard, only taste the luxury of the grape, but seem never to have indulged in set convivial parties, or drinking-matches, as some of the northern people. Of this folly of ours, which was, however, a borrowed one, and which lasted for two centuries, the history is curious : the variety of its modes and customs ; its freaks and extravagances ; the technical language introduced to raise it into an art, and the inventions contrived to animate the progress of the thirsty souls of its votaries.

Nations, like individuals, in their intercourse are great imitators ; and we have the authority of Camden, who lived at the time, for asserting that "the English in their long wars in the Netherlands first learnt to drown themselves with immoderate drinking, and by drinking others' healths to impair their own. Of all the northern nations, they had been before this most commended for their sobriety." And the historian adds, "that the vice had so diffused itself over the nation, that in our days it was first restrained by severe laws *."

* Camden's History of Queen Elizabeth, Book III. Many statutes against drunkenness, by way of prevention, passed in the reign of James the First. Our law looks on this vice as an aggravation of any offence committed, not as an excuse for criminal misbehaviour. See Blackstone, Book IV. C. 2 Sect. 3. In Mr Gifford's Massinger, vol. II.

Here we have the authority of a grave and judicious historian for ascertaining the first period and even origin of this custom; and that the nation had not, heretofore, disgraced itself by such prevalent ebriety is also confirmed by one of those curious contemporary pamphlets of a popular writer, so invaluable to the philosophical antiquary. Tom Nash, a town-wit of the reign of Elizabeth, long before Camden wrote her history, in his "*Pierce Pennilesse*," had detected the same origin.—"*Superfluity in drink*," says this spirited writer, "*is a sin that ever since we have mixed ourselves with the Low-Countries is counted honourable; but before we knew their lingering wars, was held in that highest degree of hatred that might be. Then if we had seen a man go wallowing in the streets, or lain sleeping under the board, we should have spet at him, and warned all our friends out of his company*.*"

Such was the fit source of this vile custom, which is further confirmed by the barbarous dialect it introduced into our language; all the terms of drinking which once abounded with us are, without exception, of a base northern origin†. But the best account I can find of

458, is a note to show that when we were young scholars, we soon equalled, if we did not surpass, our masters. Mr Gilchrist there furnishes an extract from Sir Richard Baker's *Chronicle*, which traces the origin of this exotic custom to the source mentioned, but the whole passage from Baker is literally transcribed from Camden

* Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse*, 1595, Sig F 2

† These barbarous phrases are Dutch, Danish, or German. The term *shinker*, a filler of wine, a butler or cup-bearer, according to Phillips, and in taverns, as appears by our dramatic poets, a *drawer* is Dutch, or according to Dr Nott, purely Danish, from *shenker*.

Half-seas over, or nearly drunk, is likely to have been a proverbial

all the refinements of this new science of potation, when it seems to have reached its height, is in our Tom Nash, who being himself one of these deep experimental philosophers, is likely to disclose all the mysteries of the craft.

He says, "Now, he is nobody that cannot drink *super-nagulum*; *carouse* the hunter's *hoope*; quaff

phrase from the Dutch, applied to that state of ebriety by an idea familiar with those water-rats. Thus, *op-zee*, Dutch, means literally *over-sea*. Mr Gifford has recently told us in his Jonson, that it was a name given to a stupefying beer introduced into England from the Low-Countries, hence *op-zee* or *over-sea*, and *freezen* in German signifies to *swallow greedily* from this vile alliance they compounded a harsh term, often used in our old plays. Thus Jonson

"I do not like the dulness of your eye,
It hath a heavy cast, 'tis *upsee Dutch*."

Alchemist, A IV S 2

And Fletcher has "upsee-freeze;" which Dr Nott explains in his edition of Decker's Gull's Hornbook, as "a tipsy daught, or swallowing liquor till drunk." Mr Gifford says it was the name of Friesland beer, the meaning, however, was "to drink swinishly like a Dutchman."

We are indebted to the Danes for many of our terms of jollity; such as a *rouse* and a *carouse*. Mr Gifford has given not only a new but a very distinct explanation of these classical terms in his Massinger "A *rouse* was a large glass, in which a health was given, the drinking of which by the rest of the company formed a *carouse*. Barnaby Rich notices the *carouse* as an invention for which the first founder merited hanging. It is necessary to add, that there could be no *rouse* or *carouse*, unless the glasses were emptied." Although we have lost the terms, we have not lost the practice, as those who have the honour of dining in public parties are still gratified by the animating cry of "Gentlemen, charge your glasses."

According to Blount's Glossographia, *carouse* is a corruption of two old German words, *gar* signifying *all*, and *ausz*, *out* so that to *drink gar aux* is to drink *all out*. hence *carouse*

vpse freze crosse; with *healths*, *gloves*, *mumpes*, *frolukes*, and a thousand such domineering inventions *."

Drinking super-nagulum, that is *on the nail*, is a device, which Nash says is new come out of France, but it had probably a northern origin, for far northward it still exists. This new device consisted in this, that after a man, says Nash, hath turned up the bottom of the cup to drop it on his nail, and make a pearl with what is left, which if it shed, and cannot make it stand on, by reason there is too much, he must drink again for his penance.

The custom is also alluded to by Bishop Hall, in his satirical romance of "*Mundus alter et idem*," "A Discovery of a New World," a work which probably Swift read, and did not forget. The Duke of Tenter-belly in his oration, when he drinks off his large goblet of twelve quarts on his election, exclaims, should he be false to their laws, "Let never this goodly-formed goblet of wine go jovially through me; and then he set it to his mouth, stole it off every drop, save a *little remannder*, which he was by custom to *set upon his thumb's nail*, and lick it off as he did."

The phrase is in Fletcher :

I am thine *ad unguem* _____

that is, he would drink with his friend to the last. In a manuscript letter of the times, I find an account of Columbo, the Spanish ambassador, being at Oxford, and drinking healths to the Infanta. The writer adds, "I shall not tell you how our doctors pledged healths

* Pierce Pennilesse, Sig F 2, 1595.

to the Infanta and the archduchess ; and if any left *too big a snuff*, Columbo would cry, *supernaculum ! supernaculum !*"

This Bacchic freak seems still preserved, for a recent traveller, Sir George Mackenzie, has noticed the custom in his Travels through Iceland. "His host having filled a silver cup to the brim, and put on the cover, then held it towards the person who sat next to him, and desired him to take off the cover, and look into the cup, a ceremony intended to secure fair play in filling it. He drank our health, desiring to be excused from emptying the cup, on account of the indifferent state of his health ; but we were informed at the same time that if any one of us should neglect any part of the ceremony, or *fail to invert the cup, placing the edge on one of the thumbs* as a proof that we had swallowed every drop, the defaulter would be obliged by the laws of drinking to fill the cup again, and drink it off a second time. In spite of their utmost exertions, the penalty of a second draught was incurred by two of the company ; we were dreading the consequences of having swallowed so much wine, and in terror lest the cup should be sent round again."

Carouse the hunter's hoop—"Carouse" has been already explained: *the hunter's hoop* alludes to the custom of hoops being marked on a drinking-pot, by which every man was to measure his draught. Shakespeare makes the jacobin Jack Cade, among his furious reformatations, promise his friends that "there shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny ; *the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops*, and I will

make it felony to drink small beer." I have elsewhere observed that our modern Bacchanalians, whose feats are recorded by the bottle, and who insist on an equality in their rival combats, may discover some ingenuity in that invention among our ancestors of their *peg-tankards*, of which a few may yet occasionally be found in Derbyshire *; the invention of an age less refined than

* These inventions for keeping every thirsty soul within bounds are alluded to by Tom Nash. I do not know that his authority will be great as an antiquary, but the things themselves he describes he had seen. He tells us, that "King Edgar, because his subjects should not offend in swilling and bibbing as they did, caused certain *iron cups* to be chained to every fountain and well-side, and at every vintner's door with *iron pins in them*, to stint every man how much he should drink, and he who went *beyond one of those pins* forfeited a penny for every draught."

Pegge, in his *Anonymiana*, has minutely described these *peg-tankards*, which confirms this account of Nash, and nearly the antiquity of the custom. "They have in the inside a row of eight pins one above another, from top to bottom, the tankard holds two quarts, so that there is a gill of ale, i.e. half a pint of Winchester measure, between each pin. The first person that drank was to empty the tankard to the first peg or pin, the second was to empty to the next pin, &c., by which means the pins were so many measures to the competitors, *making them all drink alike*, or the same quantity, and as the distance of the pins was such as to contain a large draught of liquor, *the company would be very liable by this method to get drunk*, especially when, if they drank short of the pin or beyond it, they were obliged to drink again. In archbishop Anselm's Canons, made in the council at London in 1102, priests are enjoined not to go to drinking-bouts, nor *to drink to pegs*. The words are "*Ut Presbyteri non eant ad potationes, nec ad PINNAS bibant*" (Wilkins, vol. 1. p. 388). This shows the antiquity of this invention, which at least was as old as the Conquest.

the present, when we have heard of globular glasses and bottles, which by their shape cannot stand, but roll about the table; thus compelling the unfortunate Bacchanalian to drain the last drop, or expose his recreant sobriety.

We must have recourse again to our old friend Tom Nash, who acquaints us with some of "the general rules and inventions for drinking, as good as printed precepts or statutes by act of parliament, that go from drunkard to drunkard, as, still to *keep your first man*; not to leave any *flocks* in the bottom of the cup; to *knock the glass on your thumb* when you have done; to have some *shoeing-horn* to pull on your wine, as a rasher on the coals or a red-herling."

Shoeing-horns, sometimes called *gloves*, are also described by Bishop Hall in his "Mundus alter et idem." "Then, sir, comes me up *a service of shoeing-horns* of all sorts; salt cakes, red-herrings, anchovies, and gammon of bacon, and abundance of such *pullers-on*."

That famous surfeit of Rhenish and pickled herrings, which banquet proved so fatal to Robert Green, a congenial wit and associate of our Nash, was occasioned by these *shoeing-horns*.

Massinger has given a curious list of "*a service of shoeing-horns*."

————— I usher

Such an unexpected dainty bit for breakfast
As never yet I cook'd, 'tis not Botargo,
Fried frogs, potatoes marrow'd, caviar,
Carps' tongues, the pith of an English chune of beef,
Nor our Italian delicate, owl'd mushrooms,

And yet a *drawer-on too**, and if you show not
 An appetite, and a strong one, I'll not say
 To eat it, but devour it, without grace too,
 (For it will not stay a preface) I am shamed,
 And all my past provocatives will be jeer'd at

Massinger, the Guardian, A 11 S 3

To *knock the glass on the thumb*, was to show they had performed their duty. Barnaby Rich describes this custom; after having drank, the president "turned the bottom of the cup upward, and in ostentation of his dexterity, gave it a filip, to make it cry *ting*."

* And yet a *drawer-on too*,] i. e. an incitement to appetite the phrase is yet in use This drawer-on was also technically termed a *puller-on* and a *shoeing-horn* in drink

On "the Italian delicate oil'd mushrooms," still a favourite dish with the Italians, I have to communicate some curious knowledge In an original manuscript letter dated Hereford, 15 Nov 1659, the name of the writer wanting, but evidently the composition of a physician who had travelled, I find that the dressing of MUSHROOMS was then a novelty The learned writer laments his error that he "disdained to learn the cookery that occurred in my travels, by a sullen principle of mistaken devotion, and thus declined the great helps I had to enlarge and improve human diet" This was an age of medicine, when it was imagined that the health of mankind essentially depended on diet, and Moffet had written his curious book on this principle Our writer, in noticing the passion of the Romans for mushrooms, which was called "an imperial dish," says, "he had eaten it often at Sir Henry Wotton's table (our resident ambassador at Venice), always dressed by the inspection of his Dutch-Venetian Johanna, or of Nic Oudart, and truly it did deserve the old applause as I found it at his table, it was far beyond our English food Neither did any of us find it of hard digestion, for we did not eat like Adamites, but as modest men would eat of musk-melons If it were now lawful to hold any kind of intelligence with Nic Oudart, I would only ask him *Sir Henry Wotton's art of dressing mushrooms*, and I hope that is not high treason"—*Sloane MSS 4292*.

They had among these "domineering inventions" some which we may imagine never took place, till they were told by "the hollow cask"

"How the waning night grew old"

Such were *flap-dragons*, which were small combustible bodies fired at one end and floated in a glass of liquor, which an experienced toper swallowed unharmed, while yet blazing. Such is Dr. Johnson's accurate description, who seems to have witnessed what he so well describes*. When Falstaff says of Poin's acts of dexterity to ingratiate himself with the prince, that "he drinks off *candle-ends* for flap dragons," it seems that this was likewise one of these "frolics," for Nash notices that the liquor was "to be stirred about with a *candle's-end*, to make it taste better, and not to hold your peace while the pot is stirring," no doubt to mark the intrepidity of the miserable "skinker." The most illustrious feat of all is one, however, described by Bishop Hall. If the drinker "could put his finger into the flame of the candle without playing hit-I-miss-I! he is held a sober man, however otherwise drunk he might be." This was considered as a trial of victory among these "canary-birds," or bibbers of canary wine †.

We have a very common expression to describe a

* See Mr. Douce's curious "Illustrations of Shakspeare," vol. 1 457: a gentleman more intimately conversant with our ancient and domestic manners than, perhaps, any single individual in the country.

† This term is used in "Bancroft's two books of Epigrams and Epitaphs," 1639 I take it to have been an accepted one of that day

man in a state of ebriety, that "he is as drunk as a beast," or that "he is beastly drunk." This is a libel on the brutes, for the vice of ebriety is perfectly human. I think the phrase is peculiar to ourselves: and I imagine I have discovered its origin. When ebriety became first prevalent in our nation, during the reign of Elizabeth, it was a favourite notion among the writers of the time, and on which they have exhausted their fancy, that a man in the different stages of ebriety showed the most vicious quality of different animals; or that a company of drunkards exhibited a collection of brutes, with their different characteristics.

"All dronkardes are beasts," says George Gascoigne, in a curious treatise on them*, and he proceeds in illustrating his proposition; but the satirist Nash has classified eight kinds of "drunkards," a fanciful sketch from the hand of a master in humour, and which could only have been composed by a close spectator of their manners and habits.

"The first is *ape-drunk*, and he leaps and sings and hollows and danceth for the heavens; the second is *lyon-drunk*, and he flings the pots about the house, calls the hostess w—e, breaks the glass-windows with his dagger, and is apt to quarrel with any man that speaks to him; the third is *swine-drunk*, heavy, lumpish, and sleepy, and cries for a little more drink and a few more clothes; the fourth is *sheep-drunk*, wise in

* A delicate Diet for dantie mouthde Droonkardes, wherein the fowle Abuse of common carowsing and quaffing with hartie Draughtes is honestlie admonished. By George Gascoigne, Esquer. 1576

his own conceit when he cannot bring forth a right word; the fifth is *maudlen-drunk*, when a fellow will weep for kindness in the midst of his drink, and kiss you, saying, 'By God! captain, I love thee; go thy ways, thou dost not think so often of me as I do of thee I would (if it pleased God) I could not love thee so well as I do,' and then he puts his finger in his eye and cries. The sixth is *martin-drunk*, when a man is drunk, and drinks himself sober ere he stir; the seventh is *goat-drunk*, when in his drunkenness he hath no mind but on lechery. The eighth is *fox-drunk*, when he is crafty-drunk, as many of the Dutchmen be, which will never bargain but when they are drunk. All these *species*, and more, I have seen practised in *one company at one sitting*; when I have been permitted to remain sober amongst them only to note their several humours." These beast-drunkards are characterised in a frontispiece to a curious tract on Drunkenness where the men are represented with the heads of apes, swine, &c. &c.

A new æra in this history of our drinking-parties occurred about the time of the Restoration, when politics heated their wine, and drunkenness and loyalty became more closely connected. As the puritanic coldness wore off, the people were perpetually, in 1650, warmed in drinking the king's health on their knees; and among various kinds of "ranting cavalierism," the cavaliers during Cromwell's usurpation usually put a crum of bread into their glass, and before they drank it off, with cautious ambiguity exclaimed, "God send this *crum well* down!" which by the way preserves the orthoepy of that extraordinary man's name, and may be

added to the instances adduced in our present volume "On the orthography of proper names." We have a curious account of a drunken bout by some royalists, told by Whitelocke in his Memorials. It bore some resemblance to the drinking-party of Catiline: they mingled their own blood with their wine*. After the Restoration, Burnet complains of the excess of convivial loyalty. "Drinking the king's health was set up by too many as a distinguishing mark of loyalty, and drew many into great excess after his majesty's restoration †."

LITERARY ANECDOTES.

A WRITER of penetration sees connexions in literary anecdotes which are not immediately perceived by others: in his hands anecdotes, even should they be familiar to us, are susceptible of deductions and inferences, which become novel and important truths. Facts of themselves are barren; it is when these facts pass through our reflections, and become interwoven with

* I shall preserve the story in the words of Whitelocke, it was something ludicrous, as well as terrific

"From Berkshire (in May 1650) that five drunkards agreed to drink the king's health in their blood, and that each of them should cut off a piece of his buttock, and fry it upon the gridiron, which was done by four of them, of whom one did bleed so exceedingly, that they were fain to send for a surgeon, and so were discovered. The wife of one of them hearing that her husband was amongst them, came to the room, and taking up a pair of tongs laid about her, and so saved the cutting of her husband's flesh."—*Whitelocke's Memorials*, p. 453, second edition.

† Burnet's Life of Sir Matthew Hale

our feelings, or our reasonings, that they are the finest illustrations; that they assume the dignity of "philosophy teaching by example;" that, in the moral world, they are what the wise system of Bacon inculcated in the natural knowledge deduced from experiments; the study of nature in her operations. "When examples are pointed out to us," says Lord Bolingbroke, "there is a kind of appeal, with which we are flattered, made to our senses, as well as to our understandings. The instruction comes then from our authority; we yield to fact, when we resist speculation."

For this reason, writers and artists should, among their recreations, be forming a constant acquaintance with the history of their departed kindred. In literary biography a man of genius always finds something which relates to himself. The studies of artists have a great uniformity, and their habits of life are monotonous. They have all the same difficulties to encounter, although they do not all meet with the same glory. How many secrets may the man of genius learn from literary anecdotes! important secrets, which his friends will not convey to him. He traces the effects of similar studies; warned sometimes by failures, and often animated by watching the incipient and shadowy attempts which closed in a great work. From one he learns in what manner he planned and corrected; from another he may overcome those obstacles which, perhaps, at that very moment make him rise in despair from his own unfinished labour. What perhaps he had in vain desired to know for half his life is revealed to him by a literary anecdote; and thus the amusements of indolent hours may impart the vigour of study; as

we find sometimes in the fruit we have taken for pleasure the medicine which restores our health. How superficial is that cry of some impertinent pretended geniuses of these times, who affect to exclaim, "Give me no anecdotes of an author, but give me his works!" I have often found the anecdotes more interesting than the works.

Dr. Johnson devoted one of his periodical papers to a defence of anecdotes, and expresses himself thus on certain collectors of anecdotes: "They are not always so happy as to select the most important. I know not well what advantage posterity can receive from the only circumstance by which Tickell has distinguished *Addison* from the rest of mankind,—the *irregularity of his pulse*; nor can I think myself overpaid for the time spent in reading the life of *Malherbe*, by being enabled to relate, after the learned biographer, that Malherbe had two predominant opinions: one, that the looseness of a single woman might destroy all her boast of ancient descent, the other, that the French beggars made use, very improperly and barbarously, of the phrase *noble gentlemen*, because either word included the sense of both."

These just observations may, perhaps, be further illustrated by the following notices. Dr. J. Warton has informed the world that *many of our poets have been handsome*. This, certainly, neither concerns the world, nor the class of poets. It is trifling to tell us that Dr. Johnson was accustomed "*to cut his nails to the quick*." I am not much gratified by being informed, that Menage wore *a greater number of stockings* than any other person, excepting one, whose name I have really

forgotten. The biographer of Cujas, a celebrated lawyer, says, that *two things* were *remarkable* of this *scholar*. The *first*, that he studied on the floor, lying prostrate on a carpet, with his books about him ; and, *secondly*, that his perspiration exhaled an agreeable smell, which he used to inform his friends he had in common with Alexander the Great ! This admirable biographer should have told us whether he frequently turned from his very uneasy attitude. Somebody informs us, that Guy Patin resembled Cicero, whose statue is preserved at Rome ; on which he enters into a comparison of Patin with Cicero ; but a man may resemble a *statue* of Cicero, and yet not be Cicero. Baillet loads his life of Descartes with a thousand minutæ, which less disgrace the philosopher than the biographer. Was it worth informing the public, that Descartes was very particular about his wigs ; that he had them manufactured at Paris ; and that he always kept four ? That he wore green taffety in France : but that in Holland he quitted taffety for cloth, and that he was fond of omelets of eggs ?

It is an odd observation of Clarendon in his own life, that “ Mr. Chillingworth was of a stature little superior to Mr. Hales, and it *was an age in which there were many great and wonderful men of THAT SIZE.*” Lord Falkland, formerly Sir Lucius Carey, was of a low stature, and smaller than most men ; and of Sidney Godolphin, “ There was never so great a mind and spirit contained in so little room ; so that Lord Falkland used to say merrily, that he thought it was a great ingredient in his friendship for Mr. Godolphin, that he was pleased to be found in his company where he was the properer man.” This irrelevant observation of Lord

Clarendon is an instance where a great mind will sometimes draw inferences from accidental coincidences, and establish them into a general principle; as if the small size of the men had even the remotest connexion with their genius and their virtues. Perhaps, too, there was in this a tincture of the superstitions of the times: whatever it was, the fact ought not to have degraded the truth and dignity of historical narrative. We have writers who cannot discover the particulars which characterise *THE MAN*,—their souls, like damp gunpowder, cannot ignite with the spark when it falls on them.

Yet of anecdotes which appear trifling, something may be alleged in their defence. It is certainly safer for *some* writers to give us all they know, than to try their discernment for rejection. Let us sometimes recollect, that the page over which we toil will probably furnish materials for authors of happier talents. I would rather have a Birch, or a Hawkins, appear heavy, cold, and prolix, than that anything material which concerns a Tillotson or a Johnson should be lost. It must also be confessed, that an anecdote, or a circumstance, which may appear inconsequential to a reader, may bear some remote or latent connexion: a biographer who has long contemplated the character he records, sees many connexions which escape an ordinary reader. Kippis, in closing the life of the diligent Dr. Birch, has, from his own experience no doubt, formed an apology for that minute research, which some have thought this writer carried to excess. "It may be alleged in our author's favour, that a man who has a deep and extensive acquaintance with a subject, often sees a connexion and

importance in some smaller circumstances, which may not immediately be discerned by others; and, on that account, may have reasons for inserting them, that will escape the notice of superficial minds."

CONDEMNED POETS.

I FLATTER myself that those readers who have taken any interest in my volumes have not conceived me to have been deficient in the elevated feeling which, from early life, I have preserved for the great literary character: if time weaken our enthusiasm, it is the coldness of age which creeps on us, but the principle is unalterable which inspired the sympathy. Who will not venerate those Master-spirits "whose PUBLISHED LABOURS advance the good of mankind," and those BOOKS which are "the precious life-blood of a Master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life?" But it has happened that I have more than once incurred the censure of the inconsiderate and the tasteless, for attempting to separate those writers who exist in a state of perpetual illusion; who live on querulously, which is an evil for themselves, and to no purpose of life, which is an evil to others. I have been blamed for exemplifying "the illusions of writers in verse*," by the remarkable case of Percival Stockdale†, who, after a condemned silence of nearly half a century, like a vivacious spectre throwing aside his shroud in gaiety, came forward, a venerable man in his eightieth year, to

* Calamities of Authors, vol. ii. p. 313

† It first appeared in a Review of his "Memoirs"

assure us of the immortality of one of the worst poets of his age, and for this, wrote his own memoirs, which only proved, that when authors are troubled with a literary hallucination, and possess the unhappy talent of reasoning in their madness, a little raillery, if it cannot cure, may serve at least as a salutary regimen.

I shall illustrate the case of condemned authors who will still be pleading after their trials, by a foreign dramatic writer. Among those incorrigible murmurers at public justice, not the least extraordinary was a M. Peyraud de Beaussol, who, in 1775, had a tragedy, "*Les Arsacides*," in six acts, printed, "not as it was acted," as Fielding says, on the title-page of one of his comedies, but "as it was damned!"

In a preface, this "*Sir Fretful*," more inimitable than that original, with all the gravity of an historical narrative, details the public conspiracy; and with all the pathetic touches of a shipwrecked mariner—the agonies of his literary egotism.

He declares, that it is absurd for the town to condemn a piece which they can only know by the title, for heard it had never been! And yet he observes, with infinite naiveté, "My piece is as generally condemned as if the world had it all by heart."

One of the great objections against this tragedy was its monstrous plan of six acts; this innovation did not lean towards improvement in the minds of those who had endured the long sufferings of tragedies of the accepted size. But the author offers some solemn reasons to induce us to believe that six acts were so far from being too many, that the piece had been more

perfect with a seventh! M. de Beaussol had, perhaps, been happy to have known, that other dramatists have considered that the usual restrictions are detrimental to a grand genius. Nat. Lee, when in Bedlam, wrote a play in twenty-five acts.

Our philosophical dramatist, from the constituent principles of the human mind, and the physical powers of man, and the French nation more particularly, deduces the origin of the sublime, and the faculty of attention. The plan of his tragedy is agreeable to these principles: Monarchs, Queens, and Rivals, and every class of men,—it is therefore grand! and the acts can be listened to, and therefore it is not too long! It was the high opinion that he had formed of human nature and the French people, which at once terrified and excited him to finish a tragedy, which, he modestly adds, “may not have the merit of any single one, but which one day will be discovered to include the labour bestowed on fifty!”

No great work was ever produced without a grand plan. “Some critics,” says our author, “have ventured to assert that my six acts may easily be reduced to the usual five, without injury to the conduct of the fable.” To reply to this required a complete analysis of the tragedy, which, having been found more voluminous than the tragedy itself, he considerably “published separately.” It would be curious to ascertain whether a single copy of the analysis of a condemned tragedy was ever sold. And yet this critical analysis was such an admirable and demonstrative criticism, that the author assures us that it proved the absolute impossibility, “and

the most absolute too," that his piece could not suffer the slightest curtailment. It demonstrated more—that "the gradation and the development of interest required necessarily *seven acts* ' but, from dread of carrying this innovation too far, the author omitted *one act* which passed behind the scenes*! but which ought to have come in between the fifth and sixth! Another point is proved, that the attention of an audience, the physical powers of man, can be kept up with interest much longer than has been calculated; that his piece only takes up two hours and three quarters, or three hours at most, if some of the most impassioned parts were but declaimed rapidly†.

Now we come to the history of all the disasters which happened at the acting of this tragedy. "How can people complain that my piece is tedious, when, after the first act, they would never listen ten minutes to it? Why did they attend to the first scenes, and even applaud one? Let me not be told, because these were sublime, and commanded the respect of the cabal raised against it; because there are other scenes far more sublime in the piece, which they perpetually interrupted. Will it be believed, that they pitched upon the scene

* The words are "*Une dernière la scène*" I am not sure of the meaning, but an *Act behind the scenes* would be perfectly in character with this dramatic bard

† The exact reasoning of Sir Fictful, in the Critic, when Mrs. Dangle thought his piece "rather too long," while he proves his play was "a remarkably short play"—"The first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole, from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts The watch here, you know, is the critic"

of the sacrifice of Volgesie, as one of the most tedious?—the scene of Volgesie, which is the finest in my piece, not a verse, not a word in it, can be omitted*! Every thing tends towards the catastrophe; and it reads in the closet as well as it would affect us on the stage. I was not, however, astonished at this; what men hear, and do not understand, is always tedious; and it was recited in so shocking a tone by the actress, who, not having entirely recovered from a fit of illness, was flurried by the tumult of the audience. She declaimed in a twanging tone, like psalm-singing; so that the audience could not hear, among these fatiguing discordances (he means their own hissing), nor separate the thoughts and words from the full chant which accompanied them. They objected perpetually to the use of the word *Madame*, between two female rivals, as too comic; one of the pit, when an actress said *Madame*, cried out, ‘Say *Princesse*!’ This disconcerted the actress. They also objected to the words *àpropos* and *mal-àpropos*. Yet, after all, how are there too many *Madames* in the piece, since they do not amount to forty-six in the course of forty-four scenes? Of these, however, I have erased half.”

This historian of his own wrongheadedness proceeds, with all the simplicity of this narrative, to describe the hubbub.

“Thus it was impossible to connect what they were

* Again, Sir Fretful, when Dangle “ventures to suggest that the interest rather falls off in the fifth act,”—“Rises, I believe you mean, sir”—“No, I don’t, upon my word.”—“Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul; it certainly don’t fall off, no, no, it don’t fall off”

hearing with what they had heard. In the short intervals of silence, the actors, who, during the tumult, forgot their characters, tried with difficulty to recover their conception. The conspirators were prepared to a man, not only in their head, but some with written notes had their watch-words, to set their party agoing. They seemed to act with the most extraordinary concert; they seemed to know the exact moment when they were to give the word, and drown, in their hurly-burly, the voice of the actor, who had a passionate part to declaim, and thus break the connexion between the speakers. All this produced so complete an effect, that it seemed as if the actors themselves had been of the conspiracy, so wilful and so active was the execution of the plot. It was particularly during the fifth and sixth acts that the cabal was most outrageous; they knew these were the most beautiful, and deserved particular attention. Such a humming arose, that the actors seemed to have had their heads turned; some lost their voice, some declaimed at random, the prompter in vain cried out, nothing was heard, and every thing was said; the actor who could not hear the catch-word remained disconcerted and silent; the whole was broken, wrong and right; it was all Hebrew. Nor was this all; the actors behind the scene were terrified, and they either came forwards trembling, and only watching the signs of their brother actors, or would not venture to show themselves. The machinist only, with his scene-shifters, who felt so deep an interest in the fate of my piece, was tranquil and attentive to his duty, to produce a fine effect. After the hurly-burly was over, he left

the actors mute with their arms crossed. He opened the scenery ! and not an actor could enter on it ! The pit, more clamorous than ever, would not suffer the denouement ! Such was the conduct, and such the intrepidity, of the army employed to besiege 'the Arsacides !' Such was the cause of that accusation of tediousness made against a drama, which has most evidently the contrary defect ! ”

Such is the history of a damned dramatist, written by himself, with a truth and simplicity worthy of a happier fate. It is admirable to see a man, who was himself so deeply involved in the event, preserve the observing calmness which could discover the minutest occurrence, and, allowing for his particular conception of the cause, detailing them with the most rigid veracity. This author was unquestionably a man of the most honourable probity, and not destitute of intellectual ability, but he must serve as an useful example of that wrong-headed nature in some men, which has produced so many “Abbots of Unreason” in society, whom it is in vain to convince by a reciprocation of arguments ; who, assuming false principles, act rightly according to themselves, a sort of rational lunacy, which, when it discovers itself in politics and religion, and in the more common affairs of life, has produced the most unhappy effects ; but this fanaticism, when confined to poetry, only amuses us with the ludicrous ; and, in the persons of Monsieur de Beaussol, and of Percival Stockdale, may offer some very fortunate self-recollections in that “Calamity of Authors,” which I have called “The Illusions of Writers in Verse.”

ACAJOU AND ZIRPHILE

As a literary curiosity, and as a supplemental anecdote to the article of PREFACES*, I cannot pass over the suppressed preface to the "Acajou et Zirphile" of Du Clos, which of itself is almost a singular instance of hardy ingenuity, in an address to the public.

This single volume is one of the most whimsical of fairy tales, and an amusing satire originating in an odd circumstance. Count Tessin, the Swedish Ambassador at the Court of France, had a number of grotesque designs made by Boucher, the King's painter, and engraved by the first artists. The last plate had just been finished when the count was recalled, and appointed Prime Minister and Governor to the Crown Prince, a place he filled with great honour: and in emulation of Fenelon, composed letters on the education of a Prince, which have been translated. He left behind him in France all the plates in the hands of Boucher, who, having shown them to Du Clos for their singular invention, regretted that he had bestowed so much fancy on a fairy tale, which was not to be had: Du Clos, to relieve his regrets, offered to invent a tale to correspond with these grotesque subjects. This seemed not a little difficult. In the first plate, the author appears in his morning-gown, writing in his study, surrounded by apes, rats, butterflies, and smoke. In another, a Prince is drest in the French costume of 1740,

* Vol. 1. p. 103.

strolling full of thought in "the shady walk of ideas." In a third plate, the Prince is conversing with a fairy who rises out of a gooseberry which he has plucked: two dwarfs, discovered in another gooseberry, give a sharp fillip to the Prince, who seems much embarrassed by their tiny maliciousness. In another walk he eats an apricot, which opens with the most beautiful of faces, a little melancholy, and leaning on one side. In another print, he finds the body of this lovely face and the hands, and he adroitly joins them together. Such was the set of these incomprehensible and capricious inventions, which the lighter fancy and ingenuity of Du Clos converted into a fairy story, full of pleasantry and satire*.

Among the novelties of this small volume, not the least remarkable is the dedication of this fairy romance to the public, which excited great attention, and charmed and provoked our author's fickle patron. Du Clos here openly ridicules, and dares his protector and his judge. This hazardous attack was successful, and the author soon acquired the reputation which he afterwards maintained, of being a writer who little respected the common prejudices of the world. Freron replied by a long criticism, entitled "*Réponse du Public à l'Auteur d'Acajou*," but its severity was not discovered in its length; so that the public, who had been so keenly ridiculed, and so hardily braved in the light and sparkling page of the haughty Du Clos, preferred the caustic truths and the pleasant insult.

* The plates of the original edition are in the quarto form; they have been poorly reduced in the common editions in twelves

In this "Epistle to the Public," the author informs us that, "excited by example, and encouraged by the success he had often witnessed, he designed to write a piece of nonsense. He was only embarrassed by the choice of subject. Politics, Morals, and Literature, were equally the same to me : but I found, strange to say, all these matters pre-occupied by persons who seem to have laboured with the same view. I found silly things in all kinds, and I saw myself under the necessity of adopting the reasonable ones to become singular; so that I do not yet despair that we may one day discover truth, when we shall have exhausted all our errors.

"I first proposed to write down all erudition, to show the freedom and independence of genius, whose fertility is such as not to require borrowing anything from foreign sources, but I observed that this had sunk into a mere common-place, trite and trivial, invented by indolence, adopted by ignorance, and which adds nothing to genius.

"Mathematics, which has succeeded to erudition, begins to be unfashionable; we know at present indeed that one may be as great a dizzard in resolving a problem as in restoring a reading. Every thing is compatible with genius, but nothing can give it !

"For the *bel esprit*, so much envied, so much sought after, it is almost as ridiculous to pretend to it, as it is difficult to attain. Thus the scholar is contemned, the mathematician tires, the man of wit and genius is hissed. What is to be done ? "

Having told the whimsical origin of this tale, Du

Clos continues: "I do not know, my dear Public, if you will approve of my design; however, it appears to me ridiculous enough to deserve your favour; for, to speak to you like a friend, you appear to unite all the stages of human life, only to experience all their cross-accidents. You are a child to run after trifles; a youth when driven by your passions; and, in mature age, you conclude you are wise, because your follies are of a more solemn nature, for you grow old only to dote; to talk at random, to act without design, and to believe you judge, because you pronounce sentence.

"I respect you greatly; I esteem you but little; you are not worthy of being loved. These are my sentiments respecting you; if you insist on others from me, in that case,

"I am,

"Your most humble and obedient servant."

The caustic pleasantry of this "Epistle Dedicatory" was considered by some mawkish critics so offensive, that when the editor of the "Cabinet de Fées," a vast collection of fairy tales, republished this little playful satire and whimsical fancy-piece, he thought proper to cancel the "Epistle:" concluding that it was entirely wanting in that respect with which the public ought to be addressed! This editor, of course, was a Frenchman: we view him in the ridiculous attitude of making his profound bow, and expressing all this "high consideration" for this same "Public," while, with his opera-hat in his hand, he is sweeping away the most poignant and delectable page of Acajou and Zirphile.

TOM O' BEDLAM'S.

THE history of a race of singular mendicants, known by the name of *Tom o' Bedlams*, connects itself with that of our poetry. Not only will they live with our language, since Shakspeare has perpetuated their existence, but they themselves appear to have been the occasion of creating a species of wild fantastic poetry, peculiar to our nation.

Bethlem Hospital formed, in its original institution, a contracted and penurious charity; its governors soon discovered that the metropolis furnished them with more lunatics than they had calculated on; they also required from the friends of the patients a weekly stipend, besides clothing. It is a melancholy fact to record in the history of human nature, that when one of their original regulations prescribed that persons who put in patients should provide their clothes, it was soon observed that the poor lunatics were frequently perishing by the omission of this slight duty from those former friends; so soon forgotten were they whom none found an interest to recollect. They were obliged to open contributions to provide a wardrobe*

In consequence of the limited resources of the Hospital, they relieved the establishment by frequently discharging patients whose cure might be very equivocal. Harmless lunatics thrown thus into the world, often without a single friend, wandered about the country,

* Stowe's Survey of London, book 1

chanting wild ditties, and wearing a fantastical dress to attract the notice of the charitable, on whose alms they lived. They had a kind of *costume*, which I find described by Randle Holme in a curious and extraordinary work *

"The Bedlam has a long staff, and a cow or ox-horn by his side; his cloathing fantastic and ridiculous; for being a madman, he is madly decked and dressed all over with rubins (ribands), feathers, cuttings of cloth, and what not, to make him seem a madman, or one distracted, when he is no other than a wandering and dissembling knave." This writer here points out one of the grievances resulting from licensing even harmless lunatics to roam about the country; for a set of pretended madmen, called "Abram men," a cant term for certain sturdy rogues, concealed themselves in their *costume*, covered the country, and pleaded the privileged denomination when detected in their depredations†.

* "The Academy of Armory," book ii c. 3. p 161 This is a singular work, where the writer has contrived to turn the barren subjects of Heraldry into an entertaining Encyclopædia, containing much curious knowledge on almost every subject, but this folio more particularly exhibits the most copious vocabulary of old English terms. It has been said that there are not more than twelve copies extant of this very rare work, which is probably not true.

† In that curious source of our domestic history, the "English Villanies" of Decker, we find a lively description of the "Abiam cove," or Abiam man, the impostor who personated a Tom o' Bedlam. He was terribly disguised with his grotesque rags, his staff, his knotted hair, and with the more disgusting contrivances to excite pity, still practised among a class of our mendicants, who, in their cant language, are still said "to sham Abraham." This impostor was, therefore, as

Sir Walter Scott first obligingly suggested to me that these roving lunatics were out-door pensioners of Bed-

suted his purpose and the place, capable of working on the sympathy, by uttering a silly *maunding*, or demanding of charity, or terrifying the easy fears of women, children, and domestics, as he wandered up and down the country they refused nothing to a being who was as terrific to them as "Robin Good-fellow," or "Raw-head and bloody-bones." Thus, as Edgar expresses it, "sometimes with lunatic bans, sometimes with prayers," the gestures of this impostor were "a counterfeit puppet-play they came with a hollow noise, whooping, leaping, gambolling, wildly dancing, with a fierce or distracted look" These sturdy mendicants were called "Tom of Bedlam's band of mad-caps," or "Poor Tom's flock of wild geese" Decker has preserved their "Maund," or begging—"Good worship master, bestow your reward on a poor man that hath been in Bedlam without Bishopsgate, three years, four months and nine days, and bestow one piece of small silver towards his fees, which he is indebted there, of 3*l* 1*s*. 7½*d*" (or to such effect.)

Or, "Now dame, well and wisely, what will you give poor Tom ? One pound of your sheep's-feathers to make poor Tom a blanket ? or one cutting of your sow's side, no bigger than my arm, or one piece of your salt meat to make poor Tom a sharing-horn, or one cross of your small silver, towards a pair of shoes, well and wisely, give poor Tom an old sheet to keep him from the cold, or an old doublet and jerkin of my master's, well and wisely, God save the king and his council" Such is a history drawn from the very archives of mendicancy and imposture, and written perhaps as far back as the reign of James the First, but which prevailed in that of Elizabeth, as Shakspeare has so finely shown in his EDGAR This *Maund*, and these assumed manners and *costume*, I should not have preserved from their utter penury, but such was the rude material which Shakspeare has worked up into that most fanciful and richest vein of native poetry, which pervades the character of the wandering EDGAR, tormented by "the foul fiend," when he

—————bethought

To take the basest and most poorest shape

lam, sent about to live as well as they could with the pittance granted by the hospital.

The fullest account that I have obtained of these singular persons is drawn from a manuscript note transcribed from some of Aubrey's papers, which I have not seen printed.

"Till the breaking out of the civil wars, *Tom o' Bedlams* did travel about the country; they had been poor distracted men, that had been put into Bedlam, where recovering some soberness, they were licentiated to go a begging; *i. e.* they had on their left arm an armilla, an iron ring for the arm, about four inches long, as printed in some works * They could not get it off, they wore about their necks a great horn of an ox in a string or bawdry, which, when they came to a house, they did wind, and they put the drink given to them into this horn, whereto they put a stopple. Since the wars I do not remember to have seen any one of them." The civil wars, probably, cleared the country of all sorts of vagabonds; but among the royalists or the parliamentarians, we did not know that in their rank and file they had so many *Tom o' Bedlams*.

That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast

And the poet proceeds with a minute picture of "*Bedlam beggars*"
See *LEAR*, act II sc. 3

* Aubrey's information is perfectly correct, for those impostors who assumed the character of *Tom o' Bedlams* for their own nefarious purposes used to have a mark burnt in their arms, which they showed as the mark of *Bedlam*. "*The English Villanies*" of Decker, C 17, 1648.

I have now to explain something in the character of EDGAR in LEAR, on which the commentators seem to have ingeniously blundered, from an imperfect knowledge of the character which Edgar personates.

Edgar, in wandering about the country for a safe disguise, assumes the character of these *Tom o' Bedlams*; he thus closes one of his distracted speeches, "Poor Tom, *Thy horn is dry*!" On this Johnson is content to inform us, that "men that begged under pretence of lunacy used formerly to carry a horn and blow it through the streets." This is no explanation of Edgar's allusion to the *dryness* of his horn. Steevens adds a fanciful note, that Edgar alludes to a proverbial expression *Thy horn is dry*, designed to express that a man had said all he could say; and, further, Steevens supposes that Edgar speaks these words *aside*; as if he had been quite weary of *Tom o' Bedlam's part*, and could not keep it up any longer. The reasons of all this conjectural criticism are a curious illustration of perverse ingenuity. Aubrey's manuscript note has shown us that the Bedlam's horn was also a *drinking-horn*, and Edgar closes his speech in the perfection of the assumed character, and not as one who had grown weary of it, by making the mendicant lunatic desirous of departing from a heath, to march, as he cries, "to wakes, and fairs, and market-towns—Poor Tom! thy horn is dry!" as more likely places to solicit alms; and he is thinking of his *drunk-money*, when he cries that "*his horn is dry*."

An itinerant lunatic, chanting wild ditties, fancifully

attired, gay with the simplicity of childhood, yet often moaning with the sorrows of a troubled man, a mixture of character at once grotesque and plaintive, became an interesting object to poetical minds. It is probable that the character of Edgar, in the *Lear* of Shakspeare, first introduced the hazardous conception into the poetical world. Poems composed in the character of a Tom o' Bedlam appear to have formed a fashionable class of poetry among the wits; they seem to have held together poetical contests, and some of these writers became celebrated for their successful efforts, for old Izaak Walton mentions a "Mr. William Basse as one who has made the choice songs of the 'Hunter in his career,' and of 'Tom o' Bedlam,' and many others of note." Bishop Percy, in his "*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*," has preserved six of what he calls "*Mad Songs*," expressing his surprise that the English should have "more songs and ballads on the subject of madness than any of their neighbours," for such are not found in the collection of songs of the French, Italian, &c., and nearly insinuates, for their cause, that we are perhaps more liable to the calamity of madness than other nations. This superfluous criticism had been spared had that elegant collector been aware of the circumstance which had produced this class of poems, and recollected the more ancient original in the Edgar of Shakspeare. Some of the "*Mad Songs*" which the Bishop has preserved are of too modern a date to suit the title of his work; being written by Tom D'Urfey, for his comedies of *Don Quixote*. I shall preserve one

of more ancient date, fraught with all the wild spirit of this peculiar character *

This poem must not be read without a continued reference to the personated character. Delirious and fantastic, strokes of sublime imagination are mixed with familiar comic humour, and even degraded by the cant language; for the gipsy habits of life of these "Tom o' Bedlams" had confounded them with "the progging Abram men." These luckless beings are described by Decker as sometimes exceeding merry, and could do nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own brains; now they danced, now they would do nothing but laugh and weep, or were dogged and sullen both in look and speech. All they did, all they sung, was alike unconnected; indicative of the desultory and rambling wits of the chanter.

A TOM-A-BEDLAM SONG.

From the hag and hungry goblin
That into rags would rend ye,
All the spirits that stand
By the naked man,
In the book of moons defend ye!
That of your five sound senses
You never be forsaken;
Nor travel from
Yourselves with Tom
Abroad, to beg your bacon

CHORUS.

Nor never sing any food and feeding,
Money, drink, or clothing;

* I discovered the present in a very scarce collection, entitled "Wit and Drollery," 1661, an edition, however, which is not the earliest of this once fashionable miscellany.

TOM O' BEDLAMs.

Come dame or maid,
Be not afraid,
For Tom will injure nothing.

Of thirty bare years have I
Twice twenty been enraged ;
And of forty been
Three times fifteen
In durance soundly caged
In the lovely lofts of Bedlam,
In stubble soft and danty,
Brave bracelets strong,
Sweet whips ding, dong,
And a wholesome hunger plenty

With a thought I took for Maudlin
And a cruise of cockle pottage,
And a thing thus—tall,
Sky bless you all,
I fell into this dotage.
I slept not till the Conquest,
Till then I never waked,
Till the roguish boy
Of love where I lay,
Me found, and stupefied me naked

When short I have shorn my sow's face,
And swigg'd my hoined barrel,
In an oaken inn
Do I pawn my skin,
As a suit of gilt apparel
The morn's my constant mistress,
And the lovely owl my morrow,
The flaming drake,
And the night-crow, make
Me music, to my sorrow.

The palse plague these pounces,
When I pug your pigs or pullen :

Your culvers take
Or matchless make
Your chanticleer and sullen ,
When I want provant with *Humphrey* I sup,
And when benighted,
To repose in Paul's,
With waking souls
I never am affrighted
I know more than Apollo ,
For, oft when he lies sleeping,
I behold the stars
At mortal wars,
And the rounded welkin weeping,
The moon embiaces her shepherd,
And the Queen of Love her warrior;
While the first does horn
The stars of the moyn,
And the next the heavenly farmer
With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander,
With a knight of ghosts and shadows,
I summoned am to Tourney
Ten leagues beyond
The wide world's end,
Methinks it is no journey !

The last stanza of this Bedlam song contains the seeds of exquisite romance; a stanza worth many an admired poem.

INTRODUCTION OF TEA, COFFEE, AND CHOCOLATE.

It is said that the frozen Norwegians, on the first sight of roses, dared not touch what they conceived

were trees budding with fire: and the natives of Virginia, the first time they seized on a quantity of gunpowder, which belonged to the English colony, sowed it for grain, expecting to reap a plentiful crop of combustion by the next harvest, to blow away the whole colony.

In our own recollection, strange imaginations impeded the first period of vaccination; when some families, terrified by the warning of a physician, conceived their race would end in a species of Minotaurs :—

Semibovemque vitum, semiviumque bovem.

We smile at the simplicity of the men of nature, for their mistaken notions at the first introduction among them of exotic novelties; and yet, even in civilised Europe, how long a time those whose profession, or whose reputation, regulate public opinion, are influenced by vulgar prejudices, often disguised under the imposing form of science! and when their ludicrous absurdities and obstinate prejudices enter into the matters of history, it is then we discover that they were only imposing on themselves and on others.

It is hardly credible that on the first introduction of the Chinese leaf, which now affords our daily refreshment; or the American leaf, whose sedative fumes made it so long an universal favourite; or the Arabian berry, whose aroma exhilarates its European votaries; that the use of these harmless novelties should have spread consternation among the nations of Europe, and have been anathematised by the terrors and the fictions of some of the learned. Yet this seems to have happened. Patin, who wrote so furiously against

the introduction of antimony, spread the same alarm at the use of tea, which he calls "*l'impertinente nouveauté du siècle*." In Germany, Hanneman considered tea-dealers as immoral members of society, lying in wait for men's purses and lives; and Dr. Duncan, in his treatise on hot liquors, suspected that the virtues attributed to tea were merely to encourage the importation.

Many virulent pamphlets were published against the use of this shrub, from various motives. In 1670 a Dutch writer says it was ridiculed in Holland under the name of hay-water. "The progress of this famous plant," says an ingenious writer, "has been something like the progress of truth; suspected at first, though very palatable to those who had courage to taste it; resisted as it encroached; abused as its popularity seemed to spread; and establishing its triumph at last, in cheering the whole land from the palace to the cottage, only by the slow and resistless efforts of time and its own virtues*."

The history of the Tea-shrub, by Dr. Lettsom, usually referred to on this subject, I consider little more than a plagiarism on Dr. Short's learned and curious dissertation on Tea, 1730, 4to. Lettsom has superadded the solemn trifling of his moral and medical advice.

These now common beverages are all of recent origin in Europe; neither the ancients nor those of the middle ages tasted of this luxury. The first accounts we find of the use of this shrub are the casual notices of travelers, who seem to have tasted it, and sometimes not to

* Edinburgh Review, 1816, p. 117

have liked it: a Russian ambassador, in 1639, who resided at the court of the Mogul, declined accepting a large present of tea for the Czar, "as it would only incumber him with a commodity for which he had no use." The appearance of "a black water" and an acrid taste seems not to have recommended it to the German Olearus in 1633. Dr. Short has recorded an anecdote of a stratagem of the Dutch in their second voyage to China, by which they at first obtained their tea without disbursing money; they carried from home great store of dried sage, and bartered it with the Chinese for tea, and received three or four pounds of tea for one of sage: but at length the Dutch could not export sufficient quantity of sage to supply their demand. This fact, however, proves how deeply the imagination is concerned with our palate; for the Chinese, affected by the exotic novelty, considered our sage to be more precious than their tea.

The first introduction of tea into Europe is not ascertained; according to the common accounts it came into England from Holland, in 1666, when Lord Arlington and Lord Ossory brought over a small quantity: the custom of drinking tea became fashionable, and a pound weight sold then for sixty shillings. This account, however, is by no means satisfactory. I have heard of Oliver Cromwell's tea-pot in the possession of a collector, and this will derange the chronology of those writers who are perpetually copying the researches of others, without confirming or correcting them.

Amidst the rival contests of the Dutch and the English East-India Companies, the honour of intro-

ducing its use into Europe may be claimed by both. Dr. Short conjectures that tea might have been known in England as far back as the reign of James the First, for the first fleet set out in 1600; but had the use of this shrub been known, the novelty had been chronicled among our dramatic writers, whose works are the annals of our prevalent tastes and humours. It is rather extraordinary that our East-India Company should not have discovered the use of this shrub in their early adventures; yet it certainly was not known in England so late as in 1641, for in a scarce "Treatise of Warm Beer," where the title indicates the author's design to recommend hot in preference to cold drinks, he refers to tea only by quoting the Jesuit Maffei's account, that "they of China do for the most part drink the strained liquor of an herb called *Chia*, hot." The word *Cha* is the Portuguese term for tea retained to this day, which they borrowed from the Japanese; while our intercourse with the Chinese made us no doubt adopt their term *Theh*, now prevalent throughout Europe, with the exception of the Portuguese. The Chinese origin is still preserved in the term *Bohea*, tea which comes from the country of *Vouhi*; and that of *Hyson* was the name of the most considerable Chinese then concerned in the trade.

The best account of the early use, and the prices of tea in England, appears in the hand-bill of one who may be called our first *Tea-maker*. This curious hand-bill bears no date, but as Hanway ascertained that the price was sixty shillings in 1660, his bill must have been dispersed about that period.

Thomas Garway, in Exchange-alley, tobacconist and coffee-man, was the first who sold and retailed tea, recommending it for the cure of all disorders. The following shop-bill is more curious than any historical account we have.

“Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees till the year 1657. The said Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in *leaf* or *drink*, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants into those Eastern countries. On the knowledge of the said Garway’s continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, &c., have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof. He sells tea from 16s. to 50s. a pound.”

Probably, tea was not in general use domestically so late as in 1687; for in the diary of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, he registers that “Père Couplet supped with me, and after supper we had tea, which he said was really as good as any he had drank in China.” Had his lordship been in the general habit of drinking tea, he had not probably made it a subject for his diary.

While the honour of introducing tea may be disputed between the English and the Dutch, that of coffee remains between the English and the French. Yet an Italian intended to have occupied the place of honour,

that admirable traveller Pietro della Valle, writing from Constantinople, 1615, to a Roman, his fellow-countryman, informing him that he should teach Europe in what manner the Turks took what he calls "*Cahué*," or as the word is written in an Arabic and English pamphlet, printed at Oxford, 1659, on "the nature of the drink *Kauhi* or Coffee." As this celebrated traveller lived to 1652, it may excite surprise that the first cup of coffee was not drank at Rome: this remains for the discovery of some member of the "Arcadian Society." Our own Purchas, at the time that Valle wrote, was also "a Pilgrim," and well knew what was "*Coffa*," which "they drank as hot as they can endure it, it is as black as soot, and tastes not much unlike it; good they say for digestion and mirth."

It appears by Le Grand's "*Vie privée des François*," that the celebrated Thevenot, in 1658, gave coffee after dinner, but it was considered as the whim of a traveller; neither the thing itself, nor its appearance, was inviting: it was probably attributed by the gay to the humour of a vain philosophical traveller. But ten years afterwards a Turkish ambassador at Paris made the beverage highly fashionable. The elegance of the equipage recommended it to the eye, and charmed the women: the brilliant porcelain cups in which it was poured; the napkins fringed with gold, and the Turkish slaves on their knees presenting it to the ladies, seated on the ground on cushions, turned the heads of the Parisian dames. This elegant introduction made the exotic beverage a subject of conversation, and in 1672, an Armenian at Paris at the fair-time opened a

coffee-house. But the custom still prevailed to sell beer and wine, and to smoke and mix with indifferent company in their first imperfect coffee-houses. A Florentine, one Procope, celebrated in his day as the arbiter of taste in this department, instructed by the error of the Armenian, invented a superior establishment, and introduced ices; he embellished his apartment, and those who had avoided the offensive coffee-houses repaired to Procope's; where literary men, artists, and wits resorted, to inhale the fresh and fragrant steam. Le Grand says that this establishment holds a distinguished place in the literary history of the times. It was at the coffee-house of Du Laurent that Saurin, La Motte, Danchet, Boindin, Rousseau, &c, met, but the mild streams of the aromatic berry could not mollify the acerbity of so many rivals, and the witty malignity of Rousseau gave birth to those famous couplets on all the coffee-drinkers, which occasioned his misfortune and his banishment.

Such is the history of the first use of coffee and its houses at Paris. We, however, had the use before even the time of Thevenot; for an English Turkish merchant brought a Greek servant in 1652, who, knowing how to roast and make it, opened a house to sell it publicly. I have also discovered his hand-bill, in which he sets forth, "The vertue of the coffee-drink, first publicly made and sold in England, by Pasqua Rosee, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head."

For about twenty years after the introduction of coffee in this kingdom, we find a continued series of

invectives against its adoption, both for medicinal and domestic purposes. The use of coffee, indeed, seems to have excited more notice, and to have had a greater influence on the manners of the people, than that of tea. It seems at first to have been more universally used, as it still is on the Continent, and its use is connected with a resort for the idle and the curious: the history of coffee-houses, ere the invention of clubs, was that of the manners, the morals, and the politics of a people. Even in its native country, the government discovered that extraordinary fact, and the use of the Arabian berry was more than once forbidden where it grows; for Ellis, in his "History of Coffee," 1774, refers to an Arabian MS., in the King of France's library, which shows that coffee-houses in Asia were sometimes suppressed. The same fate happened on its introduction into England.

Among a number of poetical satires against the use of coffee, I find a curious exhibition, according to the exaggerated notions of that day, in "A Cup of Coffee, or Coffee in its colours," 1663. The writer, like others of his contemporaries, wonders at the odd taste which could make Coffee a substitute for Canary.

"Foi men and Chrstians to turn Turks and think
To excuse the crime, because 'tis in their drink '
Pure English apes! ye may, for aught I know,
Would it but mode—learn to eat spiders too*

* This witty poet was not without a degree of prescience; the luxury of eating spiders has never indeed become "modish," but Mons Lalande, the French astronomer, and one or two humble imitators of the modern philosopher, have shown this triumph over vulgar prejudices, and were Epicures of this stamp.

Should any of your grandsires' ghosts appear
 In your wax-candle circles, and but hear
 The name of coffee so much called upon ,
 Then see it drank like scalding Phlegethon ,
 Would they not startle, think ye, all agreed
 'Twas conjuration both in word and deed ,
 Or Catiline's conspirators, as they stood
 Sealing their oaths in draughts of blackest blood
 The merriest ghost of all your snes would say,
 Your wine's much worse since his last yesterday
 He'd wonder how the club had given a hop
 O'er tavern-bas into a farmer's shop,
 Where he'd suppose, both by the smoke and stench,
 Each man a horse, and each horse at his drench
 " Sure you're no poets, nor their friends, for now,
 Should Jonson's strenuous spirit, or the rare
 Beaumont and Fletcher's in your round appear,
 They would not find the air perfumed with one
 Castalian drop, nor dew of Helicon ,
 When they but men would speak as the Gods do,
 They drank pure nectar as the Gods drink too,
 Sublim'd with rich Canary—say shall then
 These less than coffee's self, these coffee-men ,
 These sons of nothing, that can hardly make
 Their broth, for laughing how the jest does take
 Yet grin, and give ye for the vine's pure blood
 A loathsome potion, not yet understood,
 Syrop of soot, or essence of old shoes,
 Dasht with diurnals and the books of news "

Other complaints arose from the mixture of the company in the first coffee-houses. In " A broadside against Coffee, or the marriage of the Turk," 1672, the writer indicates the growth of the fashion :—

" Confusion huddles all into one scene,
 Like Noah's ark, the clean and the unclean ,

Fo! now, alas ! the drench has credit got,
And he's no gentleman who drinks it not
That such a dwarf should rise to such a stature !
But custom is but a remove from nature "

In "The Women's petition against Coffee," 1674, they complained that "it made men as unfruitful as the deserts whence that unhappy berry is said to be brought; that the offspring of our mighty ancestors would dwindle into a succession of apes and pigmies; and on a domestic message, a husband would stop by the way to drink a couple of cups of coffee." It was now sold in convenient penny-worths, for in another poem in praise of a coffee-house, for the variety of information obtained there, it is called "a penny university."

Amidst these contests of popular prejudices, between the lovers of forsaken Canary, and the terrors of our females at the barrenness of an Arabian desert, which lasted for twenty years, at length the custom was universally established, nor were there wanting some reflecting minds desirous of introducing the use of this liquid among the labouring classes of society, to wean them from strong liquors. Howel, in noticing that curious philosophical traveller, Sir Henry Blount's "Organon Salutis," 1659, observed that "this coffa-drink hath caused a great sobriety among all nations: formerly apprentices, clerks, &c., used to take their morning draughts in ale, beer, or wine, which often made them unfit for business. Now they play the good-fellows in this wakeful and civil drink. The worthy gentleman Sir James Muddiford, who introduced the practice hereof first in London, deserves much

respect of the whole nation." Here it appears, what is most probable, that the use of this berry was introduced by other Turkish merchants, besides Edwards and his servant Pasqua. But the custom of drinking coffee among the labouring classes does not appear to have lasted; and when it was recently even the cheapest beverage, the popular prejudices prevailed against it, and run in favour of tea. The contrary practice prevails on the continent, where beggars are viewed making their coffee in the street. I remember seeing the large body of shipwrights at Helvoetsluys summoned by a bell, to take their regular refreshment of coffee; and the fleets of Holland were not then built by arms less robust than the fleets of Britain.

The frequenting of coffee-houses is a custom which has declined within our recollection, since institutions of a higher character, and society itself, has so much improved within late years. These were, however, the common assemblies of all classes of society. The mercantile man, the man of letters, and the man of fashion, had their appropriate coffee-houses. The Tatler dates from either to convey a character of his subject. In the reign of Charles the Second, 1675, a proclamation for some time shut them all up, having become the rendezvous of the politicians of that day. Roger North has given, in his examen, a full account of this bold stroke: it was not done without some apparent respect to the British constitution, the court affecting not to act against law, for the judges were summoned to a consultation, when, it seems, the five who met did not agree in opinion. But a decision was

contrived that "the retailing of coffee and tea might be an innocent trade; but as it was said to nourish sedition, spread lies, and scandalise great men, it might also be a common nuisance." A general discontent, in consequence, as North acknowledges, took place, and emboldened the merchants and retailers of coffee and tea to petition; and permission was soon granted to open the houses to a certain period, under a severe admonition, that the masters should prevent all scandalous papers, books, and libels from being read in them, and hinder every person from spreading scandalous reports against the government. It must be confessed, all this must have frequently puzzled the coffee-house master to decide what was scandalous, what book was fit to be licensed to be read, and what political intelligence might be allowed to be communicated. The object of the government was, probably, to intimidate, rather than to persecute, at that moment.

Chocolate the Spaniards brought from Mexico, where it was denominated *Chocolatti*, it was a coarse mixture of ground cacao and Indian corn with rocou; but the Spaniards, liking its nourishment, improved it into a richer compound, with sugar, vanilla, and other aromatics. The immoderate use of chocolate, in the seventeenth century, was considered as so violent an inflamer of the passions, that Joan. Fran. Rauch published a treatise against it, and enforced the necessity of forbidding the monks to drink it; and adds, that if such an interdiction had existed, that scandal with which that holy order had been branded might have proved more groundless. This *Disputatio medico-dietetica de aëre*

et esculentis, necnon de potû, Vienna 1624, is a *rara avis* among collectors. This attack on the monks, as well as on chocolate, is said to be the cause of its scarcity; for we are told that they were so diligent in suppressing this treatise, that it is supposed not a dozen copies exist. We had chocolate-houses in London long after coffee-houses; they seemed to have associated something more elegant and refined in their new team when the other had become common. Roger North thus inveighs against them: "The use of coffee-houses seems much improved by a new invention, called chocolate-houses, for the benefit of rooks and cullies of quality, where gaming is added to all the rest, and the summons of W—— seldom fails; as if the devil had erected a new university, and those were the colleges of its professors, as well as his schools of discipline." Roger North, a high tory, and attorney-general to James the Second, observed, however, that these rendezvous were often not entirely composed of those "factious gentry he so much dreaded;" for he says, "This way of passing time might have been stopped at first before people had possessed themselves of some convenience from them of meeting for short despatches, and passing evenings with small expenses." And old Aubrey, the small Boswell of his day, attributes his general acquaintance to "the modern advantage of coffee-houses in this great city, before which men knew not how to be acquainted, but with their own relations, and societies:" a curious statement, which proves the moral connexion with society of all sedentary recreations which induce the herding spirit.

CHARLES THE FIRST'S LOVE OF THE FINE ARTS

HERBERT, the faithful attendant of Charles the First during the two last years of the king's life, mentions "a diamond seal with the king's arms engraved on it." The history of this "diamond seal" is remarkable, and seems to have been recovered by the conjectural sagacity of Warburton, who never exercised his favourite talent with greater felicity. The curious passage I transcribe may be found in a manuscript letter to Dr. Birch.

"If you have read Herbert's account of the last days of Charles the First's life, you must remember he tells a story of a diamond seal, with the arms of England cut into it. This, King Charles ordered to be given, I think, to the prince. I suppose you don't know what became of this seal, but would be surprised to find it afterwards in the Court of Persia. Yet there Tavernier certainly carried it, and offered it for sale, as I certainly collect from these words of vol. 1. p. 541.—'Me souvenant de ce qui étoit arrivé au Chevalier de Reville,' &c. He tells us he told the prime minister what was engraved on the diamond was the arms of a prince of Europe, but, says he, I would not be more particular, remembering the case of Reville. Reville's case was this: he came to seek employment under the Sophy, who asked him 'where he had served?' He said, 'in England under Charles the First, and that he was a captain in his guards.'—'Why did you leave his service?' 'He was murdered by cruel rebels.'—'And how had you the

impudence,' says the Sophy, 'to survive him?' And so disgraced him. Now Tavernier was afraid if he had said the arms of England had been on the seal, that they would have occasioned the inquiry into the old story. You will ask how Tavernier got this seal? I suppose that the prince, in his necessities, sold it to Tavernier, who was at Paris when the English court was there. What made me recollect Herbert's account on reading this, was the singularity of an impress cut on the diamond, which Tavernier represents as a most extraordinary rarity. Charles the First was a great virtuoso, and delighted particularly in sculpture and painting."

This is an instance of conjectural evidence, where an historical fact seems established on no other authority than the ingenuity of a student, exercised in his library on a private and secret event, a century after it had occurred. The diamond seal of Charles the First may yet be discovered in the treasures of the Persian sovereign.

Warburton, who had ranged with keen delight through the age of Charles the First, the noblest and the most humiliating in our own history, and in that of the world, perpetually instructive, has justly observed the king's passion for the fine arts. It was indeed such, that had the reign of Charles the First proved prosperous, that sovereign about 1640 would have anticipated those tastes, and even that enthusiasm, which are still almost foreign to the nation.

The mind of Charles the First was moulded by the Graces. His favourite Buckingham was probably a

greater favourite for those congenial tastes, and the frequent exhibition of those splendid masques and entertainments, which combined all the picture of ballet dances, with the voice of music; the charms of the verse of Jonson, the scenic machinery of Inigo Jones, and the variety of fanciful devices of Gerbier, the duke's architect, the bosom friend of Rubens. There was a costly magnificence in the *fêtes* at York House, the residence of Buckingham, of which few but curious researchers are aware: they eclipsed the splendour of the French Court, for Bassompierre, in one of his despatches, declares he had never witnessed a similar magnificence. He describes the vaulted apartments, the ballets at supper, which were proceeding between the services, with various representations, theatrical changes, and those of the tables, and the music; the duke's own contrivance, to prevent the inconvenience of pressure, by having a turning door made like that of the monasteries, which admitted only one person at a time. The following extract from a manuscript letter of the time conveys a lively account of one of these *fêtes*.

“Last Sunday, at night, the duke's grace entertained their majesties and the French ambassador at York House with great feasting and show, where all things came down in clouds, amongst which, one rare device was a representation of the French king, and the two queens, with their chiefest attendants, and so to the life, that the queen's majesty could name them. It was four o'clock in the morning before they parted, and then the king and queen, together with the French ambassador

lodged there. Some estimate this entertainment at five or six thousand pounds*." At another time, "the king and queen were entertained at supper at Gerbier the duke's painter's house, which could not stand him in less than a thousand pounds" Sir Symonds d'Ewes mentions banquets at 500*l*. The fullest account I have found of one of these entertainments, which at once show the curiosity of the scenical machinery and the fancy of the poet, the richness of the crimson habits of the gentlemen, and the white dresses with white herons' plumes and jewelled head-dresses and ropes of pearls of the ladies, was in a manuscript letter of the times, with which I supplied the editor of Jonson, who has preserved the narrative in his memoirs of that poet. "Such were the magnificent entertainments," says Mr. Gifford, "which, though modern refinement may affect to despise them, modern splendour never reached, even in thought." That the expenditure was costly, proves that the greater encouragement was offered to artists; nor should Buckingham be censured, as some will incline to, for this lavish expense; it was not unusual with the great nobility then; for the literary Duchess of Newcastle mentions that an entertainment of this sort, which the duke gave to Charles the First, cost her lord between four and five thousand pounds. The ascetic puritan would indeed abhor these scenes; but their magnificence was also designed to infuse into the national character gentler feelings and more elegant tastes. They charmed even the fiercer republican spirits in their tender youth:

* Sloane MSS 5176, letter 367

Milton owes his Arcades and his delightful Comus to a masque at Ludlow Castle: and Whitelocke, who was himself an actor and manager, in "a splendid royal masque of the four Inns of courts joining together" to go to court about the time that Prynne published his *Histnomastix*, "to manifest the difference of their opinions from Mr. Prynne's new learning,"—seems, even at a later day, when drawing up his "Memorials of the English Affairs," and occupied by graver concerns, to have dwelt with all the fondness of reminiscence on the stately shows and masques of his more innocent age; and has devoted, in a chronicle which contracts many an important event into a single paragraph, six folio columns to a minute and very curious description of "these dreams past, and these vanished pomps."

Charles the First, indeed, not only possessed a critical tact, but extensive knowledge in the fine arts, and the relics of antiquity. In his flight in 1642, the king stopped at the abode of the religious family of the Farrars at Gidding, who had there raised a singular monastic institution among themselves. One of their favourite amusements had been to form an illustrated Bible, the wonder and the talk of the country. In turning it over, the king would tell his companion the Palsgrave, whose curiosity in prints exceeded his knowledge, the various masters, and the character of their inventions. When Panzani, a secret agent of the Pope, was sent over to England to promote the Catholic cause, the subtle and elegant Cardinal Barberini, called the protector of the English at Rome, introduced Panzani,

to the king's favour by making him appear an agent rather for procuring him fine pictures, statues, and curiosities: and the earnest inquiries and orders given by Charles the First prove his perfect knowledge of the most beautiful existing remains of ancient art. "The statues go on prosperously," says Cardinal Barberini in a letter to Mazarine, "nor shall I hesitate to rob Rome of her most valuable ornaments, if in exchange we might be so happy as to have the King of England's name among those princes who submit to the Apostolic See." Charles the First was particularly urgent to procure a statue of Adonis in the Villa Ludovisa, every effort was made by the queen's confessor, Father Philips, and the vigilant cardinal at Rome; but the inexorable Duchess of Fiano would not suffer it to be separated from her rich collection of statues and paintings, even for the chance conversion of a whole kingdom of heretics *

This monarch, who possessed "four-and-twenty palaces, all of them elegantly and completely furnished," had formed very considerable collections. "The value of pictures had doubled in Europe, by the emulation between our Charles and Philip the Fourth of Spain, who was touched with the same elegant passion." When the rulers of fanaticism began their reign, "all the king's furniture was put to sale; his

* See Gregorio Panzani's Memoirs of his agency in England This work long lay in manuscript, and was only known to us in the Catholic Dodd's Church History, by partial extracts It was at length translated from the Italian MS and published by the Rev Joseph Berington, a curious piece of our own secret history

pictures, disposed of at very low prices, enriched all the collections in Europe; the cartoons when complete were only appraised at 300*l.*, though the whole collection of the king's curiosities were sold at above 50,000*l.** Hume adds, "the very library and medals at St. James's were intended by the generals to be brought to auction, in order to pay the arrears of some regiments of cavalry; but Selden, apprehensive of this loss, engaged his friend Whitelocke, then lord-keeper of the Commonwealth, to apply for the office of librarian. This contrivance saved that valuable collection." This account is only partly correct: the love of books, which formed the passion of the two learned scholars whom Hume notices, fortunately intervened to save the royal collection from the intended scattering, but the pictures and medals were, perhaps, objects too slight in the eyes of the book-learned; they were resigned to the singular fate of appraisement. After the Restoration very many books were missing, but scarcely a third part of the medals remained: of the strange manner in which these precious remains of ancient art and history were valued and disposed of, the following account may not be read without interest.

In March, 1648, the parliament ordered commissioners to be appointed, to inventory the goods and personal estate of the late king, queen, and prince, and appraise them for the use of the public. And in April,

* Hume's History of England, vii. 342 His authority is the Parl Hist xiv 83.

1648, an act, adds Whitelocke, was committed for inventorying the late king's goods, &c.*

This very inventory I have examined. It forms a magnificent folio, of near a thousand pages, of an extraordinary dimension, bound in crimson velvet, and richly gilt, written in a fair large hand, but with little knowledge of the objects which the inventory-writer describes. It is entitled "An Inventory of the Goods, Jewels, Plate, &c. belonging to King Charles the First, sold by order of the Council of State, from the year 1649 to 1652." So that from the decapitation of the king, a year was allowed to draw up the inventory; and the sale proceeded during three years.

From this manuscript catalogue † to give long extracts were useless: it has afforded, however, some remarkable observations. Every article was appraised, nothing was sold under the affixed price, but a slight competition sometimes seems to have raised the sum; and when the council of state could not get the sum appraised, the gold and silver were sent to the Mint; and assuredly many fine works of art were valued by the ounce. The names of the purchasers appear, they are usually English, but probably many were the agents for foreign courts. The coins or medals were thrown promiscuously into drawers: one drawer, having twenty-four medals, was valued at 2*l.* 10*s.*; another of twenty at 1*l.*, another of twenty-four at 1*l.*; and one drawer, containing forty-six silver coins with the box, was sold

* Whitelocke's Memorials

† Harl MS 4898.

for 5*l*. On the whole the medals seem not to have been valued at much more than a shilling a-piece. The appraiser was certainly no antiquary.

The king's curiosities in the Tower Jewel-house generally fetched above the price fixed; the toys of art could please the unlettered minds that had no conception of its works.

The Temple of Jerusalem, made of ebony and amber, fetched 25*l*

A fountain of silver, for perfumed waters, artificially made to play of itself, sold for 30*l*.

A chess-board, said to be Queen Elizabeth's, inlaid with gold, silver, and pearls, 23*l*.

A conjuring drum from Lapland, with an almanack cut on a piece of wood.

Several sections in silver of a Turkish galley, a Venetian gondola, an Indian canoe, and a first rate man-of-war.

A Saxon king's mace used in war, with a ball full of spikes, and the handle covered with gold plates, and enamelled, sold for 37*l*. 8*s*.

A gorget of massy gold, chased with the manner of a battle, weighing thirty-one ounces, at 3*l*. 10*s*. per ounce, was sent to the Mint.

A Roman shield of buff leather, covered with a plate of gold, finely chased with a Gorgon's head, set round the rim with rubies, emeralds, turquoise stones, in number 137, 132*l*. 12*s*.

The pictures, taken from Whitehall, Windsor, Wimbledon, Greenwich, Hampton-Court, &c., exhibit, in number, an unparalleled collection. By what standard

they were valued, it would, perhaps, be difficult to conjecture; from 50% to 100% seems to have been the limits of the appraiser's taste and imagination. Some whose price is whimsically low may have been thus rated, from a political feeling respecting the portrait of the person; there are, however, in this singular appraised catalogue, two pictures, which were rated at, and sold for, the remarkable sums of one and of two thousand pounds. The one was a sleeping Venus by Correggio, and the other a Madonna by Raphael. There was also a picture by Julio Romano, called "The great piece of the Nativity," at 500%. "The little Madonna and Christ," by Raphael, at 800%. "The great Venus and Parde," by Titian, at 600%. These seem to have been the only pictures, in this immense collection, which reached a picture's price. The inventory-writer had, probably, been instructed by the public voice of their value; which, however, would, in the present day, be considered much under a fourth. Rubens' "Woman taken in Adultery," described as a large picture, sold for 20%; and his "Peace and Plenty, with many figures big as the life," for 100%. Titian's pictures seem generally valued at 100%. "Venus dressed by the Graces," by Guido, reached to 200%.

The Cartoons of Raphael, here called "The Acts of the Apostles," notwithstanding their subject was so congenial to the popular feelings, and only appraised at 300%, could find no purchaser!

The following full-lengths of celebrated personages were rated at these whimsical prices:

Queen Elizabeth in her parliament robes, valued 1%.

The Queen-mother in mourning habit, valued 3*l*.

Buchanan's picture, valued 3*l*. 10*s*.

The King, when a youth in coats, valued 2*l*

The picture of the Queen when she was with child, sold for five shillings.

King Charles on horseback, by Sir Anthony Vandyke, was purchased by Sir Balthazar Gerbier, at the appraised price of 200*l*.

The greatest sums were produced by the tapestry and arras hangings, which were chiefly purchased for the service of the Protector. Their amount exceeds 30,000*l*. I note a few.

At Hampton-Court, ten pieces of arras hangings of Abraham, containing 826 yards at 10*l*. a yard, 8260*l*.

Ten pieces of Julius Cæsar, 717 ells, at 7*l*., 5019*l*.

One of the cloth of estates is thus described :

“ One rich cloth of estate of purple velvet, embroidered with gold, having the arms of England within a garter, with all the furniture suitable thereunto. The state containing these stones following. two cameos or agates, twelve chrysolites, twelve ballases or garnets, one sapphire seated in chases of gold, one long pearl pendant, and many large and small pearls, valued at 500*l*. sold for 602*l* 10*s*. to Mr. Oliver, 4 February, 1649.”

Was plain Mr. Oliver, in 1649, who we see was one of the earlier purchasers, shortly after “ the Lord Protector ? ” All the “ cloth of estate ” and “ arras hangings ” were afterwards purchased for the service of the Protector ; and one may venture to conjecture, that when Mr. Oliver purchased this “ rich cloth of estate, ’

it was not without a latent motive of its service to the new owner*.

There is one circumstance remarkable in the feeling of Charles the First, for the fine arts: it was a passion without ostentation or egotism; for although this monarch was inclined himself to participate in the pleasures of a creating artist, the king having handled the pencil and composed a poem, yet he never suffered his private dispositions to prevail over his more majestic duties. We do not discover in history that Charles the First was a painter and a poet. Accident and secret history only reveal this softening feature in his grave and king-like character. Charles sought no glory from, but only indulged his love for, art and the artists. There are three manuscripts on his art, by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Ambrosian library, which bear an inscription that a King of England, in 1639, offered one thousand guineas of gold for each. Charles, too, suggested to the two great painters of his age the subjects he considered worthy of their pencils; and had for his "closet-companions," those native poets, for which he was censured in "evil times," and even by Milton!

In his imprisonment at Carisbrook Castle, the author of the "Eikon Basilike" solaced his royal woes by composing a poem, entitled in the very style of this memorable volume, "Majesty in Misery, or an Imple-

* Some may be curious to learn the price of gold and silver about 1650. It appears by this manuscript inventory that the silver sold at 4s 11d per oz, and gold at 3/ 10s, so that the value of these metals has little varied during the last century and a half.

ration to the King of kings," a *title* probably not his own, but like that volume, it contains stanzas fraught with the most tender and solemn feeling: such a subject, in the hands of such an author, was sure to produce poetry, although in the unpractised poet we may want the versifier. A few stanzas will illustrate this conception of part of his character:—

" The fiercest furies that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my grey-discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

With my own power my majesty they wound;
In the king's name, the king's himself uncrown'd;
So doth the dust destroy the diamond "

After a pathetic description of his queen, " forced in pilgrimage to seek a tomb," and " Great Britain's heir forced into France," where,

" Poor child, he weeps out his inheritance !"

Charles continues :

" They promise to elect my royal stem ,
To make me great, to advance my diadem ,
If I will first fall down, and worship them '

But for refusal they devour my thrones,
Distress my children, and destroy my bones ,
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones "

And implores, with a martyr's piety, the Saviour's forgiveness for those who were more misled than criminal :

" Such as thou know'st do not know what they do* "

* This poem is omitted in the great edition of the king's works, published after the Restoration, and was given by Burnet from a manuscript in his " Memours of the Dukes of Hamilton," but it had been

As a poet and a painter, Charles is not popularly known; but this article was due, to preserve the memory of the royal votary's ardour and pure feelings for the love of the Fine Arts*.

SECRET HISTORY OF CHARLES THE FIRST, AND HIS QUEEN HENRIETTA.

THE secret history of Charles the First, and his queen Henrietta of France, opens a different scene from the one exhibited in the passionate drama of our history.

The king is accused of the most spiritless uxorious-

previously published in Petteuchief's "Life of Charles the First" It has been suspected that this poem is a pious fraud, and put forth in the king's name—as likewise was the "Ekoon Basilike." One point I have since ascertained is, that Charles did write verses, as rugged as some of these. And in respect to the Book, notwithstanding the artifice and the interpolations of Gauden, I believe that there are some passages which Charles only could have written

* This article was composed without any recollection that a part of the subject had been anticipated by Lord Orford In the "Anecdotes of Painting in England," many curious particulars are noticed the story of the king's diamond seal had reached his lordship, and Vertue had a mutilated transcript of the inventory of the king's pictures, &c, discovered in Moorfields, for, among others, more than thirty pages at the beginning relating to the plate and jewels, were missing The manuscript in the Harleian Collection is perfect Lord Orford has also given an interesting anecdote to show the king's discernment in the knowledge of the hands of the painters, which confirms the little anecdote I have related from the Farrars But for a more intimate knowledge of this monarch's intercourse with artists, I beg to refer to the third volume of my "Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First," chapter the sixth, on "The Private Life of Charles the First.—Love of the Arts"

ness, and the chaste fondness of a husband is placed among his political errors. Even Hume conceives that his queen "precipitated him into hasty and imprudent counsels," and Bishop Kennet had alluded to "the influence of a stately queen over an affectionate husband." The uxoriousness of Charles is re-echoed by all the writers of a certain party. This is an odium which the king's enemies first threw out to make him contemptible, while his apologists imagined that, in perpetuating this accusation, they had discovered, in a weakness which has at least something amiable, some palliation for his own political misconduct. The factious, too, by this aspersion, promoted the alarm they spread in the nation, of the king's inclination to popery; yet, on the contrary, Charles was then making a determined stand, and at length triumphed over a Catholic faction, which was ruling his queen; and this at the risk and menace of a war with France. Yet this firmness too has been denied him, even by his apologist Hume: that historian, on his preconceived system, imagined that every action of Charles originated in the Duke of Buckingham, and that the duke pursued his personal quarrel with Richelieu, and taking advantage of these domestic quarrels, had persuaded Charles to dismiss the French attendants of the queen*.

There are, fortunately, two letters from Charles the First to Buckingham, preserved in the state-papers of Lord Hardwicke, which set this point at rest: these decisively prove, that the whole matter originated with

* Hume, vol. vi. p. 234.

the king himself, and that Buckingham had tried every effort to persuade him to the contrary; for the king complains, that he had been too long overcome by his persuasions, but that he was now "resolved it must be done, and that shortly*!"

It is remarkable, that the character of a queen, who is imagined to have performed so active a part in our history, scarcely ever appears in it; when abroad, and when she returned to England, in the midst of a winter-storm, bringing all the aid she could to her unfortunate consort, those who witnessed this appearance of energy imagined that her character was equally powerful in the cabinet. Yet Henrietta, after all, was nothing more than a volatile woman; one who had never studied, never reflected, and whom nature had formed to be charming and haughty, but whose vivacity could not retain even a state-secret for an hour, and whose talents were quite opposite to those of deep political intrigue.

Henrietta viewed even the characters of great men with all the sensations of a woman. Describing the Earl of Strafford to a confidential friend, and having observed that he was a great man, she dwelt with far more interest on his person: "Though not handsome," said she, "he was agreeable enough, and he had the finest hands of any man in the world." Landing at Burlington-bay in Yorkshire, she lodged on the quay; the parliament's admiral barbarously pointed his cannon at the house, and several shot reaching it, her favourite, Jermyn, requested her to fly: she safely reached a

* Lord Hardwicke's state-papers, II. 2, 3

cavern in the fields, but, recollecting that she had left a lap-dog asleep in its bed, she flew back, and amidst the cannon-shot, returned with this other favourite. The queen related this incident of the lap-dog to her friend Madame Motteville, these ladies considered it as a complete woman's victory. It is in these memoirs we find, that when Charles went down to the house, to seize on the five leading members of the opposition, the queen could not retain her lively temper, and impatiently babbled the plot; so that one of the ladies in attendance despatched a hasty note to the parties, who, as the king entered the house, had just time to leave it. Some have dated the ruin of his cause to the failure of that impolitic step, which alarmed every one zealous for that spirit of political freedom which had now grown up in the commons. Incidents like these mark the feminine dispositions of Henrietta. But when at sea, in danger of being taken by a parliamentarian, the queen commanded the captain not to strike, but to prepare at the extremity to blow up the ship, resisting the shrieks of her females and domestics. We perceive how, on every trying occasion, Henrietta never forgot that she was the daughter of Henry the Fourth; that glorious affinity was inherited by her with all the sexual pride; and hence, at times, that energy in her actions which was so far above her intellectual capacity.

And, indeed, when the awful events she had witnessed were one by one registered in her melancholy mind, the sensibility of the woman subdued the natural haughtiness of her character; but, true woman! the feeling creature of circumstances, at the Restoration

she resumed it, and when the new court of Charles the Second would not endure her obsolete haughtiness, the dowager-queen left it in all the full bitterness of her spirit. An habitual gloom, and the meagreness of grief, during the commonwealth, had changed a countenance once the most lively; and her eyes, whose dark and dazzling lustre was ever celebrated, then only shone in tears. When she told her physician, Sir Theodore Mayerne, that she found her understanding was failing her, and seemed terrified lest it was approaching to madness, the court-physician, hardly courtly to fallen majesty, replied, "Madam, fear not that, for you are already mad." Henrietta had lived to contemplate the awful changes of her reign, without comprehending them.

Waller, in the profusion of poetical decoration, makes Henrietta so beautiful, that her beauty would affect every lover "more than his private loves." She was "the whole world's mistress." A portrait in crayons of Henrietta at Hampton-court sadly reduces all his poetry, for the miraculous was only in the fancy of the court-poet. But there may be some truth in what he says of the eyes of Henrietta.

"Such eyes as yours, on Jove himself, had thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own"

And in another poem there is one characteristic line:—

"——— such radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies"

In a MS. letter of the times, the writer describes the queen as "nimble and quick, black-eyed, brown-haired,

and a brave lady*." In the MS. journal of Sir Symonds d'Ewes, who saw the queen on her first arrival in London, cold and puritanic as was that antiquary, he notices with some warmth "the features of her face, which were much enlivened by her radiant and sparkling black eye†." She appears to have possessed French vivacity both in her manners and her conversation: in the history of a queen, an accurate conception of her person enters for something.

Her talents were not of that order which could influence the revolutions of a people. Her natural dispositions might have allowed her to become a politician of the toilette, and she might have practised those slighter artifices, which may be considered as so many political coquetries. But Machiavelian principles, and involved intrigues, of which she has been so freely accused, could never have entered into her character. At first she tried all the fertile inventions of a woman to persuade the king that she was his humblest creature, and the good people of England that she was quite in love with them. Now that we know that no female was ever more deeply tainted with Catholic bigotry, and that, haughty as she was, this princess suffered the most insulting superstitions, inflicted as penances by her priests, for this very marriage with a Protestant prince, the following new facts relating to her first arrival in England, curiously contrast with the mortified feelings she must have endured by the violent suppression of her real ones.

* Sloane MSS. 4176.

† Harl MSS. 646

We must first bring forward a remarkable and unnoticed document in the Embassies of Marshal Bassompierre*. It is nothing less than a most solemn obligation contracted with the Pope and her brother the King of France, to educate her children as Catholics, and only to choose Catholics to attend them. Had this been known either to Charles, or to the English nation, Henrietta could never have been permitted to ascend the English throne. The fate of both her sons shows how faithfully she performed this treasonable contract. This piece of secret history opens the concealed cause of those deep impressions of that faith, which both monarchs sucked in with their milk; that triumph of the cradle over the grave which most men experience: Charles the Second died a Catholic, James the Second lived as one.

When Henrietta was on her way to England, a legate from Rome arrested her at Amiens, requiring the princess to undergo a penance, which was to last sixteen days, for marrying Charles without the papal dispensation. The queen stopped her journey, and wrote to inform the king of the occasion. Charles, who was then waiting for her at Canterbury, replied, that if Henrietta did not instantly proceed, he would return alone to London. Henrietta doubtless sighed for the Pope and the penance, but she set off the day she received the king's letter. The king, either by his wisdom or his impatience, detected the aim of the Roman pontiff, who, had he been permitted to arrest the progress of a

* Ambassades du Marechal de Bassompierre, vol III p. 49.

Queen of England for sixteen days in the face of all Europe, would thus have obtained a tacit supremacy over a British monarch.

When the king arrived at Canterbury, although not at the moment prepared to receive him, Henrietta flew to meet him, and with all her spontaneous grace and native vivacity, kneeling at his feet, she kissed his hand, while the king, bending over her, wrapped her in his arms, and kissed her with many kisses. This royal and youthful pair, unusual with those of their rank, met with the eagerness of lovers, and the first words of Henrietta were those of devotion; *Sire ! Je suis venue en ce pais de votre Majesté pour être usée et commandée de vous**. It had been rumoured that she was of a very short stature, but, reaching to the king's shoulder, his eyes were cast down to her feet, seemingly observing whether she used art to increase her height. Anticipating his thoughts, and playfully showing her feet, she declared, that "she stood upon her own feet, for thus high I am, and neither higher nor lower." After an hour's conversation in privacy, Henrietta took her dinner surrounded by the court, and the king, who had already dined, performing the office of her carver, cut a pheasant and some venison. By the side of the queen stood her ghostly confessor, solemnly reminding her that this was the eve of John the Baptist, and was to be fasted, exhorting her to be cautious that she set no scandalous example on her first arrival. But Charles and his court

* A letter from Dr Meddus to Mr. Mead, 17 Jan. 1625. 4177, Sloane MSS.

were now to be gained over, as well as John the Baptist. She affected to eat very heartily of the forbidden meat, which gave great comfort, it seems, to several of her new heretical subjects then present: but we may conceive the pangs of so confirmed a devotee! She carried her dissimulation so far, that being asked about this time whether she could abide a Hugonot? she replied, "Why not? was not my father one?" Her ready smiles, the graceful wave of her hand, the many "good signs of hope," as a contemporary in a manuscript letter expresses it, induced many of the English to believe that Henrietta might even become one of themselves! Sir Symonds d'Ewes, as appears by his manuscript diary, was struck by "her deportment to her women, and her looks to her servants, which were so sweet and humble*!" However, this was in the first days of her arrival, and these "sweet and humble looks" were not constant ones; for a courier at Whitehall, writing to a friend, observes that "the queen, however little of stature, yet is of a pleasing countenance, if she be pleased, otherwise full of spirit and vigour, and seems of more than ordinary resolution;" and he adds an incident of one of her "frowns." The room in which the queen was at dinner, being somewhat over-heated with the fire and company, "she drove us all out of the

* Sir S. d'Ewes's Journal of his life, Harl MS 646. We have seen our puritanic antiquary describing the person of the queen with some warmth, but "he could not abstain from deep-fetched sighs, to consider that she wanted the knowledge of true religion," a circumstance that Henrietta would have as zealously regretted for Sir Symonds himself!

chamber I suppose none but a queen could have cast such a scowl*." We may already detect the fair waxen mask melting away on the features it covered, even in one short month!

By the marriage-contract, Henrietta was to be allowed a household establishment, composed of her own people, and this had been contrived to be not less than a small French colony, exceeding three hundred persons. It composed, in fact, a French faction, and looks like a covert project of Richelieu's to further his intrigues here, by opening a perpetual correspondence with the discontented Catholics of England. In the instructions of Bassompierre, one of the alleged objects of the marriage is the general good of the Catholic religion, by affording some relief to those English who professed it. If, however, that great statesman ever entertained this political design, the simplicity and pride of the Roman priests here completely overturned it; for in their blind zeal they dared to extend their domestic tyranny over majesty itself.

The French party had not long resided here, ere the mutual jealousies between the two nations broke out. All the English who were not Catholics were soon dismissed from their attendance on the queen, by herself, while Charles was compelled, by the popular cry, to forbid any English Catholics to serve the queen, or to be present at the celebration of her mass. The king was even obliged to employ *poursuivants* or king's messengers, to stand at the door of her chapel to seize on

* A letter to Mr Mead, July 1, 1625 Sloane MSS 4177.

any of the English who entered there, while on these occasions the French would draw their swords to defend these concealed Catholics. "The queen and hers" became an odious distinction in the nation. Such were the indecent scenes exhibited in public; they were not less reserved in private. The following anecdote of saying a grace before the king, at his own table, in a most indecorous race run between the catholic priest and the king's chaplain, is given in a manuscript letter of the times.

"The king and queen dining together in the presence *, Mr. Hacket (chaplain to the Lord Keeper Williams †) being then to say grace, the confessor would have prevented him, but that Hacket shoved him away; whereupon the confessor went to the queen's side, and was about to say grace again, but that the king pulling the dishes unto him, and the carvers falling to their business, hindered. When dinner was done, the confessor thought, standing by the queen, to have been before Mr. Hacket, but Mr. Hacket again got the start. The confessor, nevertheless, begins his grace as loud as Mr. Hacket, with such a confusion, that the king in great passion instantly rose from the table, and, taking

* At Hampton Court there is a curious picture of Charles and Henrietta dining in the presence. This regal honour, after its interruption during the Civil Wars, was revived in 1667 by Charles the Second, as appears by Evelyn's Diary. "Now did his majesty again *dine in the presence*, in ancient style, with music and all the court ceremonies."

† The author of the *Life of this Archbishop and Lord Keeper*, a voluminous folio, but full of curious matters. Ambrose Philips the poet abridged it.

the queen by the hand, retired into the bedchamber *." It is with difficulty we conceive how such a scene of priestly indiscretion should have been suffered at the table of an English sovereign.

Such are the domestic accounts I have gleaned from MS. letters of the times; but particulars of a deeper nature may be discovered in the answer of the king's council to Marshal Bassompierre, preserved in the history of his embassy: this marshal had been hastily despatched as an extraordinary ambassador when the French party were dismissed. This state document, rather a remonstrance than a reply, states that the French household had formed a little republic within themselves, combining with the French resident ambassador, and inciting the opposition members in parliament; a practice usual with that intriguing court, even from the days of Elizabeth, as the original letters of the French ambassador of the time, which will be found in the third volume, amply show; and those of La Boderie in James the First's time, who raised a French party about Prince Henry, and the correspondence of Barillon in Charles the Second's reign so fully exposed in his entire correspondence published by Fox. The French domestics of the queen were engaged in lower intrigues; they lent their names to hire houses in the suburbs of London, where, under their protection, the English Catholics found a secure retreat to hold their illegal assemblies, and where the youth of both sexes

* A letter from Mr. Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville, October, 1625 4177, Sloane MSS.

were educated and prepared to be sent abroad to catholic seminaries. But the queen's priests, by those well-known means which the catholic religion sanctions, were drawing from the queen the minutest circumstances which passed in privacy between her and the king, indisposed her mind towards her royal consort, impressed on her a contempt of the English nation, and a disgust of our customs, and particularly, as has been usual with the French, made her neglect the English language, as if the queen of England held no common interest with the nation. They had made her residence a place of security for the persons and papers of the discontented. Yet all this was hardly more offensive than the humiliating state to which they had reduced an English queen by their monastic obedience; inflicting the most degrading penances. One of the most flagrant is alluded to in our history. This was a barefoot pilgrimage to Tyburn, where, one morning, under the gallows on which so many Jesuits had been executed as traitors to Elizabeth and James the First, she knelt and prayed to them as martyrs and saints who had shed their blood in defence of the catholic cause*. A manuscript letter of the times mentions that "the priests had also made her dabble in the dirt in a foul morning from Somerset-house to St. James's, her Luciferian confessor riding along by her in his coach! They have made her to go barefoot, to spin, to eat her meat out of dishes, to wait at the table of servants, with many other ridiculous

* There is a very rare print, which has commemorated this circumstance

and absurd penances. And if they dare thus insult (adds the writer) over the daughter, sister, and wife of so great kings, what slavery would they not make us, the people, to undergo*!"

One of the articles in the contract of marriage was, that the queen should have a chapel at St. James's, to be built and consecrated by her French bishop; the priests became very importunate, declaring that without a chapel mass could not be performed with the state it ought before a queen. The king's answer is not that of a man inclined to popery. "If the queen's closet, where they now say mass, is not large enough, let them have it in the great chamber; and, if the great chamber is not wide enough, they might use the garden; and, if the garden would not serve their turn, then was the park the fittest place."

The French priests and the whole party feeling themselves slighted, and sometimes worse treated, were breeding perpetual quarrels among themselves, grew weary of England, and wished themselves away: but many having purchased their places with all their fortune, would have been ruined by the breaking up of the establishment. Bassompierre alludes to the broils and clamours of these French strangers, which exposed them to the laughter of the English court; and we cannot but smile in observing, in one of the despatches of this great mediator between two kings and a queen,

* Mr Pory to Mr Mead, July, 1626 Haml MSS. No 383 The answer of the king's council to the complaints of Bassompierre is both copious and detailed in vol iii p 166, of the "Ambassades" of this Marshal

addressed to the minister, that one of the greatest obstacles which he had found in this difficult negotiation arose from the bedchamber women ! The French king being desirous of having two additional women to attend the English queen his sister, the ambassador declares, that "it would be more expedient rather to diminish than to increase the number, for they all live so ill together, with such rancorous jealousies and enmities, that I have more trouble to make them agree than I shall find to accommodate the differences between the two kings. Their continual bickerings, and often their vituperative language, occasion the English to entertain the most contemptible and ridiculous opinions of our nation. I shall not, therefore, insist on this point, unless it shall please his majesty to renew it."

The French bishop was under the age of thirty, and his authority was imagined to have been but irreverently treated by two beautiful viragos in that civil war of words which was raging; one of whom, Madame St. George, was in high favour, and most intolerably hated by the English. Yet such was English gallantry, that the king presented this lady on her dismissal with several thousand pounds and jewels. There was something inconceivably ludicrous in the notions of the English, of a bishop hardly of age, and the gravity of whose character was probably tarnished by French gesture and vivacity. This French establishment was daily growing in expense and number; a manuscript letter of the times states that it cost the king 240*l.* a day, and had increased from threescore persons to four hundred and forty, besides children !

It was one evening that the king suddenly appeared, and, summoning the French household, commanded them to take their instant departure—the carriages were prepared for their removal. In doing this, Charles had to resist the warmest entreaties, and even the vehement anger of the queen, who is said in her rage to have broken several panes of the window of the apartment to which the king dragged her, and confined her from them*.

The scene which took place among the French people, at the sudden announcement of the king's determination, was remarkably indecorous. They instantly flew to take possession of all the queen's wardrobe and jewels; they did not leave her, it appears, a change of linen, since it was with difficulty she procured one as a favour, according to some manuscript letters of the times. One of their extraordinary expedients was that of inventing bills, for which they pretended they had engaged themselves on account of the queen, to the amount of 10,000*l.* which the queen at first owned to, but afterwards acknowledged the debts were fictitious ones. Among these items was one of 400*l.* for necessaries for her majesty, an apothecary's bill for drugs of 800*l.*, and another of 150*l.* for "the bishop's unholy water," as the writer expresses it. The young French bishop attempted by all sorts of delays to avoid this ignominious expulsion; till the king was forced to send his yeomen of the guards to turn them out from Somerset-house, where the

A letter from Mr Pory to M^r Mead contains a full account of this transaction. Harl MSS 383

juvenile French bishop, at once protesting against it, and mounting the steps of the coach, took his departure "head and shoulders." It appears that to pay the debts and the pensions, besides sending the French troops free home, cost 50,000*l*.

In a long procession of nearly forty coaches, after four days' tedious travelling they reached Dover, but the spectacle of these impatient foreigners so reluctantly quitting England, gesticulating their sorrows or their quarrels, exposed them to the derision, and stirred up the prejudices of the common people. As Madame George, whose vivacity is always described extravagantly French, was stepping into the boat, one of the mob could not resist the satisfaction of flinging a stone at her French cap; an English courtier, who was conducting her, instantly quitted his charge, ran the fellow through the body, and quietly returned to the boat. The man died on the spot; but no farther notice appears to have been taken of the inconsiderate gallantry of this English courtier.

But Charles did not show his kingly firmness only on this occasion: it did not forsake him when the French Marshal Bassompierre was instantly sent over to awe the king; Charles sternly offered the alternative of war, rather than permit a French faction to trouble an English court. Bassompierre makes a curious observation in a letter to the French Bishop of Mende, he who had been just sent away from England; and which serves as the most positive evidence of the firm refusal of Charles the First. The French marshal, after stating the total failure of his mission, exclaims, "See, sir, to

what we are reduced ! and imagine my grief, that the Queen of Great Britain has the pain of viewing my departure without being of any service to her ; but if you consider that I was sent here to *make a contract of marriage observed, and to maintain the Catholic religion in a country from which they formerly banished it to break a contract of marriage*, you will assist in excusing me of this failure ” The French marshal has also preserved the same distinctive feature of the nation, as well as of the monarch, who, surely to his honour as King of England, felt and acted on this occasion as a true Briton. “ I have found,” says the Gaul, “ humility among Spaniards, civility and courtesy among the Swiss, in the embassies I had the honour to perform for the king, but the English would not in the least abate of their natural pride and arrogance. The king is so resolute not to re-establish any French about the queen, his consort, and was so stern (*rude*) in speaking to me, that it is impossible to have been more so.” In a word, the French marshal, with all his vaunts and his threats, discovered that Charles the First was the true representative of his subjects, and that the king had the same feelings with the people : this indeed was not always the case ! This transaction took place in 1626, and when, four years afterwards, it was attempted again to introduce certain French persons, a bishop and a physician, about the queen, the king absolutely refused even a French physician, who had come over with the intention of being chosen the queen’s, under the sanction of the queen mother. This little circumstance appears in a manuscript letter from Lord Dorchester to M. de Vic,

one of the king's agents at Paris. After an account of the arrival of this French physician, his lordship proceeds to notice the former determinations of the king; "yet this man," he adds, "hath been addressed to the ambassador to introduce him into the court, and the queen persuaded in cleare and plaine terms to speak to the king to admit him as domestique. His majesty expressed his dislike of this proceeding, but contented himself to let the ambassador know that this doctor may return as hee is come, with intimation that he should do it speedily; the French ambassador, willing to help the matter, spake to the king that the said doctor might be admitted to kiss the queen's hand, and to carrie the news into France of her safe delivery: which the king excused by a civil answer, and has since commanded me to let the ambassador understand, that he had heard him as Monsieur de Fontenay in this particular, but, if he should persist and press him as ambassador, he should be forced to say that which would displease him." Lord Dorchester adds, that he informs M. de Vic of these particulars, that he should not want for the information should the matter be revived by the French court, otherwise he need not notice it*.

By this narrative of secret history, Charles the First does not appear so weak a slave to his queen as our writers echo from each other; and those who make Henrietta so important a personage in the cabinet appear to have been imperfectly acquainted with her real

* A letter from the Earl of Dorchester, 27 May, 1630 Harl. MSS. 7000 (160).

talents. Charles, indeed, was deeply enamoured of the queen, for he was inclined to strong personal attachments: and "the temperance of his youth, by which he had lived so free from personal vice," as May the parliamentary historian expresses it, even the gay levity of Buckingham seems never, in approaching the king, to have violated. Charles admired in Henrietta all those personal graces which he himself wanted, her vivacity in conversation enlivened his own seriousness, and her gay volubility the defective utterance of his own, while the versatility of her manners relieved his own formal habits. Doubtless the queen exercised the same power over this monarch which vivacious females are privileged by nature to possess over their husbands, she was often listened to, and her suggestions were sometimes approved, but the fixed and systematic principles of the character and the government of this monarch must not be imputed to the intrigues of a mere lively and volatile woman; we must trace them to a higher source, to his own inherited conceptions of the regal rights, if we would seek for truth, and read the history of human nature in the history of Charles the First.

Long after this article was published, the subject has been more critically developed in my "Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First."

THE MINISTER—THE CARDINAL DUKE OF RICHELIEU

RICHELIEU was the greatest of statesmen, if he who maintains himself by the greatest power is necessarily the greatest minister. He was called "the King of the

King." After having long tormented himself and France, he left a great name and a great empire—both alike the victims of splendid ambition! Neither this great minister, nor this great nation, tasted of happiness under his mighty administration. He had, indeed, a heartlessness in his conduct which obstructed by no relentings those remorseless decisions which made him terrible. But, while he trode down the princes of the blood and the nobles, and drove his patroness the queen-mother into a miserable exile, and contrived that the king should fear and hate his brother, and all the cardinal-duke chose, Richelieu was grinding the face of the poor by exorbitant taxation, and converted every town in France into a garrison; it was said of him, that he never liked to be in any place where he was not the strongest. "The commissioners of the exchequer and the commanders of the army believe themselves called to a golden harvest; and in the interim the cardinal is charged with the sins of all the world, and is even afraid of his life." Thus Grotius speaks, in one of his letters, of the miserable situation of this great minister, in his account of the court of France in 1635, when he resided there as Swedish ambassador. Yet such is the delusion of these great politicians, who consider what they term *state-interests* as paramount to all other duties, human or divine, that while their whole life is a series of oppression, of troubles, of deceit, and of cruelty, their *state-conscience* finds nothing to reproach itself with. Of any other conscience it seems absolutely necessary that they should be divested. Richelieu, on his death-bed, made a solemn protestation, appealing to the last

judge of man, who was about to pronounce his sentence, that he never proposed anything but for the good of religion and the state, that is, the catholic religion and his own administration. When Louis the Thirteenth, who visited him in his last moments, took from the hand of an attendant a plate with two yolks of eggs, that the King of France might himself serve his expiring minister, Richelieu died in all the self-delusion of a great minister.

The sinister means he practised, and the political deceptions he contrived, do not yield in subtlety to the dark grandeur of his ministerial character. It appears that, at a critical moment, when he felt the king's favour was wavering, he secretly ordered a battle to be lost by the French, to determine the king at once not to give up a minister who, he knew, was the only man who could extricate him out of this new difficulty. In our great civil war, this minister pretended to Charles the First that he was attempting to win the parliament over to him, while he was backing their most secret projects against Charles. When a French ambassador addressed the parliament as an independent power, after the king had broken with it, Charles, sensibly affected, remonstrated with the French court; the minister disavowed the whole proceeding, and instantly recalled the ambassador, while at the very moment his secret agents were, to their best, embroiling the affairs of both parties*. The object of Richelieu was to weaken the

* Clarendon details the political coquetries of Monsieur La Ferté, his "notable familiarity with those who governed most in the two houses," n. 93

English monarchy, so as to busy itself at home, and prevent its fleets and its armies thwarting his projects on the Continent, lest England, jealous of the greatness of France, should declare itself for Spain the moment it had recovered its own tranquillity. This is a stratagem too ordinary with great ministers, those plagues of the earth, who, with their state-reasons, are for cutting as many throats as God pleases among every other nation*.

A fragment of the secret history of this great minister may be gathered from that of some of his confidential agents. One exposes an invention of this minister's to shorten his cabinet labours, and to have at hand a screen, when that useful contrivance was requisite; the

* Hume seems to have discovered in Estrades' Memoirs, the real occasion of Richelieu's conduct. In 1639 the French and Dutch proposed dividing the Low-country provinces, England was to stand neuter. Charles replied to D'Estrades, that his army and fleet should instantly sail to prevent these projected conquests. From that moment the intolerant ambition of Richelieu swelled the venom of his heart, and he eagerly seized on the first opportunity of supplying the Covenanters in Scotland with arms and money. Hume observes, that Charles here expressed his mind with an imprudent candour, but it proves he had acquired a just idea of national interest. vi 337. See on this a very curious passage in the Catholic Dodd's Church History, iii 22. He apologises for his cardinal by asserting that the same line of policy was pursued here in England "by Charles I. himself, who sent fleets and armies to assist the Hugonots, or French rebels, as he calls them, and that this was the constant practice of Queen Elizabeth's ministry, to foment differences in several neighbouring kingdoms, and support their rebellious subjects, as the forces she employed for that purpose both in France, Flanders, and Scotland, are an undeniable proof." The recriminations of politicians are the confessions of great sinners.

other, the terrific effects of an agent setting up to be a politician on his own account, against that of his master's.

Richelieu's confessor was one Father Joseph, but this man was designed to be employed rather in state-affairs, than in those which concerned his conscience. This minister, who was never a penitent, could have none. Father Joseph had a turn for political negotiation, otherwise he had not been the cardinal's confessor; but this turn was of that sort, said the Nuncio Spada, which was adapted to follow up to the utmost the views and notions of the minister, rather than to draw the cardinal to his, or to induce him to change a tittle of his designs. The truth is, that Father Joseph preferred going about in his chariot on ministerial missions, rather than walking solitary to his convent, after listening to the unmeaning confessions of Cardinal Richelieu. He made himself so intimately acquainted with the plans and the will of this great minister, that he could venture, at a pinch, to act without orders, and foreign affairs were particularly consigned to his management. Grotius, when Swedish ambassador, knew them both. Father Joseph, he tells us, was employed by Cardinal Richelieu to open negotiations, and put them in a way to succeed to his mind, and then the cardinal would step in, and undertake the finishing himself. Joseph took businesses in hand when they were green, and, after ripening them, he handed them over to the cardinal. In a conference which Grotius held with the parties, Joseph began the treaty, and bore the brunt of the first contest. After

a warm debate, the cardinal interposed as arbitrator: "A middle way will reconcile you," said the minister, "and as you and Joseph can never agree, I will now make you friends*."

That this was Richelieu's practice, appears from another similar personage mentioned by Grotius, but one more careless and less cunning. When the French ambassador, Leon Brulart, assisted by Joseph, concluded at Ratisbon a treaty with the emperor's ambassador, on its arrival the cardinal unexpectedly disapproved of it, declaring that the ambassador had exceeded his instructions. But Brulart, who was an old statesman, and Joseph, to whom the cardinal confided his most secret views, it was not supposed could have committed such a gross error; and it was rather believed that the cardinal changed his opinions with the state of affairs, wishing for peace or war as they suited the French interests, or as he conceived they tended to render his administration necessary to the crown†. When Brulart, on his return from his embassy, found this outcry raised against him, and not a murmur against Joseph, he explained the mystery; the cardinal had raised this clamour against him merely to cover the instructions which he had himself given, and which Brulart was convinced he had received, through his organ, Father

* Grotii Epistolæ, 375 and 380 fo Ams, 1687 A volume which contains 2500 letters of this great man

† La Vie du Cardinal Duc de Richelieu, anonymous, but written by Jean le Clerc, vol 1 507 An impartial but heavy life of a great minister, of whom, between the panegyrics of his flatterers, and the satires of his enemies, it was difficult to discover a just medium.

Joseph ; a man, said he, who has nothing of the Capuchin but the frock, and nothing of the Christian but the name : a mind so practised in artifices, that he could do nothing without deception ; and during the whole of the Ratisbon negociation, Brulart discovered that Joseph would never communicate to him any business till the whole was finally arranged : the sole object of his pursuits was to find means to gratify the cardinal. Such free sentiments nearly cost Brulart his head : for once, in quitting the cardinal in warmth, the minister following him to the door, and passing his hand over the other's neck, observed, that " Brulart was a fine man, and it would be a pity to divide the head from the body."

One more anecdote of this good Father Joseph, the favourite instrument of the most important and covert designs of this minister, has been preserved in the *Memorie Recondite* of Vittorio Siri*, an Italian Abbé, the Procopius of France, but afterwards pensioned by Mazarine. Richelieu had in vain tried to gain over Colonel Ornano, a man of talents, the governor of Monsieur the only brother of Louis XIII. ; not accustomed to have his offers refused, he resolved to ruin him. Joseph was now employed to contract a particular friendship with Ornano, and to suggest to him, that it was full time that his pupil should be admitted into the council, to acquire some political knowledge. The advancement of Ornano's royal pupil was his own ; and as the king had no children, the crown might descend

* Mem Rec, vol vi. 131.

to Monsieur. Ornano therefore took the first opportunity to open himself to the king, on the propriety of initiating his brother into affairs, either in council, or by a command in the army. This the king, as usual, immediately communicated to the cardinal, who was well prepared to give the request the most odious turn, and to alarm his majesty with the character of Ornano, who, he said, was inspiring the young prince with ambitious thoughts—that the next step would be an attempt to share the crown itself with his majesty. The cardinal foresaw how much Monsieur would be offended by the refusal, and would not fail to betray his impatience, and inflame the jealousy of the king. Yet Richelieu bore still an open face and friendly voice for Ornano, whom he was every day undermining in the king's favour, till all terminated in a pretended conspiracy, and Ornano perished in the Bastile, of a fever, at least caught there.—so much for the friendship of Father Joseph! And by such men and such means, the astute minister secretly threw a seed of perpetual hatred between the royal brothers, producing conspiracies often closing in blood, which only his own haughty tyranny had provoked.

Father Joseph died regretted by Richelieu; he was an ingenious sort of a *creature*, and kept his carnage to his last day, but his name is only preserved in secret histories. The fate of Father Caussin, the author of the “Cours Sainte,” a popular book among the Catholics for its curious religious stories, and whose name is better known than Father Joseph's, shows how this minister could rid himself of father-confessors who

persisted, according to their own notions, to be honest men, in spite of the minister. This piece of secret history is drawn from a manuscript narrative which Caussin left addressed to the general of the Jesuits*.

Richelieu chose Father Caussin for the king's confessor, and he had scarcely entered his office, when the cardinal informed him of the king's romantic friendship for Mademoiselle La Fayette, of whom the cardinal was extremely jealous. Desirous of getting rid altogether of this sort of tender connexion, he hinted to the new confessor that, however innocent it might be, it was attended with perpetual danger, which the lady herself acknowledged, and, warm with "all the motions of grace," had declared her intention to turn "Religieuse;" and that Caussin ought to dispose the king's mind to see the wisdom of the resolution. It happened, however, that Caussin considered that this lady, whose zeal for the happiness of the people was well known, might prove more serviceable at court than in a cloister, so that the good father was very inactive in the business, and the minister began to suspect that he had in hand an instrument not at all fitted to it, like Father Joseph.

* It is quoted in the "Remarques Critiques sur le Dictionnaire de Bayle," Paris, 1748. This anonymous folio volume was written by Le Sieur Joly, a canon of Dijon, and is full of curious researches, and many authentic discoveries. The writer is no philosopher, but he corrects and adds to the knowledge of Bayle. Here I found some original anecdotes of Hobbes, from MS. sources, during that philosopher's residence at Paris, which I have given in "Quarrels of Authors."

“The motions of grace” were, however, more active than the confessor, and Mademoiselle retired to a monastery. Richelieu learned that the king had paid her a visit of three hours, and he accused Caussin of encouraging these secret interviews. This was not denied, but it was adroitly insinuated, that it was prudent not abruptly to oppose the violence of the king’s passion, which seemed reasonable to the minister. The king continued these visits, and the lady, in concert with Caussin, impressed on the king the most unfavourable sentiments of the minister, the tyranny exercised over the exiled queen mother, and the princes of the blood*, the grinding taxes he levied on the people, his projects of alliance with the Turk against the Christian sovereigns, &c. His majesty sighed: he asked Caussin if he could name any one capable of occupying the minister’s place? Our simple politician had not taken such a consideration in his mind. The king asked Caussin whether he would meet Richelieu face to face? The Jesuit was again embarrassed, but summoned up the resolution with equal courage and simplicity.

Caussin went for the purpose: he found the king closeted with the minister, the conference was long, from which Caussin augured ill. He himself tells us, that, weary of waiting in the antechamber, he contrived to be admitted into the presence of the king, when he

* Montresor, attached to the Duke of Orleans, has left us some very curious memoirs, in two small volumes, the second preserving many historical documents of that active period. This spirited writer has not hesitated to detail his projects for the assassination of the tyrannical minister.

performed his promise. But the case was altered! Caussin had lost his cause before he pleaded it, and Richelieu had completely justified himself to the king. The good father was told that the king would not perform his devotions that day, and that he might return to Paris. The next morning the whole affair was cleared up. An order from court prohibited this voluble Jesuit either from speaking or writing to any person, and farther drove him away in an inclement winter, sick in body and at heart, till he found himself an exile on the barren rocks of Quimper in Brittany, where, among the savage inhabitants, he was continually menaced by a prison or a gallows, which the terrific minister lost no opportunity to place before his imagination, and occasionally despatched a Paris Gazette, which distilled the venom of Richelieu's heart, and which, like the eagle of Prometheus, could gnaw at the heart of the insulated politician chained to his rock*.

Such were the contrasted fates of Father Joseph and Father Caussin! the one, the ingenious *creature*, the other, the simple oppositionist, of this great minister.

THE MINISTER—DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, LORD
ADMIRAL, LORD GENERAL, &c &c &c

“HAD the Duke of Buckingham been blessed with a faithful friend, qualified with wisdom and integrity, the duke would have committed as few faults, and done

* In the first volume of this work, is a different view of the character of this extraordinary man: those anecdotes are of a lighter and satirical nature, they touch on “the follies of the wise.”

as transcendent worthy actions as any man in that age in Europe." Such was the opinion of Lord Clarendon in the prime of life, when yet untouched by party feeling, he had no cause to plead, and no quarrel with truth*.

The portrait of Buckingham by Hume seems to me a character dove-tailed into a system, adjusted to his plan of lightening the errors of Charles the First by participating them among others. This character conceals the more favourable parts of no ordinary man: the spirit which was fitted to lead others by its own invincibility, and some qualities he possessed of a better nature. All the fascination of his character is lost in the general shade cast over it by the niggardly commendation, that "he possessed *some* accomplishments of a courtier." Some, indeed, and the most pleasing; but not all truly, for dissimulation and hypocrisy were arts unpractised by this courtier. "His sweet and attractive manner, so favoured by the graces," has been described by Sir Henry Wotton, who knew him well; while Clarendon, another living witness, tells us that "He was the most rarely accomplished the court had ever beheld, while some that found inconvenience in his nearness, intending by some affront to discountenance him, perceived he had masked under this gentleness a terrible courage, as could safely protect all his sweetnesses."

The very errors and infirmities of Buckingham seem

* In "The Disparity," to accompany "The Parallel," of Sir Henry Wotton, two exquisite cabinet-pictures, preserved in the *Reliquæ Wottonianæ*, and at least equal to the finest "Parallels" of Plutarch

to have started from qualities of a generous nature ; too devoted a friend, and too undisguised an enemy, carrying his loves and his hatreds on his open forehead *, too careless of calumny †, and too fearless of danger, he

* The singular openness of his character was not statesman-like. He was one of those whose ungovernable sincerity "cannot put all their passions in their pockets." He told the Count-Duke Olivarez, on quitting Spain, that "he would always cement the friendship between the two nations, but with regard to you, sir, in particular, you must not consider me as your friend, but must ever expect from me all possible enmity and opposition." The cardinal was willing enough, says Hume, "to accept what was proffered, and on these terms the favourites parted." Buckingham, desirous of accommodating the parties in the nation, once tried at the favour of the puritanic party, whose head was Dr Preston, master of Emanuel College. The duke was his generous patron, and Dr Preston his most servile adulator. The more zealous puritans were offended at this intimacy, and Dr Preston, in a letter to some of his party, observed that it was true that the duke was a vile and profligate fellow, but that there was no other way to come at him but by the lowest flattery, that it was necessary for the glory of God that such instruments should be made use of, and more in this strain. Some officious hand conveyed this letter to the duke, who, when Dr. Preston came one morning as usual, asked him whether he had ever disoblged him, that he should describe him to his party in such black characters. The doctor, amazed, denied the fact ; on which the duke instantly produced the letter, then turned from him, never to see him more. It is said that from this moment he abandoned the puritan party, and attached himself to Laud. This story was told by Thomas Baker to W. Wotton, as coming from one well versed in the secret history of that time.—*Lansdowne MSS.* 872, fo. 88

† A well-known tract against the Duke of Buckingham, by Dr George Eglsham, physician to James the First, entitled "The Forerunner of Revenge," may be found in many of our collections. Gerbier, in his manuscript memoirs, gives a curious account of this political libeller, the model of that class of desperate scribblers. "The false-

was, in a word, a man of sensation, acting from impulse; scorning, indeed, prudential views, but capable at all times of embracing grand and original ones; compared by the jealousy of faction to the Spenser of Edward the Second, and even the Sejanus of Tiberius; he was no enemy to the people; often serious in the best designs, but volatile in the midst; his great error sprung from a sanguine spirit. "He was ever," says Wotton, "greedy of honour and hot upon the public ends, but too confident in the prosperity of beginnings." If Buckingham was a hero, and yet neither general nor admiral; a minister, and yet no statesman; if often the creature of popular admiration, he was at length hated by the people, if long envied by his equals, and betrayed by his own creatures *, "delighting too much

ness of his libels," says Gerbier, "he hath since acknowledged, though too late. During my residency at Bruxelles, this Eghsham desired Sir William Chaloner, who then was at Liege, to bear a letter to me, which is still extant - he proposed, if the king would pardon and receive him into favour again, with some competent subsistence, that he would recant all that he had said or written to the disadvantage of any in the court of England, confessing that he had been urged thereunto by some combustious spirits, that for their malicious designs had set him on work." Buckingham would never notice these and similar libels. Eghsham flew to Holland after he had deposited his political venom in his native country, and found a fate which every villanous factionist who offers to recant for "a competent subsistence" does not always, he was found dead, assassinated in his walks by a companion. Yet this political libel, with many like it, are still authorities. "George Duke of Buckingham," says Oldys, "will not speedily outstrip Dr. Eghsham's Fore-runner of Revenge."

* The misery of prime ministers and favourites is a portion of their fate, which has not always been noticed by their biographers, one must

in the press and affluence of dependents and suitors, who are always burrs, and sometimes the briars of favourites," as Wotton well describes them; if one of his great crimes in the eyes of the people was, that "his enterprises succeeded not according to their impossible expectation;" and that it was a still greater, that Buckingham had been the permanent favourite of two monarchs, who had spoilt their child of fortune; then may the future inquirer find something of his character which remains to be opened; to instruct alike the sovereign and the people, and "be worthy to be registered among the great examples of time and fortune."

Contrast the fate of BUCKINGHAM with that of his great rival, RICHELIEU. The one winning popularity and losing it, once in the Commons saluted as "their redeemer," till, at length, they resolved that "Bucking-

be conversant with secret history, to discover the thorn in their pillow Who could have imagined that Buckingham, possessing the entire affections of his sovereign, during his absence had reason to fear being supplanted? When his confidential secretary, Dr. Mason, slept in the same chamber with the duke, he would give way at night to those suppressed passions which his unaltered countenance concealed by day In the absence of all other ears and eyes, he would break out into the most querulous and impassioned language, declaring that "never his despatches to divers princes, nor the great business of a fleet, of an army, of a siege, of a treaty, of war and peace both on foot together, and all of them in his head at a time, did not so much break his repose as the idea that some at home under his majesty, of whom he had well deserved, were now content to forget him." So short-lived is the gratitude observed to an absent favourite, who is most likely to fall by the creatures his own hands have made.

ham was the cause of all the evils and dangers to the king and kingdom." Magnificent, open, and merciful; so forbearing, even in his acts of gentle oppression, that they were easily evaded; and riots and libels were infecting the country, till, in the popular clamour, Buckingham was made a political monster, and the dagger was planted in the heart of the incautious minister. The other statesman, unrelenting in his power, and grinding in his oppression, unblest with one brother-feeling, had his dungeons filled and his scaffolds raised, and died in safety and glory—a cautious tyrant!

There exists a manuscript memoir of Sir Balthazar Gerbier, who was one of those ingenious men whom Buckingham delighted to assemble about him: for this was one of his characteristics, that although the duke himself was not learned, yet he never wanted for knowledge; too early in life a practical man, he had not the leisure to become a contemplative one, he supplied this deficiency by perpetually "sifting and questioning well" the most eminent for their experience and knowledge, and Lord Bacon, and the Lord Keeper Williams, as well as such as Gerbier, were admitted into this sort of intimacy. We have a curious letter by Lord Bacon, of advice to our minister, written at his own request; and I have seen a large correspondence with that subtle politician, the Lord Keeper Williams, who afterwards attempted to supplant him, to the same purpose. Gerbier was the painter and architect, and at the same time one of the confidential agents of Buckingham, the friend of Rubens the painter, with whom he was concerned in this country to open a Spanish negotiation,

and became at length the master of the ceremonies to Charles the Second, in his exile. He was an actor in many scenes. Gerbier says of himself, that "he was a minister who had the honour of public employment, and may therefore incur censure for declaring some passages of state more overtly than becomes such an one; but secrets are secrets but for a time; others may be wiser for themselves, but it is their silence which makes me write*."

A mystery has always hung over that piece of knight-errantry, the romantic journey to Madrid, where the prime minister and the heir-apparent, in disguise, confided their safety in the hands of our national enemies; which excited such popular clamour, and indeed anxiety for the prince and the protestant cause. A new light is cast over this extraordinary transaction, by a secret which the duke imparted to Gerbier. The project was Buckingham's, a bright original view, but taken far out of the line of precedence. It was one of those bold inventions which no common mind could have conceived, and none but the spirit of Buckingham could have carried on with a splendour and mastery over the persons and events, which turned out, however, as unfavourable as possible.

The restoration of the imprudent Palatine, the son-in-law of James the First, to the Palatinate which that prince had lost by his own indiscretion, when he accepted the crown of Bohemia, although warned of his own incompetency, as well as of the incapacity of those princes

* Sloane MSS. 4181.

of the empire, who might have assisted him against the power of Austria and Spain, seemed however to a great part of our nation necessary to the stability of the protestant interests. James the First was most bitterly run down at home for his civil pacific measures, but the truth is, by Gerbier's account, that James could not depend on one single ally, who had all taken fright, although some of the Germans were willing enough to be subsidised at 30,000*l.* a month from England: this James had not to give, and which he had been a fool had he given; for though this war for the protestant interests was popular in England, it was by no means general among the German princes: the Prince Elector of Treves, and another prince, had treated Gerbier coolly; and observed, that "God in these days did not send prophets more to the protestants than to others, to fight against nations, and to second pretences which public incendiaries propose to princes, to engage them into unnecessary wars with their neighbours." France would not go to war, and much less the Danes, the Swedes, and the Hollanders. James was calumniated for his timidity and cowardice; yet, says Gerbier, King James merited much of his people, though ill-requited, choosing rather to suffer an eclipse of his personal reputation, than to bring into such hazard the reputation and force of his kingdoms in a war of no hopes.

As a father and a king, from private and from public motives, the restoration of the Palatinate had a double tie on James, and it was always the earnest object of his negotiations. But Spain sent him an amusing and literary ambassador, who kept him in play year after

year, with merry tales and *bon mots**. These negotiations had languished through all the tedium of diplomacy; the amusing promises of the courtly Gondomar were sure, on return of the courier, to bring sudden difficulties from the subtle Olivarez. Buckingham meditated by a single blow to strike at the true secret, whether the Spanish court could be induced to hasten this important object, gained over by the proffered alliance with the English crown, from the lips of the prince himself. The whole scene dazzled with politics, chivalry, and magnificence; it was caught by the high spirit of the youthful prince, whom Clarendon tells us "loved adventures;" and it was indeed an incident which has adorned more than one Spanish romance. The panic which seized the English, fearful of the personal safety of the prince, did not prevail with the duke, who told Gerbier that the prince run no hazard from the Spaniard, who well knew that while his sister, the fugitive Queen of Bohemia, with a numerous issue, was residing in Holland, the protestant succession to our crown was perfectly secured; and it was with this conviction, says Gerbier, that when the Count Duke Oh-

* Gerbier gives a curious specimen of Gondomar's pleasant sort of impudence. When James expressed himself with great warmth on the Spaniards under Spinola, taking the first town in the Palatinate, under the eyes of our ambassador, Gondomar, with Cervantic humour, attempted to give a new turn to the discussion, for he wished that Spinola had taken the whole Palatinate at once, for "then the generosity of my master would be shown in all its lustre, by restoring it all again to the English ambassador, who had witnessed the whole operations." James, however, at this moment was no longer pleased with the inexhaustible humour of his old friend, and set about trying what could be done

varez had been persuaded that the Prince of Wales was meditating a flight from Spain, Buckingham with his accustomed spirit told him, that "if love had made the prince steal out of his own country, yet fear would never make him run out of Spain, and that he should depart with an equipage as fitted a Prince of Wales." This was no empty vaunt. An English fleet was then waiting in a Spanish port, and the Spanish court, inviting our prince to the grand Escorial, attended the departure of Charles, as Hume expresses it, with "elaborate pomp."

This attempt of Buckingham, of which the origin has been so often inquired into, and so oppositely viewed, entirely failed with the Spaniard. The catholic league outweighed the protestant. At first, the Spanish court had been as much taken by surprise as the rest of the world. All parties seemed at their first interview highly gratified. "We may rule the world together," said the Spanish to the English minister. They were, however, not made by nature, or state interests, to agree at a second interview. The Lord Keeper Williams, a wily courtier and subtle politician, who, in the absence of his patron Buckingham, evidently supplanted him in the favour of his royal master, when asked by James, "Whether he thought this knight-errant pilgrimage would be likely to win the Spanish lady," answered with much political foresight, and saw the difficulty: "If my lord marquis will give honour to the Count-Duke Olivarez, and remember he is the favourite of Spain, or, if Olivarez will show honourable civility to my lord marquis, remembering he is the favourite of

England, the wooing may be prosperous: but if my lord marquis should forget where he is, and not stoop to Olivarez, or, if Olivarez, forgetting what guest he hath received with the prince, bear himself like a Castilian grandee to my lord marquis, the provocation may cross your majesty's good intentions*." What Olivarez once let out, "though somewhat in hot blood, that in the councils of the king the English match had never been taken into consideration, but from the time of the Prince of Wales's arrival at Madrid," might have been true enough. The seven years which had passed in apparent negotiation resembled the scene of a *fata morgana*,—an earth painted in the air, raised by the delusive arts of Gondomar and Olivarez. As they never designed to realise it, it would of course never have been brought into the councils of his Spanish majesty. Buckingham discovered, as he told Gerbier, that the Infanta, by the will of her father Philip the Third, was designed for the emperor's son,—the catholic for the catholic, to cement the venerable system. When Buckingham and Charles had now ascertained that the Spanish cabinet could not adopt English and protestant interests, and Olivarez had convinced himself that Charles would never be a catholic, all was broken up; and thus a treaty of marriage, which had been slowly reared during a period of seven years, when the flower seemed to take, only contained within itself the seeds of war†.

* Hacket's *Life of Lord Keeper Williams*, p 115, pt 1 fo

† The narrative furnished by Buckingham, and vouched by the

Olivarez and Richelieu were thorough-paced statesmen, in every respect the opposites of the elegant, the spirited, and the open Buckingham. The English favourite checked the haughty Castilian, the favourite of Spain, and the more than king-like cardinal, the favourite of France, with the rival spirit of his island, proud of her equality with the continent.

There is a story that the war between England and France was occasioned by the personal disrespect shown by the Cardinal Duke Richelieu to the English duke, in the affronting mode of addressing his letters. Gerbier says, the world are in a ridiculous mistake about this circumstance. The fact of the letters is true, since Gerbier was himself the secretary on this occasion. It terminated, however, differently than is known. Richelieu, at least as haughty as Buckingham, addressed a letter, in a moment of caprice, in which the word *Monsieur* was level with the first line, avoiding the usual space of honour, to mark his disrespect. Buckingham instantly turned on the cardinal his own invention. Gerbier, who had written the letter, was also its bearer. The cardinal started at the first sight, never having been

pounce to the parliament, agrees in the main with what the duke told Gerbier. It is curious to observe how the narrative seems to have perplexed Hume, who, from some preconceived system, condemns Buckingham "for the falsity of this long narrative, as calculated entirely to mislead the parliament." He has, however, in the note [T] of this very volume, sufficiently marked the difficulties which hung about the opinion he has given in the text. The curious may find the narrative in Frankland's *Annals*, p. 89, and in Rushworth's *Hist. Col.* I. 119. It has many entertaining particulars

addressed with such familiarity, and was silent. On the following day, however, the cardinal received Gerbier civilly, and, with many rhetorical expressions respecting the duke, "I know," said he, "the power and greatness of a high admiral of England; the *cannons* of his great ships make way, and prescribe law more forcibly than the *canons* of the church, of which I am a member. I acknowledge the power of the favourites of great kings, and I am content to be a minister of state, and the duke's humble servant." This was an apology made with all the *politesse* of a Gaul, and by a great statesman who had recovered his senses.

If ever minister of state was threatened by the prognostics of a fatal termination to his life, it was Buckingham, but his own fearlessness disdained to interpret them. The following circumstances, collected from manuscript letters of the times, are of this nature. After the sudden and unhappy dissolution of the parliament, popular terror showed itself in all shapes; and those who did not join in the popular cry were branded with the odious nickname of *the dukelings*.

A short time before the assassination of Buckingham, when the king, after an obstinate resistance, had conceded his assent to the "Petition of Right," the houses testified their satisfaction, perhaps their triumph, by their shouts of acclamation. They were propagated by the hearers on the outside, from one to the other, till they reached the city. Some confused account arrived before the occasion of these rejoicings was generally known. Suddenly the bells began to ring; bonfires were kindled, and in an instant all was a scene of

public rejoicing. But ominous indeed were these rejoicings; for the greater part was occasioned by a false rumour that the duke was to be sent to the Tower. No one inquired about a news which every one wished to hear, and so sudden was the joy, that a MS. letter says, "the old scaffold on Tower-hill was pulled down and burned by certain unhappy boys, who said they would have a new one built for the duke." This mistake so rapidly prevailed as to reach even the country, which blazed with bonfires to announce the fall of Buckingham*. The shouts on the acquittal of the seven bishops, in 1688, did not speak in plainer language to the son's ear, when, after the verdict was given, such prodigious acclamations of joy "seemed to set the king's authority at defiance; it spread itself not only into the city, but even to Hounslow Heath, where the soldiers, upon the news of it, gave up a great shout, though the king was then actually at dinner in the camp†" To the speculators of human nature, who find its history written in their libraries, how many plain lessons seem to have been lost on the mere politician, who is only such in the heat of action.

About a month before the duke was assassinated, occurred the murder by the populace of the man who was called "the duke's devil." This was a Dr. Lambe, a man of infamous character, a dealer in magical arts, who lived by showing apparitions, or selling the favours

* Letter from J Mead to Sir M Stuteville, June 5, 1628 Harl. MSS 7000

† Memoirs of James II vol ii p 163.

of the devil, and whose chambers were a convenient rendezvous for the curious of both sexes. This wretched man, who openly exulted in the infamous traffic by which he lived, when he was sober, prophesied that he should fall one day by the hands from which he received his death; and it was said, he was as positive about his patron's. At the age of eighty, he was torn to pieces in the city, and the city was imprudently heavily fined £6000, for not delivering up those who, in murdering this hoary culprit, were heard to say, that they would handle his master worse, and would have minced his flesh, and have had every one a bit of him. This is one more instance of the political cannibalism of the mob. The fate of Dr. Lambe served for a ballad, and the printer and singer were laid in Newgate*. Buckingham, it seems, for a moment contemplated his own fate in his wretched creature's, more particularly as another omen obtruded itself on his attention; for, on the very day of Dr. Lambe's murder, his own portrait in the council-chamber was seen to have fallen out of its frame,—a circumstance as awful, in that age of omens, as the

* Rushworth has preserved a burthen of one of these songs —

“ Let Charles and George do what they can,
The duke shall die like Doctor Lamb ”

And on the assassination of the duke, I find two lines in a MS letter

“ The shepherd's struck, the sheep are fled '
For want of *Lamb* the *wolf* is dead !”

There is a scarce tract of “ A brief Description of the notorious Life of John Lambe, otherwise called Doctor Lambe,” &c, with a curious wood print of the mob pelting him in the street.

portrait that walked from its frame in the "Castle of Otranto," but perhaps more easily accounted for. On the eventful day of Dr. Lambe's being torn to pieces by the mob, a circumstance occurred to Buckingham, somewhat remarkable to show the spirit of the times. The king and the duke were in the Spring Gardens, looking on the bowlers; the duke put on his hat; one Wilson, a Scotchman, first kissing the duke's hands, snatched it off, saying, "Off with your hat before the king" Buckingham, not apt to restrain his quick feelings, kicked the Scotchman; but the king interfering, said, "Let him alone, George; he is either mad or a fool." "No, sir," replied the Scotchman, "I am a sober man, and if your majesty would give me leave, I will tell you that of this man which many know, and none dare speak." This was, as a prognostic, an anticipation of the dagger of Felton!

About this time a libel was taken down from a post in Coleman-street by a constable and carried to the lord-mayor, who ordered it to be delivered to none but his majesty. Of this libel the manuscript letter contains the following particulars:—

"Who rules the kingdom?" The king.

Who rules the king?" The duke

Who rules the duke?" The devil.

' Let the duke look to it, for they intend shortly to use him worse than they did the doctor; and if things be not shortly reformed they will work a reformation themselves "

The only advice the offended king suggested was to set a double watch every night! A watch at a post to prevent a libel being affixed to it was no prevention of

libels being written, and the fact is, libels were now bundled and sent to fairs, to be read by those who would venture to read, to those who would venture to listen, both parties were often sent to prison. It was about this time, after the sudden dissolution of the parliament, that popular terror showed itself in various shapes, and the spirit which then broke out in libels by night was assuredly the same, which, if these political prognostics had been rightly construed by Charles, might have saved the eventual scene of blood. But neither the king nor his favourite had yet been taught to respect popular feelings. Buckingham, after all, was guilty of no heavy political crimes; but it was his misfortune to have been a prime minister, as Clarendon says, "in a busy, querulous, froward time, when the people were uneasy under pretences of reformation, with some petulant discourses of liberty, which their great impostors scattered among them like glasses to multiply their fears." It was an age, which was preparing for a great contest, where both parties committed great faults. The favourite did not appear odious in the eyes of the king, who knew his better dispositions more intimately than the popular party, who were crying him down. And Charles attributed to individuals, and "the great impostors," the clamours which had been raised.

But the plurality of offices showered on Buckingham, rendered him still more odious to the people: had he not been created lord high admiral and general, he had never risked his character amidst the opposing elements, or before impregnable forts. But something more than his own towering spirit, or the temerity of

vanity, must be alleged for his assumption of those opposite military characters*.

A peace of twenty years appears to have rusted the arms of our soldiers, and their commanders were destitute of military skill. The war with Spain was clamoured for; and an expedition to Cadiz, in which the duke was reproached by the people for not taking the command, as they supposed from deficient spirit, only ended in our undisciplined soldiers under bad commanders getting drunk in the Spanish cellars, insomuch that not all had the power to run away. On this expedition, some verses were handed about, which probably are now first printed, from a manuscript letter of the times, a political pasquinade which shows the utter silliness of this "Ridiculus Mus."

VERSES ON THE EXPEDITION TO CADIZ.

There was a crow sat on a stone,
He flew away—and there was none!
There was a man that run a race,
When he ran fast—he ran apace!
There was a maid that eat an apple,
When she eat two—she eat a couple!
There was an ape sat on a tree,
When he fell down—then down fell he!
There was a fleet that went to Spain,
When it returned—it came again!

* At the British Institution, some time back, was seen a picture of Buckingham, mounted on a charger by the sea-shore, crowded with Tritons, &c. As it reflected none of the graces or beauty of the original, and seemed the work of some wretched apprentice of Rubens (perhaps Geibler himself), these contradictory accompaniments increased the suspicion that the picture could not be the duke's. It was not recollected generally that the favourite was both admiral and general, and that the duke was at once Neptune and Mars, ruling both sea and land.

Another expedition to Rochelle, under the Earl of Denbigh, was indeed of a more sober nature, for the earl declined to attack the enemy. The national honour, among the other grievances of the people, had been long degraded, not indeed by Buckingham himself, who personally had ever maintained, by his high spirit, an equality, if not a superiority, with France and Spain. It was to win back the public favour by a resolved and public effort, that Buckingham a second time was willing to pledge his fortune, his honour, and his life, into one daring cast, and on the dyke of Rochelle to leave his body, or to vindicate his aspersed name. The garrulous Gerbier shall tell his own story, which I transcribe from his own hand-writing, of the mighty preparations, and the duke's perfect devotion to the cause; for among other rumours, he was calumniated as never having been faithful to his engagement with the protestants of Rochelle.

“The duke caused me to make certain works, according to the same model as those wherewith the Prince of Parma blew up, before Antwerp, the main dyke and estacado; they were so mighty strong, and of that quantity of powder, and so closely masoned in barks, that they might have blown up the half of a town. I employed therein of powder, stone-quarries, bombs, fire-balls, chains, and iron balls, a double proportion to that used by the Duke of Parma, according to the description left thereof*.”

* This machine seems noticed in *Le Mercure François*, 1627, p 863

“The duke’s intention to succour the Rochellers was manifest, as was his care to assure them of it. He commanded me to write and convey to them the secret advertisement thereof. The last advice I gave them from him contained these words, ‘Hold out but three weeks, and God willing I will be with you, either to overcome or to die there.’ The bearer of this received from my hands a hundred Jacobuses to carry it with speed and safety.” The duke had disbursed threescore thousand pounds of his money upon the fleet, and lost his life ere he could get aboard. Nothing but death had hindered him or frustrated his design, of which I am confident by another very remarkable passage. “The duke, a little before his departure from York House, being alone with me in his garden, and giving me his last commands for my journey towards Italy and Spain, one Mr. Wigmore, a gentleman of his, coming to us, presented to his lordship a paper, said to come from the prophesying Lady *Davers**, foretelling that he should end his life that month; besides, he had received a letter from a very considerable hand, persuading him to let some other person be sent on that expedition to command in his place; on which occasion the duke made this expression to me: ‘Gerbier, if God please I will go, and be the first man who shall set

* Gerbier, a foreigner, scarcely ever writes an English name correctly, while his orthography is not always intelligible. He means here Lady Davies, an extraordinary character and supposed prophetess. This Cassandra hit the time in her dark predictions, and was more persuaded than ever that she was a prophetess! See a remarkable anecdote of her in a preceding article, “Of Anagrams”

his foot upon the dyke before Rochel to die, or do the work, whereby the world shall see the reality of our intentions for the relief of that place.' He had before told me the same in his closet, after he had signed certain despatches of my letters of credence to the Duke of Lorraine and Savoy, to whom I was sent to know what diversion they could make in favour of the king, in case the peace with Spain should not take. His majesty spoke to me, on my going towards my residency at Bruxelles, 'Gerbier, I do command thee to have a continual care, to press the Infanta and the Spanish ministers there, for the restitution of the Palatinate; for I am obliged in conscience, in honour, and in maxim of state, to stir all the powers of the world, rather than to fail to try to the uttermost to compass this business.' "

In the week of that expedition, the king took "George" with him in his coach to view the ships at Deptford on their departure for Rochelle, when he said to the duke, "George, there are some that wish both these and thou mightest perish together; but care not for them; we will both perish together, if thou doest!"

A few days before the duke went on his last expedition, he gave a farewell mask and supper at York-house, to their majesties. In the mask the duke appeared followed by Envy with many open-mouthed dogs, which were to represent the barkings of the people, while next came Fame and Truth; and the court allegory expressed the king's sentiment and the duke's sanguine hope.

Thus resolutely engaged in the very cause the people

had so much at heart, the blood Buckingham would have sealed it with, was shed by one of the people themselves ; the enterprise, designed to retrieve the national honour, long tarnished, was prevented ; and the Protestant cause suffered, by one who imagined himself to be, and was blest by nearly the whole nation as, a patriot ! Such are the effects of the exaggerations of popular delusion.

I find the following epitaph on Buckingham, in a manuscript letter of the times. Its condensed bitterness of spirit gives the popular idea of his unfortunate attempts.

THE DUKE'S EPITAPH

If idle travellers ask who lieth here,
Let the duke's tomb this for inscription bear
Paint Cales and Rhé, make French and Spanish laugh,
Mix England's shame—and there's his epitaph !

Before his last fatal expedition, among the many libels which abounded, I have discovered a manuscript satire, entitled “ Rhodomontados.” The thoughtless minister is made to exult in his power over the giddy-headed multitude. Buckingham speaks in his own person ; and we have here preserved those false rumours, and those aggravated feelings, then floating among the people : a curious instance of those heaped up calumnies which are often so heavily laid on the head of a prime minister, no favourite with the people.

“ 'Tis not your threats shall take me from the king ! —
Nor questioning my counsels and commands,
How with the honour of the state it stands,
That I lost Rhé, and with such loss of men,
As scarcely time can e'er repair again ,

Shall aught affright me, or else care to see
 The narrow seas from Dunkirk clear and free,
 Or that you can enforce the king to believe,
 I from the pirates a third share receive;
 Or that I correspond with foreign states
 (Whether the king's foes or confederates)
 To plot the ruin of the king and state,
 As erst you thought of the Palatinate;
 Or that five hundred thousand pounds doth lie
 In the Venice bank to help Spain's majesty,
 Or that three hundred thousand more doth rest
 In Dunkirk, for the arch-duchess to contest
 With England, whene'er occasion offers;
 Or that by rapine I will fill my coffers,
 Nor that an office in church, state, and court,
 Is freely given, but they must pay me for 't
 Nor shall you ever prove I had a hand
 In poisoning of the monarch of this land,
 Or the like hand by poisoning to intox
 Southampton, Oxford, Hamilton, Lennox.
 Nor shall you ever prove by magic charms,
 I wrought the king's affection or his harms.
 Nor fear I if ten Vitris now were here,
 Since I have thence ten Ravilliacs as near.
 My power shall be unbounded in each thing,
 If once I use these words, "I and my king"
 Seem wise, and cease then to perturb the realm,
 Or strive with him that sits and guides the helm
 I know your reading will inform you soon,
 What creatures they were, that barkt against the moon
 I'll give you better council as a friend.
 Cobblers their latches ought not to transcend,
 Meddle with common matters, common wrongs;
 To the house of commons common things belongs
 Leave him the oar that best knows how to row,
 And state to him that best the state doth know.

If I by industry, deep reach, or grace,
Am now arriv'd at this or that great place,
Must I, to please your inconsiderate rage,
Throw down mine honours ? Will nought else assuage
Your furious wisdoms ? True shall the verse be yet
There's no less wit required to keep, than get
Though Lamb be dead, I'll stand, and you shall see
I'll smile at them that can but bark at me "

After Buckingham's death, Charles the First cherished his memory warmly as his life, advanced his friends, and designed to raise a magnificent monument to his memory, and if any one accused the duke, the king always imputed the fault to himself. The king said, " Let not the duke's enemies seek to catch at any of his offices, for they will find themselves deceived." Charles called Buckingham " his martyr ! " and often said the world was much mistaken in the duke's character; for it was commonly thought the duke ruled his majesty, but it was much the contrary, having been his most faithful and obedient servant in all things, as the king said he would make sensibly appear to the world. Indeed after the death of Buckingham, Charles showed himself extremely active in business. Lord Dorchester wrote—" The death of Buckingham causes no changes, the king holds in his own hands the total direction, leaving the executory part to every man within the compass of his charge*." This is one proof, among many, that Charles the First was not the puppet-king of Buckingham, as modern historians have imagined.

* Sloane MSS 4178, letter 519.

FELTON THE POLITICAL ASSASSIN

FELTON, the assassin of the Duke of Buckingham, by the growing republican party, was hailed as a Brutus, rising, in the style of a patriotic bard,

“Refulgent from the stroke”—*AKENSIDE*.

Gibbon has thrown a shade of suspicion even over Brutus's “god-like stroke,” as Pope has exalted it. In Felton, a man acting from mixed and confused motives, the political martyr is entirely lost in the contrite penitent, he was, however, considered in his own day as a being almost beyond humanity. Mrs. Macaulay has called him “a lunatic,” because the duke had not been assassinated on the right principle. His motives appeared even inconceivable to his contemporaries, for Sir Henry Wotton, who has written a life of the Duke of Buckingham, observes, that “what may have been the immediate or greatest motive of that felonious conception (the duke's assassination) is even yet in the clouds.” After ascertaining that it was not private revenge, he seems to conclude that it was Dr. Eggesheim's furious “libel,” and the “remonstrance” of the parliament, which, having made the duke “one of the foulest monsters upon earth,” worked on the dark imagination of Felton.

From Felton's memorable example, and some similar ones, one observation occurs worth the notice of every minister of state who dares the popular odium he has raised. Such a minister will always be in present danger of a violent termination to his career; for however

he may be convinced that there is not political virtue enough in a whole people to afford "the godlike stroke," he will always have to dread the arm of some melancholy enthusiast, whose mind, secretly agitated by the public indignation, directs itself solely on him. It was some time after having written this reflection, that I discovered the following notice of the Duke of Buckingham in the unpublished life of Sir Symonds d'Ewes. "Some of his friends had advised him how generally he was hated in England, and how needful it would be for his greater safety to wear some coat of mail, or some other secret defensive armour, which the duke slighting said, 'It needs not; there are no Roman spirits left*.'"

An account of the contemporary feelings which sympathised with Felton, and almost sanctioned the assassin's deed, I gather from the MS. letters of the times. The public mind, through a long state of discontent, had been prepared for, and not without an obscure expectation of, the mortal end of Buckingham. It is certain the duke received many warnings which he despised. The assassination kindled a tumult of joy throughout the nation, and a state-libel was written in strong characters in the faces of the people. The passage of Felton to London, after the assassination, seemed a triumph. Now pitied, and now blessed, mothers held up their children to behold the saviour of the country; and an old woman exclaimed, as Felton passed her, with a scriptural allusion to his short stature, and the mightiness of Buckingham, "God bless thee, little

* Harl MSS 646.

David!" Felton was nearly sainted before he reached the metropolis. His health was the reigning toast among the republicans. A character, somewhat remarkable, Alexander Gill (usher under his father, Dr. Gill, master of St. Paul's school), who was the tutor of Milton, and his dear friend afterwards, and, perhaps, from whose impressions in early life Milton derived his vehement hatred of Charles, was committed by the star-chamber, heavily fined, and sentenced to lose his ears, on three charges, one of which arose from drinking a health to Felton. At Trinity College Gill said, that the king was fitter to stand in a Cheapside shop, with an apron before him, and say *What lack ye?* than to govern a kingdom; that the duke was gone down to hell to see king James, and drinking a health to Felton, added he was sorry Felton had deprived him of the honour of doing that brave act*. In the taste of that day, they contrived a political anagram of his name, to express the immoveable self-devotion he showed after the assassination, never attempting to escape; and John Felton, for the nonce, was made to read,

Noh ' fte not '

But while Felton's name was echoing through the kingdom, our new Brutus was at that moment exhibiting a piteous spectacle of remorse, so different often is the real person himself from the ideal personage of the public. The assassination, with him, was a sort of

* * The MS letter giving this account observes, that the words concerning his majesty were not read in open court, but only those relating to the duke and Felton

theoretical one, depending, as we shall show, on four propositions; so that when the king's attorney, as the attorney-general was then called, had furnished the unhappy criminal with an unexpected argument, which appeared to him to have overturned his, he declared that he had been in a mistake; and lamenting that he had not been aware of it before, from that instant his conscientious spirit sunk into despair. In the open court he stretched out his arm, offering it as the offending instrument to be first cut off; he requested the king's leave to wear sackcloth about his loins, to sprinkle ashes on his head, to carry a halter about his neck, in testimony of repentance; and that he might sink to the lowest point of contrition, he insisted on asking pardon not only of the duchess, the duke's mother, but even of the duke's scullion-boy, and a man naturally brave was seen always shedding tears, so that no one could have imagined that Felton had been "a stout soldier." These particulars were given by one of the divines who attended him, to the writer of the MS. letter*

The character of Felton must not, however, be conceived from this agonising scene of contrition. Of melancholy and retired habits, and one of those thousand

* Clarendon notices that Felton was "of a gentleman's family in Suffolk of good fortune and reputation." I find that during his confinement, the Earl and Countess of Arundel, and Lord Maltravers, then son, "he being of their blood," says the letter-writer, continually visited him, gave many proofs of their friendship, and brought his "winding-sheet," for to the last they attempted to save him from being hung in chains they did not succeed

officers, who had incurred disappointments, both in promotion and in arrears of pay, from the careless duke, he felt, perhaps, although he denied it, a degree of personal animosity towards him. A solitary man who conceives himself injured broods over his revenge. Felton once cut off a piece of his own finger, inclosing it in a challenge, to convince the person whom he addressed, that he valued not endangering his whole body, provided it afforded him an opportunity of vengeance*. Yet with all this, such was his love of truth and rigid honour, that Felton obtained the nickname of "honest Jack," one which, after the assassination, became extremely popular through the nation. The religious enthusiasm of the times had also deeply possessed his mind, and that enthusiasm, as is well known, was of a nature that might easily occasion its votary to be mistaken for a republican.

Clarendon mentions that in his hat he had sewed a paper, in which were written a few lines of that remonstrance of the commons, which appeared to him to sanction the act. I have seen a letter from Lord Carlton to the queen, detailing the particulars; his lordship was one of those who saved Felton from the swords of the military around him, who in their vexation for the loss of their general the duke, which they considered to be the end of the war, and their ruin, would have avenged themselves. But though Felton, in conversation with Lord Carlton, confessed that by reading the remonstrance of the parliament it came into his head, that in

* Rushworth, vol 1 638

committing the act of killing the duke, he should do his country a great good service, yet the paper sewed in his hat, thinking he might have fallen a victim in the attempt, was different from that described by Clarendon, and is thus preserved in this letter to the queen by Lord Carlton. "If I be slain, let no man condemn me, but rather condemn himself. Our hearts are hardened, and become senseless, or else he had not gone so long unpunished. He is unworthy the name of a gentleman or soldier, in my opinion, that is afraid to sacrifice his life for the honour of God, his king, and country. JOHN FELTON*."

Felton's mind had however previously passed through a more evangelical process, four theological propositions struck the knife into the heart of the minister. The conscientious assassin, however, accompanied the fatal blow with a prayer to Heaven, to have mercy on the soul of the victim; and never was a man murdered with more gospel than the duke. The following curious document I have discovered in the MS. letter.

"Propositions found in Felton's trunk, at the time he slew the duke.

1. There is no alliance nearer to any one than his country.

"Except his God and his own soul, said the divines.

"2. The safety of the people is the chiefest law.

"Next to the law of God, said these divines.

"3. No law is more sacred than the safety and welfare of the commonwealth.

* Lansdowne MSS 209 Auctioneer's Catalogue

“ Only God’s law is more sacred, said the divines.

“ 4. God himself hath enacted this law, that all things that are for the good profit and benefit of the commonwealth should be lawful.

“ The divines said, We must not do evil that good may come thereon.”

The gradual rise in these extraordinary propositions, with the last sweeping one, which includes every thing lawless as lawful for the common weal, was at least but feebly parried by the temperate divines, who, while they were so reasonably referring every thing to God, wanted the vulgar curiosity to inquire, or the philosophical discernment to discover, that Felton’s imagination was driving every thing at the duke. Could they imagine that these were but subtle cobwebs, spun by a closet speculator on human affairs? In those troubled times did they not give a thought to the real object of these inquiries? or did they not care what befel a minion of the state?

There is one bright passage in the history of this unhappy man, who, when broken down in spirits, firmly asserted the rights of a Briton; and even the name of John Felton may fill a date in the annals of our constitutional freedom.

Felton was menaced with torture. Rushworth has noticed the fact, and given some imperfect notes of his speech, when threatened to be racked; but the following is not only more ample, but more important in its essential particulars. When Lord Dorset told him (says the MS. letter) Mr. Felton, it is the king’s pleasure that you should be put to the torture, to make you

confess your complices, and therefore prepare yourself for the rack :—Felton answered, “ My lord, I do not believe that it is the king’s pleasure, for he is a just and a gracious prince, and will not have his subjects *tortured against law*. I do affirm upon my salvation that my purpose was not known to any man living ; but if it be his majesty’s pleasure, I am ready to suffer whatever his majesty will have inflicted upon me. Yet this I must tell you, by the way, that if I be put upon the rack, I will accuse you, my lord of Dorset, and none but yourself* ” This firm and sensible speech silenced them. A council was held, the judges were consulted, and on this occasion, they came to a very unexpected decision, that “ Felton ought not to be tortured by the rack, for no such punishment is known or allowed by our law.” Thus the judges condemned what the government had constantly practised. Blackstone yields a fraternal eulogium to the honour of the judges on this occasion ; but Hume more philosophically discovers the cause of this sudden tenderness. “ So much more exact reasoners, with regard to law, had they become from *the jealous scruples of the House of Commons*.” An argument which may be strengthened from cases which are unknown to the writers of our history. Not two years before the present one, a Captain Brodeman, one who had distinguished himself among the “ bold speakers ” concerning the king and the duke, had been sent to the Tower, and was reported to have expired on

* Harl. MSS 7000. J. Mead to Sir Matt Stuteville, Sept. 27, 1628

the rack; the death seems doubtful, but the fact of his having been racked, is repeated in the MS. letters of the times. The rack has been more frequently used as a state engine than has reached the knowledge of our historians; secret have been the deadly embraces of the Duke of Exeter's daughter*. It was only by an original journal of the transactions in the Tower that Burnet discovered the racking of Anne Askew, a narrative of horror! James the First incidentally mentions in his account of the powder-plot that this rack was *shown* to Guy Fawkes during his examination, and yet under this prince, mild as his temper was, it had been used in a terrific manner†. Elizabeth but too frequently employed this engine of arbitrary power; once she had all the servants of the Duke of Norfolk tortured. I have seen in a MS. of the times, heads of charges made against some member of the House of Commons in Elizabeth's reign, among which is one for having written against torturing! Yet Coke, the most eminent of our

* The rack, or brake, now in the Tower, was introduced by the Duke of Exeter in the reign of Henry VI, as an auxiliary to his project of establishing the civil law in this country; and in derision it was called his daughter Cowel's Interp voc. *Rack*

† This remarkable document is preserved by Dalrymple. it is an indorsement in the hand-writing of secretary Winwood, respecting the examination of Peacham, a record whose graduated horrors might have charmed the speculative cruelty of a Domitian or a Nero. "Upon these interrogatories, Peacham this day was examined *before torture, in torture, between torture, and after torture*; notwithstanding, nothing could be drawn from him, he persisting still in his obstinate and insensible denials and former answer." Dalrymple's Memoirs and Letters of James I p. 58

lawyers, extols the mercy of Elizabeth in the trials of Essex and Southampton, because she had not used torture against their accomplices or witnesses. Was it for the head of law itself, as Coke was, to extol the *mercy* of the sovereign for not violating the laws, for not punishing the subject by an illegal act? The truth is, lawyers are rarely philosophers; the history of the heart, read only in statutes and law cases, presents the worst side of human nature: they are apt to consider men as wild beasts; and they have never spoken with any great abhorrence of what they so erroneously considered a means of obtaining confession. Long after these times, Sir George Mackenzie, a great lawyer in the reign of James the Second used torture in Scotland. We have seen how the manly spirit of Felton, and the scruples of the Commons, wrenched the hidden law from judges who had hitherto been too silent; and produced that unexpected avowal, which condemned all their former practices. But it was reserved for better times, when philosophy combining with law, enabled the genius of Blackstone to quote with admiration the exquisite ridicule of torture by Beccaria.

On a rumour that Felton was condemned to suffer torture, an effusion of poetry, the ardent breathings of a pure and youthful spirit, was addressed to the supposed political martyr, by Zouch Townley, of the ancient family of the Townleys in Lancashire, to whose last descendant the nation owes the first public collection of ancient art^r.

* Z Townley, in 1624, made the Latin oration in memory of Camden,

The poem I transcribe from a MS. copy of the times, it appears only to have circulated in that secret form, for the writer being summoned to the star-chamber, and not willing to have any such poem addressed to himself, escaped to the Hague.

“ To his confined friend, M^r JO FELTON
 “ Enjoy thy bondage, make thy prison know
 Thou hast a liberty, thou canst not owe
 To those base punishments, keep entire, since
 Nothing but guilt shackles the conscience
 I dare not tempt thy valiant blood to flatter,
 Infecbling it with pity, nor dare I pray
 Thine act may mercy finde, least thy great story
 Lose somewhat of its miracle and glory
 I wish thy merits, laboured cruelty,
 Stout vengeance best befriends thy memory
 For I would have posterity to hear,
 He that can bravely do can bravely bear
 Tortures may seem great in a coward's eye,
 It's no great thing to suffer, less to die
 Should all the clouds fall down, and in that strife,
 Lightning and thunder serve to take my life,
 I would applaud the wisdom of my fate,
 Which knew to value me of such a rate,
 As to my fall to trouble all the sky,
 Emptying upon me Jove's full armoury
 Serve in your sharpest mischiefs, use your rack,
 Enlarge each joint, and make each sinew crack,
 Thy soul before was straitened, thank thy doom,
 To show her virtue she hath larger room
 Yet sure if every artery were broke,
 Thou would'st find strength for such another stroke.

reprinted by Dr Thomas Smith at the end of Camden's *Life*.—Wood's
Past I find his name also among the verses addressed to Ben Jonson,
 prefixed to his works

And now I leave thee unto Death and Fame,
Which lives to shake Ambition with thy name ;
And if it were not sin, the court by it
Should hourly swear before the favourite
Farewell ! for thy brave sake we shall not send
Henceforth commanders, enemies to defend ,
Nor will it our just monarchs henceforth please,
To keep an admiral to lose the seas
Farewell ! undaunted stand, and joy to be
Of public service the epitome.
Let the duke's name solace and crown thy thrall ,
All we for him did suffer, thou for all !
And I dare boldly write, as thou dar'st die,
Stout Felton, England's ransom, here doth lie !"

This it is to be a great poet. Felton, who was celebrated in such elevated strains, was, at that moment, not the patriot but the penitent. In political history it frequently occurs that the man who accidentally has effectuated the purpose of a party, is immediately invested by them with all their favourite virtues; but in reality having acted from motives originally insignificant and obscure, his character may be quite the reverse they have made him; and such was that of our "honest Jack." Had Townley had a more intimate acquaintance with his Brutus, we might have lost a noble poem on a noble subject.

JOHNSON'S HINTS FOR THE LIFE OF POPE

I SHALL preserve a literary curiosity, which perhaps is the only one of its kind. It is an original memorandum of Dr. Johnson's, of hints for the Life of Pope, written down, as they were suggested to his mind,

in the course of his researches. The lines in italics Johnson had scratched with red ink, probably after having made use of them. These notes should be compared with the Life itself. The youthful student will find some use, and the curious be gratified, in discovering the gradual labours of research and observation, and that art of seizing on those general conceptions which afterwards are developed by meditation and illustrated by genius. I once thought of accompanying these *hints* by the amplified and finished passages derived from them; but this is an amusement which the reader can contrive for himself. I have extracted the most material notes.

This fragment is a companion-piece to the engraved fac-simile of a page of Pope's Homer, in our third volume.

That fac-simile, a minutely perfect copy of the manuscript, was not given to show the autograph of Pope,—a practice which has since so generally prevailed,—but to exhibit to the eye of the student the fervour and the diligence required in every work of genius. This could only be done by showing the state of the manuscript itself, with all its erasures, and even its half-formed lines; nor could this effect be produced by giving only some of the corrections, which Johnson had already, in printed characters. My notion has been approved of, because it was comprehended by writers of genius; yet this fac-simile has been considered as nothing more than an autograph by those literary blockheads who, without taste and imagination, intruding into the province of

literature, find themselves as awkward as a once popular divine, in his "Christian Life," assures us certain sinners would in paradise,—like "pigs in a drawing-room."

POPE

Nothing occasional. No haste No rivals No compulsion
 Practised only one form of verse Facility from use
 Emulated former pieces Cooper's-hill. Dryden's ode
 Affected to disdain flattery *Not happy in his selection of patrons*
Cobham, Bolingbroke*.*
Cibber's abuse will be better to him than a dose of hartshorn
 Poems long delayed.
 Satire and praise late, alluding to something past.
 He had always some poetical plan in his head†
 Echo to the sense
 Would not constrain himself too much.
 Felicities of language Watts‡
 Luxury of language
Motives to study, want of health, want of money, helps to study
some small patrimony.
Prudent and frugal, pint of wine

LETTERS.

Amiable disposition—but he gives his own character *Elaborate.*
Think what to say—say what one thinks. Letter on sickness to
Steele
On Solitude. Ostentatious benevolence Professions of sincerity
Neglect of fame Indifference about every thing.
Sometimes gay and airy, sometimes sober and grave.

* He has added in the life the name of *Burlington*.

† In the Life Johnson gives Swift's complaint that Pope was never at leisure for conversation, because *he had always some poetical scheme in his head*.

‡ Johnson in the Life has given Watts' opinion of Pope's poetical diction.

Too proud of living among the great Probably forward to make
acquaintance *No literary man ever talked so much of his fortune*

Grotto Importance Post-office, letters open

Cant of despising the world

Affectation of despising poetry.

His easiness about the critics.

Something of foppery,

His letters to the ladies—pretty

Abuse of Scripture—not all early.

Thoughts in his letters that are elsewhere

ESSAY ON MAN

Ramsay missed the fall of man.

Others the immortality of the soul *Address to our Saviour.*

Excluded by Berkeley

Bolingbroke's notions not understood

Scale of Being turn it in prose.

Part and not the whole always said.

Conversation with Bol. R. 220 *

Bol. meant ill. Pope well

Crousaz Resnel Warburton

Good sense Luxurious—felicities of language *Wall*

Loved labour—always poetry in his head

Extreme sensibility. Ill-health, headaches.

He never laughed.

No conversation.

No writings against Swift.

Parasitical epithets *Six lines of Iliad†*

He used to set down what occurred of thoughts—a line—a couplet.

* Ruffhead's Life of Pope.

† In the Life Johnson says, "Expletives he very early rejected from his verses, but he now and then admits an epithet rather com-mo-dious than important. Each of the six first lines of the Iliad might lose two syllables with very little diminution of the meaning, and sometimes after all his art and labour, one verse seems to be made for the sake of another"

The humourous lines end sinner Prunello *

First line made for the sound, or v. versa

Foul lines in Jervas

More notice of books early than late

DUNCIAD

The line on Phillips borrowed from another poem

Pope did not increase the difficulties of writing

Poeta pulorum

* He has a few double rhymes, but always, I think, unsuccessfully, except one, in the *Rape of the Lock* — *Life of Pope*

Mrs Thrale, in a note on this passage, mentions the couplet Johnson meant, for she asked him, it is

The meeting points the fatal lock dissever,
From the fair head—for ever and for ever.

SECOND SERIES.

MODERN LITERATURE—BAYLE'S CRITICAL DICTIONARY

A NEW edition of Bayle in France is an event in literary history which could not have been easily predicted. Every work which creates an epoch in literature is one of the great monuments of the human mind; and Bayle may be considered as the father of literary curiosity, and of modern literature. Much has been alleged against our author: yet let us be careful to preserve what is precious. Bayle is the inventor of a work which dignified a collection of facts constituting his text, by the argumentative powers and the copious illustrations which charm us in his diversified commentary. Conducting the humble pursuits of an Aulus Gellius and an Athenæus with a higher spirit, he showed us the *philosophy of Books*, and communicated to such limited researches a value which they had otherwise not possessed.

This was introducing a study perfectly distinct from what is pre-eminently distinguished as "classical learning," and the subjects which had usually entered into

philological pursuits. Ancient literature, from century to century, had constituted the sole labours of the learned, and "variae lectiones" were long their pride and their reward. Latin was the literary language of Europe. The vernacular idiom in Italy was held in such contempt that their youths were not suffered to read Italian books, their native productions. Varchi tells a curious anecdote of his father sending him to prison, where he was kept on bread and water, as a penance for his inveterate passion for reading Italian books! Dante was reproached by the erudite Italians for composing in his mother-tongue, still expressed by the degrading designation of *il volgare*, which the "resolute" John Florio renders "to make common;" and to translate was contemptuously called *volgarizzare*. Petrarch rested his fame on his Latin poetry, and called his Italian *nugellas vulgares*! With us, Roger Ascham was the first who boldly avowed "*To speak as the common people, to think as wise men;*" yet, so late as the time of Bacon, this great man did not consider his "Moral Essays" as likely to last in the moveable sands of a modern language, for he has anxiously had them sculptured in the marble of ancient Rome. Yet what had the great ancients themselves done, but trusted to their own *volgare*? The Greeks, the finest and most original writers of the ancients, observes Adam Ferguson, "were unacquainted with every language but their own; and if they became learned, it was only by studying what they themselves had produced."

During fourteen centuries, whatever lay out of the

pale of classical learning was condemned as barbarism ; in the mean while, however, amidst this barbarism, another literature was insensibly creating itself in Europe. Every people, in the gradual accessions of their vernacular genius, discovered a new sort of knowledge, one which more deeply interested their feelings and the times, reflecting the image, not of the Greeks and the Latins, but of themselves ! A spirit of inquiry, originating in events which had never reached the ancient world, and the same refined taste in the arts of composition caught from the models of antiquity, at length raised up rivals, who competed with the great ancients themselves ; and modern literature now occupies a space which appears as immensity, compared with the narrow and the imperfect limits of the ancient. A complete collection of classical works, all the bees of antiquity, may be hived in a glass case ; but those we should find only the milk and honey of our youth, to obtain the substantial nourishment of European knowledge, a library of ten thousand volumes will not avail nor satisfy our inquiries, nor supply our researches even on a single topic !

Let not, however, the votaries of ancient literature dread its neglect, nor be over-jealous of their younger and Gothic sister. The existence of their favourite study is secured, as well by its own imperishable claims, as by the stationary institutions of Europe. But one of those silent revolutions in the intellectual history of mankind, which are not so obvious as those in their political state, seems now fully accomplished. The very term "classical," so long limited to the ancient

authors, is now equally applicable to the most elegant writers of every literary people; and although Latin and Greek were long characterised as "the learned languages," yet we cannot in truth any longer concede that those are the most learned who are "*inter Græcos Græcissimi, inter Latinos Latinissimi*," any more than we can reject from the class of "the learned," those great writers, whose scholarship in the ancient classics may be very indifferent. The modern languages now have also become learned ones, when he who writes in them is imbued with their respective learning. He is a "learned" writer who has embraced most knowledge on the particular subject of his investigation, as he is a "classical" one who composes with the greatest elegance. Sir David Dalrymple dedicates his "*Memorials relating to the History of Britain*" to the Earl of Hardwicke, whom he styles, with equal happiness and propriety, "*Learned in British History*." "*Scholarship*" has hitherto been a term reserved for the adept in ancient literature, whatever may be the mediocrity of his intellect, but the honourable distinction must be extended to all great writers in modern literature, if we would not confound the natural sense and propriety of things.

Modern literature may, perhaps, still be discriminated from the ancient, by a term it began to be called by at the Reformation, that of "*the New Learning*." Without supplanting the ancient, the modern must grow up with it; the farther we advance in society, it will more deeply occupy our interests; and it has already proved what Bacon, casting his philosophical

views retrospectively and prospectively, has observed, "that Time is the greatest of innovators."

When Bayle projected his "Critical Dictionary," he probably had no idea that he was about effecting a revolution in our libraries, and founding a new province in the dominion of human knowledge; creative genius often is itself the creature of its own age: it is but that re-action of public opinion, which is generally the forerunner of some critical change, or which calls forth some want which sooner or later will be supplied. The predisposition for the various, but neglected literature, and the curious, but the scattered knowledge, of the moderns, which had long been increasing, with the speculative turn of inquiry, prevailed in Europe, when Bayle took his pen to give the thing itself a name and an existence. But the great authors of modern Europe were not yet consecrated beings, like the ancients, and their volumes were not read from the chairs of universities; yet the new interests which had arisen in society, the new modes of human life, the new spread of knowledge, the curiosity after even the little things which concern us, the revelations of secret history, and the state-papers which have sometimes escaped from national archives, the philosophical spirit which was hastening its steps and raising up new systems of thinking; all alike required research and criticism, inquiry and discussion. Bayle had first studied his own age, before he gave the public his great work.

"If Bayle," says Gibbon, "wrote his dictionary to empty the various collections he had made, without any particular design, he could not have chosen a better

plan. It permitted him every thing, and obliged him to nothing. By the double freedom of a dictionary and of notes, he could pitch on what articles he pleased, and say what he pleased in those articles."

"*Jactu est alea*!" exclaimed Bayle, on the publication of his dictionary, as yet dubious of the extraordinary enterprise, perhaps while going on with the work, he knew not at times, whither he was directing his course, but we must think, that in his own mind he counted on something, which might have been difficult even for Bayle himself to have developed. The author of the "Critical Dictionary" had produced a voluminous labour, which, to all appearance, could only rank him among compilers and reviewers, for his work is formed of such materials as they might use. He had never studied any science; he confessed that he could never demonstrate the first problem in Euclid, and to his last day ridiculed that sort of evidence called mathematical demonstration. He had but little taste for classical learning, for he quotes the Latin writers curiously, not elegantly; and there is reason to suspect that he had entirely neglected the Greek. Even the erudition of antiquity usually reached him by the ready medium of some German Commentator. His multifarious reading was chiefly confined to the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. With such deficiencies in his literary character, Bayle could not reasonably expect to obtain pre-eminence in any single pursuit. Hitherto his writings had not extricated him from the secondary ranks of literature, where he found a rival at every step; and without his great work, the name of Bayle at this

moment had been buried among his controversialists, the rabid Jurieu, the cloudy Jacquelot, and the envious Le Clerc: to these, indeed, he sacrificed too many of his valuable days, and was still answering them at the hour of his death. Such was the cloudy horizon of that bright fame which was to rise over Europe! Bayle, intent on escaping from all beaten tracks, while the very materials he used promised no novelty, for all his knowledge was drawn from old books, opened an eccentric route, where at least he could encounter no parallel; Bayle felt that if he could not stand alone, he would only have been an equal by the side of another. Experience had more than once taught this mortifying lesson; but he was blest with the genius which could stamp an immitable originality on a folio.

This originality seems to have been obtained in this manner. The exhausted topics of classical literature he resigned as a province not adapted to an ambitious genius; sciences he rarely touched on, and hardly ever without betraying superficial knowledge, and involving himself in absurdity: but in the history of men, in penetrating the motives of their conduct, in clearing up obscure circumstances, in detecting the strong and the weak parts of him whom he was trying, and in the cross-examination of the numerous witnesses he summoned, he assumed at once the judge and the advocate! Books are for him pictures of men's inventions, and the histories of their thoughts, any book, whatever be its quality, must be considered as an experiment of the human mind.

In controversies, in which he was so ambidexterous—

in the progress of the human mind, in which he was so philosophical—furnished, too, by his hoarding curiosity with an immense accumulation of details,—skilful in the art of detecting falsehoods amidst truths, and weighing probability against uncertainty—holding together the chain of argument from its first principles, to its remotest consequence—Bayle stands among those masters of the human intellect who taught us to think, and also to unthink! All, indeed, is a collection of researches and of reasonings: he had the art of melting down his curious quotations with his own subtle ideas. He collects every thing: if truths, they enter into history, if fictions, into discussions: he places the secret by the side of the public story, opinion is balanced against opinion: if his arguments grow tedious, a lucky anecdote or an enlivening tale relieves the folio page, and, knowing the infirmity of our nature, he picks up trivial things to amuse us, while he is grasping the most abstract and ponderous. Human nature in her shifting scenery, and the human mind in its eccentric directions, open on his view; so that an unknown person, or a worthless book, are equally objects for his speculation with the most eminent—they alike curiously instruct. Such were the materials, and such the genius of the man, whose folios, which seemed destined for the retired few, lie open on parlour tables. The men of genius of his age studied them for instruction, the men of the world for their amusement. Amidst the mass of facts which he has collected, and the enlarged views of human nature which his philosophical spirit has combined with his researches, Bayle may be called

the Shakspeare of dictionary makers, a sort of chimerical being, whose existence was not imagined to be possible before the time of Bayle.

But his errors are voluminous as his genius! and what do apologies avail? Apologies only account for the evil which they cannot alter!

Bayle is reproached for carrying his speculations too far into the wilds of scepticism—he wrote in distempered time, he was witnessing the *dragonades* and the *revocations* of the Romish church; and he lived amidst the Reformed, or the French prophets, as we called them when they came over to us, and in whom Sir Isaac Newton more than half believed. These testify that they had heard angels singing in the air, while our philosopher was convinced that he was living among men for whom no angel would sing! Bayle had left persecutors to fly to fanatics, both equally appealing to the Gospel, but alike untouched by its blessedness! His impurities were a taste inherited from his favourite old writers, whose *naveté* seemed to sport with the grossness which it touched, and neither in France, nor at home, had the age then attained to our moral delicacy: Bayle himself was a man without passions! His trivial matters were an author's complance with his bookseller's taste, which is always that of the public. His scepticism is said to have thrown every thing into disorder. Is it a more positive evil to doubt, than to dogmatise? Even Aristotle often pauses with a qualifying *perhaps*, and the egotist Cicero with a modest *it seems to me*. Bayle's scepticism has been useful in history, and has often shown how facts uni-

versally believed are doubtful, and sometimes must be false. Bayle, it is said, is perpetually contradicting himself; but a sceptic must doubt his doubts; he places the antidote close to the poison, and lays the sheath by the sword. Bayle has himself described one of those self-tormenting and many-headed sceptics by a very noble figure, "He was a Hydra who was perpetually tearing himself."

The time has now come when Bayle may instruct without danger. We have passed the ordeals he had to go through, we must now consider him as the historian of our thoughts as well as of our actions; he dispenses the literary stores of the moderns, in that vast repository of their wisdom and their follies, which, by its originality of design, has made him an author common to all Europe. Nowhere shall we find a rival for Bayle! and hardly even an imitator! He compared himself, for his power of raising up, or dispelling objections and doubts, to "the cloud-compelling Jove." The great Leibnitz, who was himself a lover of his *varia eruditio*, applied a line of Virgil to Bayle, characterising his luminous and elevated genius:

"Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis."
Beneath his feet he views the clouds and stars!

CHARACTERISTICS OF BAYLE.

To know Bayle as a man, we must not study him in the folio Life of Des Maiseaux, whose laborious pencil, without colour, and without expression, loses, in its indistinctness, the individualising strokes of the por-

trait. Look for Bayle in his "Letters," those true chronicles of a literary man, when they record his own pursuits

The personal character of Bayle was unblemished even by calumny; his executor, Basnage, never could mention him without tears! With simplicity which approached to an infantine nature, but with the fortitude of a stoic, our literary philosopher, from his earliest days, dedicated himself to literature, the great sacrifice consisted of those two main objects of human pursuits fortune and a family. Many an ascetic, who has headed an order, has not so religiously abstained from all worldly interests; yet let us not imagine that there was a sullenness in his stoicism,—an icy misanthropy, which shuts up the heart from its ebb and flow. His domestic affections through life were fervid. When his mother desired to receive his portrait, he opened for her a picture of his heart! Early in life the mind of Bayle was strengthening itself by a philosophical resignation to all human events!

"I am indeed of a disposition neither to fear bad fortune, nor to have very ardent desires for good. Yet I lose this steadiness and indifference when I reflect that your love to me makes you feel for every thing that happens to me. It is therefore from the consideration that my misfortunes would be a torment to you, that I wish to be happy, and when I think that my happiness would be all your joy, I should lament that my bad fortune should continue to persecute me; though, as to my own particular interest, I dare promise to myself that I shall never be very much affected by it."

An instance occurred of those social affections in which a stoic is sometimes supposed to be deficient, which might have afforded a beautiful illustration to one of our most elegant poets. The remembrance of the happy moments which Bayle spent when young on the borders of the river Auriège, a short distance from his native town of Carlat, where he had been sent to recover from a fever, occasioned by an excessive indulgence in reading, induced him many years afterwards to devote an article to it in his "Critical Dictionary," for the sake of quoting the poet who had celebrated this obscure river. It was a "Pleasure of Memory!" a tender association of domestic feeling!

The first step which Bayle took in life is remarkable. He changed his religion and became a catholic. A year afterwards he returned to the creed of his fathers. Posterity might not have known the story, had it not been recorded in his Diary. The circumstance is thus curiously stated:—

		BAYLE'S DIARY.	
Years of the Christian Era		Years of my age	
1669,	Tuesday, March 19	22	I changed my religion—next day I resumed the study of logic
1670	August 20.	23.	I returned to the reformed religion, and made a private abjuration of the Romish religion, in the hands of four ministers.

His brother was one of these ministers; while a catholic, Bayle had attempted to convert him, by a letter long enough to evince his sincerity; but without

his subscription we should not have ascribed it to Bayle.

For this vacillation in his religion has Bayle endured bitter censure. Gibbon, who himself changed his about the same "year of his age," and for as short a period, sarcastically observes of the first entry, that "Bayle should have finished his logic before he changed his religion." It may be retorted, that when he had learnt to reason, he renounced catholicism. The true fact is, that when Bayle had only studied a few months at college, some books of controversial divinity by the catholics offered many a specious argument against the reformed doctrines. A young student was easily entangled in the nets of the Jesuits. But their passive obedience, and their transubstantiation, and other stuff woven in their looms, soon enabled such a man as Bayle to recover his senses. The promises and the caresses of the wily Jesuits were rejected; and the gush of tears of the brothers, on his return to the religion of his fathers, is one of the most pathetic incidents of domestic life.

Bayle was willing to become an expatriated man; to study from the love of study, in poverty and honour! It happens sometimes that great men are criminated for their noblest deeds by both parties.

When his great work appeared, the adversaries of Bayle reproached him with haste, while the author expressed his astonishment at his slowness. At first, "The Critical Dictionary," consisting only of two folios, was finished in little more than four years; but in the life of Bayle this was equivalent to a treble

amount with men of ordinary application. Bayle even calculated the time of his headaches: "My megrims would have left me had it been in my power to have lived without study; by them I lose many days in every month." The fact is, that Bayle had entirely given up every sort of recreation except that delicious inebriation of his faculties, as we may term it for those who know what it is, which he drew from his books. We have his avowal: "Public amusements, games, country jaunts, morning visits, and other recreations necessary to many students, as they tell us, were none of my business. I wasted no time on them, nor in any domestic cares,—never soliciting for preferment, nor busied in any other way. I have been happily delivered from many occupations which were not suitable to my humour; and I have enjoyed the greatest and the most charming leisure that a man of letters could desire. By such means an author makes a great progress in a few years."

Bayle, at Rotterdam, was appointed to a professorship of philosophy and history; the salary was a competence to his frugal life, and enabled him to publish his celebrated Review, which he dedicates "to the glory of the city," for *illa nobis hæc otia fecit*

After this grateful acknowledgment, he was unexpectedly deprived of the professorship. The secret history is curious. After a tedious war, some one amused the world by a chimerical "Project of Peace," which was much against the wishes and the designs of our William the Third. Juneu, the head of the Reformed party in Holland, a man of heated fancies, persuaded

William's party that this book was a part of a secret cabal in Europe, raised by Louis the Fourteenth, against William the Third; and accused Bayle as the author and promoter of this political confederacy. The magistrates, who were the creatures of William, dismissed Bayle without alleging any reason. To an ordinary philosopher it would have seemed hard to lose his salary because his antagonist was one

“ Whose sword is sharper than his pen ”

Bayle only rejoiced at this emancipation, and quietly returned to his Dictionary. His feelings on this occasion he has himself perpetuated

“ The sweetness and repose I find in the studies in which I have engaged myself, and which are my delight, will induce me to remain in this city, if I am allowed to continue in it, at least till the printing of my Dictionary is finished; for my presence is absolutely necessary in the place where it is printed. I am no lover of money, nor of honours, and would not accept of any invitation, should it be made to me; nor am I fond of the disputes and cabals, and professorial snarlings, which reign in all our academies : *Canam mihi et Musis.*” He was indeed so charmed by quiet and independence, that he was continually refusing the most magnificent offers of patronage: from Count Guiscard, the French ambassador; but particularly from our English nobility. The Earls of Shaftesbury, of Albemarle, and of Huntingdon, tried every solicitation to win him over to reside with them as their friend, and too nice a sense of honour induced Bayle to refuse the Duke of Shrewsbury's gift of two

hundred guineas for the dedication of his Dictionary. "I have so often ridiculed dedications that I must not risk any," was the reply of our philosopher.

The only complaint which escaped from Bayle was the want of books, an evil particularly felt during his writing the "Critical Dictionary;" a work which should have been composed not distant from the shelves of a public library. Men of classical attainments, who are studying about twenty authors, and chiefly for their style, can form no conception of the state of famine to which an "*helluo librorum*" is too often reduced in the new sort of study which Bayle founded. Taste when once obtained may be said to be no acquiring faculty, and must remain stationary, but knowledge is of perpetual growth, and has infinite demands. Taste, like an artificial canal, winds through a beautiful country; but its borders are confined, and its term is limited: Knowledge navigates the ocean, and is perpetually on voyages of discovery. Bayle often grieves over the scarcity, or the want of books, by which he was compelled to leave many things uncertain, or to take them at second-hand; but he lived to discover that trusting to the reports of others was too often suffering the blind to lead the blind. It was this circumstance which induced Bayle to declare, that some works cannot be written in the country, and that the metropolis only can supply the wants of the literary man. Plutarch has made a similar confession; and the elder Pliny who had not so many volumes to turn over as a modern, was sensible to the want of books, for he acknowledges that there was no book so bad by which we might not profit.

Bayle's peculiar vein of research and skill in discussion first appeared in his "*Pensées sur la Comète.*" In December, 1680, a comet had appeared, and the public yet trembled at a portentous meteor, which they still imagined was connected with some forthcoming and terrible event! Persons as curious as they were terrified teased Bayle by their inquiries, but resisted all his arguments. They found many things more than arguments in his amusing volumes: "I am not one of the authors by profession," says Bayle, in giving an account of the method he meant to pursue, "who follow a series of views; who first project their subject, then divide it into books and chapters, and who only choose to work on the ideas they have planned. I, for my part, give up all claims to authorship, and shall chain myself to no such servitude. I cannot meditate with much regularity on one subject, I am too fond of change. I often wander from the subject, and jump into places of which it might be difficult to guess the way out; so that I shall make a learned doctor who looks for method quite impatient with me." The work is indeed full of curiosities and anecdotes, with many critical ones concerning history. At first it found an easy entrance into France, as a simple account of comets, but when it was discovered that Bayle's comet had a number of fiery tales concerning the French and the Austrians, it soon became as terrific as the comet itself, and was prohibited!

Bayle's "*Critique generale de l'Histoire du Calvinisme par le Père Maimbourg,*" had more pleasantry than bitterness, except to the palate of the vindictive Father,

who was of too hot a constitution to relish the delicacy of our author's wit. Maimbourg stirred up all the intrigues he could rouse to get the Critique burnt by the hangman at Paris. The lieutenant of the police, De la Reynie, who was among the many who did not dislike to see the Father corrected by Bayle, delayed this execution from time to time, till there came a final order. This lieutenant of the police was a shrewd fellow, and wishing to put an odium on the bigoted Maimbourg, allowed the irascible Father to write the proclamation himself with all the violence of an enraged author. It is a curious specimen of one who evidently wished to burn his brother with his book. In this curious proclamation, which has been preserved as a literary curiosity, Bayle's "Critique" is declared to be defamatory and calumnious, abounding with seditious forgeries, pernicious to all good subjects, and therefore is condemned to be torn to pieces, and burnt at the *Place de Grève*. All printers and booksellers are forbidden to print, or to sell, or disperse the said abominable book, under *pain of death*; and all other persons, of what quality or condition soever, are to undergo the penalty of exemplary punishment. De la Reynie must have smiled on submissively receiving this effusion from our enraged author; and to punish Maimbourg in the only way he could contrive, and to do at the same time the greatest kindness to Bayle, whom he admired, he dispersed three thousand copies of this proclamation to be posted up through Paris: the alarm and the curiosity were simultaneous; but the latter prevailed. Every book collector hastened to procure a copy so terrifically denounced, and

at the same time so amusing. The author of the "*Livres condamn  au Feu*" might have inserted this anecdote in his collection. It may be worth adding, that Maimbourg always affected to say that he had never read Bayle's work, but he afterwards confessed to Menage, that he could not help valuing a book of such curiosity. Jurieu was so jealous of its success, that Beauval attributes his personal hatred of Bayle to our young philosopher overshadowing that veteran.

The taste for literary history we owe to Bayle; and the great interest he communicated to these researches spread in the national tastes of Europe. France has been always the richest in these stores, but our acquisitions have been rapid, and Johnson, who delighted in them, elevated their means and their end, by the ethical philosophy and the spirit of criticism which he awoke. With Bayle, indeed, his minor works were the seed-plots; but his great Dictionary opened the forest.

It is curious, however, to detect the difficulties of early attempts, and the indifferent success which sometimes attends them in their first state. Bayle, to lighten the fatigue of correcting the second edition of his Dictionary, wrote the first volume of "*R ponses aux Questions d'un Provincial*," a supposititious correspondence with a country gentleman. It was a work of mere literary curiosity, and of a better description of miscellaneous writing than that of the prevalent fashion of giving thoughts and maxims, and fanciful characters, and idle stories, which had satiated the public taste: however, the book was not well received. He attributes

the public caprice to his prodigality of literary anecdotes, and other *minutæ literariæ*, and his frequent quotations! but he defends himself with skill. "It is against the nature of things to pretend that in a work to prove and clear up facts, an author should only make use of his own thoughts, or that he ought to quote very seldom. Those who say that the work does not sufficiently interest the public, are doubtless in the right; but an author cannot interest the public except he discusses moral or political subjects. All others with which men of letters fill their books are useless to the public; and we ought to consider them as only a kind of frothy nourishment in themselves; but which, however, gratify the curiosity of many readers, according to the diversity of their tastes. What is there, for example, less interesting to the public than the *Bibliothèque Choisie* of Colomés (a small bibliographical work); yet is that work looked on as excellent in its kind. I could mention other works which are read, though containing nothing which interests the public." Two years after, when he resumed these letters, he changed his plan; he became more argumentative, and more sparing of literary and historical articles. We have now certainly obtained more decided notions of the nature of this species of composition, and treat such investigations with more skill; still they are "caviare to the general." An accumulation of dry facts, without any exertion of taste or discussion, forms but the barren and obscure diligence of title-hunters. All things which come to the reader without having first passed through the mind, as well as the pen of the writer, will be still open to the

fatal objection of insane industry raging with a depraved appetite for trash and cinders, and this is the line of demarcation which will for ever separate a Bayle from a Prosper Marchand, and a Warton from a Ritson; the one must be satisfied to be useful, but the other will not fail to delight. Yet something must be alleged in favour of those who may sometimes indulge researches too minutely, perhaps there is a point beyond which nothing remains but useless curiosity; yet this too may be relative. The pleasure of these pursuits is only tasted by those who are accustomed to them, and whose employments are thus converted into amusements. A man of fine genius, Addison relates, trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity, upon being obliged to search into several rolls and records, at first found this a very dry and irksome employment, yet he assured me, that at last he took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil and Cicero.

As for our Bayle, he exhibits a perfect model of the real literary character. He, with the secret alchymy of human happiness, extracted his tranquillity out of the baser metals, at the cost of his ambition and his fortune. Throughout a voluminous work, he experienced the enjoyment of perpetual acquisition and delight; he obtained glory, and he endured persecution. He died as he had lived, in the same uninterrupted habits of composition; for with his dying hand, and nearly speechless, he sent a fresh proof to the printer!

CICERO VIEWED AS A COLLECTOR.

FUSELI, in the introduction to the second part of his Lectures, has touched on the character of Cicero, respecting his knowledge and feeling of Art, in a manner which excites our curiosity. "Though Cicero seems to have had as little *native taste* for painting and sculpture, and even less than he had taste for poetry, he had a conception of Nature, and with his usual acumen frequently scattered useful hints and pertinent observations. For many of these he might probably be indebted to Hortensius, with whom, though his rival in eloquence, he lived on terms of familiarity, and who was a man of declared taste, and one of the first collectors of the time." We may trace the progress of *Cicero's taste for the works of art*. It was probably a late, though an ardent pursuit; and their actual enjoyment seems with this celebrated man rather to have been connected with some future plan of life.

Cicero, when about forty-three years of age, seems to have projected the formation of a library and a collection of antiquities, with the remote intention of secession, and one day stealing away from the noisy honours of the republic. Although that great man remained too long a victim to his political ambition, yet at all times his natural dispositions would break out, and amidst his public avocations he often anticipated a time when life would be unvalued without uninterrupted repose, but repose, destitute of the ample furniture, and even of the luxuries of a mind occupying

itself in literature and art, would only for him have opened the repose of a desert! It was rather his provident wisdom than their actual enjoyment, which induced him, at a busied period of his life, to accumulate from all parts, books, and statues, and curiosities, without number; in a word, to become, according to the term, too often misapplied and misconceived among us, for it is not always understood in an honourable sense, a COLLECTOR!

Like other later collectors, Cicero often appears ardent to possess what he was not able to command; sometimes he entreats, or circuitously negotiates, or is planning the future means to secure the acquisitions which he thirsted after. He is repeatedly soliciting his literary friend Atticus to keep his books for him, and not to dispose of his collections on any terms, however earnestly the bidders may crowd; and, to keep his patience in good hope (for Atticus imagined his collection would exceed the price which Cicero could afford), he desires Atticus not to despair of his being able to make them his, for that he was saving all his rents to purchase these books for the relief of his old age.

This projected library, and collection of antiquities, it was the intention of Cicero to have placed in his favourite villa in the neighbourhood of Rome, whose name, consecrated by time, now proverbially describes the retirement of a man of elegant tastes. To adorn his villa at Tusculum formed the day-dreams of this man of genius, and his passion broke out in all the enthusiasm and impatience which so frequently charac-

terise the modern collector. Not only Atticus, on whose fine taste he could depend, but every one likely to increase his acquisitions, was Cicero persecuting with entreaties on entreaties, with the seduction of large prices, and with the expectation, that if the orator and consul would submit to accept any bribe, it would hardly be refused in the shape of a manuscript or a statue. "In the name of our friendship," says Cicero, addressing Atticus, "suffer nothing to escape you of whatever you find curious or rare." When Atticus informed him that he should send him a fine statue, in which the heads of Mercury and Minerva were united together, Cicero, with the enthusiasm of a maniacal lover of the present day, finds every object which is uncommon the very thing for which he has a proper place. "Your discovery is admirable, and the statue you mention seems to have been made purposely for my cabinet." Then follows an explanation of the mystery of this allegorical statue, which expressed the happy union of exercise and study. "Continue," he adds, "to collect for me as you have promised, *in as great a quantity as possible*, morsels of this kind." Cicero, like other collectors, may be suspected not to have been very difficult in his choice, and for him the curious was not less valued than the beautiful. The mind and temper of Cicero were of a robust and philosophical cast, not too subject to the tortures of those whose morbid imagination and delicacy of taste touch on infirmity. It is, however, amusing to observe this great man, actuated by all the fervour and joy of collecting. "I have paid your agent, as you ordered, for the Megaric statues

send me as *many* of them as you can, *and as soon as possible*, with any others which you think proper for the place, and to my taste, and good enough to please yours. You cannot imagine how greatly my *passion increases* for this sort of things; it is such that it may appear *ridiculous* in the eyes of many, but you are my friend, and will only think of satisfying my wishes." Again—"Purchase for me, without thinking farther, all that you discover of rarity. My friend, do not spare my purse." And, indeed, in another place he loves Atticus both for his promptitude and cheap purchases *Te multum amamus, quod ea abs te diligenter, parvogue curata sunt.*

Our collectors may not be displeased to discover at their head so venerable a personage as Cicero; nor to sanction their own feverish thirst and panting impatience with all the raptures on the day of possession, and the "saving of rents" to afford commanding prices—by the authority of the greatest philosopher of antiquity.

A fact is noticed in this article which requires elucidation. In the life of a true collector, the selling of his books is a singular incident. The truth is, that the elegant friend of Cicero, residing in the literary city of Athens, appears to have enjoyed but a moderate income, and may be said to have traded not only in books, but in gladiators, whom he let out, and also charged interest for the use of his money; circumstances which Cornelius Nepos, who gives an account of his landed property, has omitted, as, perhaps, not well adapted to heighten the interesting picture which he gives of Atticus, but

which the Abbé Mongault has detected in his curious notes on Cicero's letters to Atticus. It is certain that he employed his slaves, who, "to the foot-boy," as Middleton expresses himself, were all literary and skilful scribes, in copying the works of the best authors for his own use; but the duplicates were sold, to the common profit of the master and the slave. The state of literature among the ancients may be paralleled with that of the age of our first restorers of learning, when printing was not yet established; then Boccaccio, and Petrarch, and such men, were collectors, and zealously occupied in the manual labour of transcription; immeasurable was the delight of that avariciousness of manuscript, by which, in a certain given time, the possessor, with an unwearied pen, could enrich himself by his copy: and this copy an estate would not always purchase! Besides that a manuscript selected by Atticus, or copied by the hand of Boccaccio and Petrarch, must have risen in value, associating it with the known taste and judgment of the COLLECTOR.

THE HISTORY OF THE CARACCI

THE congenial histories of literature and of art are accompanied by the same periodical revolutions; and none is more interesting than that one which occurs in the decline and corruption of arts, when a single mind returning to right principles, amidst the degenerated race who had forsaken them, seems to create a new epoch, and teaches a servile race once more how to invent! These epochs are few, but are easily distin-

guished. The human mind is never stationary ; it advances or it retrogrades, having reached its meridian point, when the hour of perfection has gone by, it must verge to its decline. In all Art, perfection lapses into that weakened state too often dignified as classical imitation ; but it sinks into mannerism, and wantons into affectation, till it shoots out into fantastic novelties. When all languishes in a state of mediocrity, or is deformed by false tastes, then is reserved for a fortunate genius the glory of restoring another golden age of invention. The history of the Caracci family serves as an admirable illustration of such an epoch, while the personal characters of the three Caracci throw an additional interest over this curious incident in the history of the works of genius.

The establishment of the famous *accademia*, or school of painting, at Bologna, which restored the art in the last stage of degeneracy, originated in the profound meditations of Lodovico. There was a happy boldness in the idea ; but its great singularity was that of discovering those men of genius, who alone could realise his ideal conception, amidst his own family circle, and yet these were men whose opposite dispositions and acquirements could hardly have given any hope of mutual assistance, and much less of melting together their minds and their work in such an unity of conception and execution, that even to our days they leave the critics undetermined which of the Caracci to prefer ; each excelling the other in some pictorial quality. Often combining together in the same picture, the mingled labour of three painters seemed to proceed

from one pallet, as their works exhibit which adorn the churches of Bologna. They still dispute about a picture, to ascertain which of the Caracci painted it; and still one prefers Lodovico for his *grandiosità*, another Agostino for his invention, and others Annibale for his vigour or his grace*.

What has been told of others, happened to Lodovico Caracci in his youth; he struggled with a mind tardy in its conceptions, so that he gave no indications of talent; and was apparently so inept as to have been advised by two masters to be satisfied to grind the colours he ought not otherwise to meddle with. Tintoretto, from friendship, exhorted him to change his trade. "This sluggishness of intellect did not proceed," observes the sagacious Lanzi, "from any deficiency, but from the depth of his penetrating mind: early in life he dreaded the ideal as a rock on which so many of his contemporaries had been shipwrecked." His hand was not blest with precocious facility, because his mind was unsettled about truth itself; he was still seeking for nature, which he could not discover in those wretched mannerists, who, boasting of their freedom and expedition in their bewildering tastes, which they called the ideal, relied on the diplomas and honours obtained by intrigue or purchase, which sanctioned their follies in the eyes of the multitude. "Lodovico," says Lanzi, "would first satisfy his own mind on every line; he would not paint till painting well became a habit, and till habit produced facility."

* Lanzi, Storia Pittorica, v 85

Lodovico then sought in other cities for what he could not find at Bologna. He travelled to inspect the works of the elder masters; he meditated on all their details; he penetrated to the very thoughts of the great artists, and grew intimate with their modes of conception and execution. The true principles of art were collected together in his own mind,—the rich fruits of his own studies,—and these first prompted him to invent a new school of painting*.

Returning to Bologna, he found his degraded brothers in art still quarrelling about the merits of the old and the new school, and still exulting in their vague conceptions and expeditious methods. Lodovico, who had observed all, had summed up his principles in one grand maxim,—that of combining a close observation of nature with the imitation of the great masters, modifying both, however, by the disposition of the artist himself. Such was the simple idea and the happy project of Lodovico! Every perfection seemed to have been obtained: the *Raffaeleschi* excelled in the ideal, the *Michelangioleschi* in the anatomical; the Venetian and the Lombard schools in brilliant vivacity or philosophic gravity. All seemed preoccupied, but the secret of breaking the bonds of servile imitation was a new art: of mingling into one school the charms of every school, adapting them with freedom; and having been taught by all, to remain a model for all; or, as Lanzi expresses it, *dopo avere appreso da tutte insegnò a tutte*. To restore Art in its decline, Lodovico pressed all the sweets from all

* D'Argenville, Vies des Peintres, n 46.

the flowers; or, melting together all his rich materials, formed one Corinthian brass. This school is described by Du Fresnoy in the character of Annibale,

————— Quos sedulus Hannibal omnes
IN PROPRIAM MENTEM atque moiem mirâ arte COEGIT

Paraphrased by Mason,

From all their charms combined, with happy toil,
Did Annibal compose his wondrous style,
O'er the fair fraud so close a veil is thrown,
That every borrow'd grace becomes his own*

Lodovico perceived that he could not stand alone in

* The curious reader of taste may refer to Fuseli's Second Lecture for a *diatribe* against what he calls "the Eclectic School, which, by selecting the beauties, correcting the faults, supplying the defects, and avoiding the extremes of the different styles, attempted to form a perfect system." He acknowledges the greatness of the Caracci, yet he laughs at the mere copying the manners of various painters into one picture. But perhaps, I say it with all possible deference, our animated critic forgot for a moment that it was no mechanical imitation the Caracci inculcated *nature* and *art* were to be equally studied, and *secondo il nato talento e la propria sua disposizione*. Barry distinguishes with praise and warmth. "Whether," says he, "we may content ourselves with adopting the *manly plan of art* pursued by the Caracci and their school at Bologna, in uniting the perfections of all the other schools, or whether, which I rather hope, we look farther into the style of design upon our own studies after nature, whichever of these plans the nation might fix on," &c., ii 518. Thus three great names, Du Fresnoy, Fuseli, and Barry, restricted their notions of the Caracci plan to a mere imitation of the great masters; but Lanzi, in unfolding Lodovico's project, lays down as his first principle the observation of nature, and, secondly, the imitation of the great masters, and all modified by the natural disposition of the artist

the breach, and single-handed encounter an impetuous multitude. He thought of raising up a party among those youthful aspirants who had not yet been habitually depraved. He had a brother whose talent could never rise beyond a poor copyist's, and him he had the judgment, unswayed by undue partiality, to account as a cipher; but he found two of his cousins, men capable of becoming as extraordinary as himself.

These brothers, Agostino and Annibale, first by nature, and then by their manners and habits, were of the most opposite dispositions. Born amidst humble occupations, their father was a tailor, and Annibale was still working on the paternal board, while Agostino was occupied by the elegant works of the goldsmith, whence he acquired the fine art of engraving, in which he became the Marc Antonio of his time. Their manners, perhaps, resulted from their trades. Agostino was a man of science and literature: a philosopher and poet, of the most polished elegance, the most enchanting conversation, far removed from the vulgar, he became the companion of the learned and the noble. Annibale could scarcely write and read; an inborn ruggedness made him sullen, taciturn, or if he spoke, sarcastic; scorn and ridicule were his bitter delight. Nature had strangely made these brothers little less than enemies. Annibale despised his brother for having entered into the higher circles; he ridiculed his refined manners, and even the neat elegance of his dress. To mortify Agostino, one day, he sent him a portrait of their father threading a needle, and their mother cutting out the cloth, to remind him, as he once whispered in Agos-

tino's ear, when he met him walking with a nobleman, "not to forget that they were sons of a poor tailor!" The same contrast existed in the habits of their mind. Agostino was slow to resolve, difficult to satisfy himself; he was for polishing and maturing every thing: Annibale was too rapid to suffer any delay, and often evading the difficulties of the art, loved to do much in a short time. Lodovico soon perceived their equal and natural aptitude for art, and placing Agostino under a master, who was celebrated for his facility of execution, he fixed Annibale in his own study, where his cousin might be taught by observation the *Festina lente*; how the best works are formed by a leisurely haste. Lodovico seems to have adopted the artifice of Isocrates in his management of two pupils, of whom he said, that the one was to be pricked on by the spur, and the other kept in by the rein.

But a new difficulty arose in the attempt to combine together such incongruous natures, the thoughtful Lodovico, intent on the great project of the reformation of the art, by his prudence long balanced their unequal tempers, and with that penetration which so strongly characterises his genius, directed their distinct talents to his one great purpose. From the literary Agostino he obtained the philosophy of critical lectures and scientific principles, invention and designing solely occupied Annibale; while the softness of contours, lightness and grace, were his own acquisition. But though Annibale presumptuously contemned the rare

and elevated talents of Agostino, and scarcely submitted to copy the works of Lodovico, whom he preferred to rival, yet, according to a traditional rumour which Lanzi records, it was Annibale's decision of character which enabled him, as it were, unperceived, to become the master over his cousin and his brother, Lodovico and Agostino long hesitated to oppose the predominant style, in their first Essays; Annibale hardly decided to persevere in opening their new career by opposing "works to voices," and to the enervate labours of their wretched rivals, their own works, warm in vigour and freshness, conducted on the principles of nature and art.

The Caracci not only resolved to paint justly, but to preserve the art itself, by perpetuating the perfect taste of the true style among their successors. In their own house they opened an *Accademia*, calling it *degli Incamminati*, "the opening a new way," or "the beginners." The academy was furnished with casts, drawings, prints, a school for anatomy, and for the living figure; receiving all comers with kindness; teaching gratuitously, and, as it is said, without jealousy; but too many facts are recorded to allow us to credit the banishment of this infectious passion from the academy of the Caracci, who, like other congregated artists, could not live together and escape their own endemial fever.

It was here, however, that Agostino found his eminence as the director of their studies; delivering lectures on architecture and perspective, and pointing out from his stores of history and fable subjects for the designs of their pupils, who, on certain days, exhibited their works

to the most skilful judges, adjusting the merits by their decisions. "To the crowned sufficient is the prize of glory," says Lanzi; and while the poets chanted their praises, the lyre of Agostino himself gratefully celebrated the progress of his pupils. A curious sonnet has been transmitted to us, where Agostino, like the ancient legislators, compresses his new laws into a few verses, easily to be remembered. The sonnet is now well known, since Fuseli and Barry have preserved it in their lectures. This singular production has, however, had the hard fate of being unjustly depreciated: Lanzi calls it *pittresco veramente più che poetico*; Fuseli sarcastically compares it to "a medical prescription." It delighted Barry, who calls it "a beautiful poem." Considered as a didactic and descriptive poem, no lover of art, who has ever read it, will cease to repeat it till he has got it by heart. In this academy every one was free to indulge his own taste, provided he did not violate the essential principles of art, for, though the critics have usually described the character of this new school to have been an imitation of the preceding ones, it was their first principle to be guided by nature, and their own dispositions, and if their painter was deficient in originality, it was not the fault of this academy, so much as of the academician. In difficult doubts they had recourse to Lodovico, whom Lanzi describes in his school like Homer among the Greeks, *fons ingeniorum*, profound in every part of painting. Even the recreations of the pupils were contrived to keep their mind and hand in exercise; in their walks sketching landscapes from nature, or amusing themselves with what the

Italians call *Caricatura*, a term of large signification; for it includes many sorts of grotesque inventions, whimsical incongruities, such as those arabesques found at Herculaneum, where Anchises, Æneas, and Ascanius are burlesqued by heads of apes and pigs, or Arion, with a grotesque motion, is straddling a great trout, or like that ludicrous parody which came from the hand of Titian, in a playful hour, when he sketched the Laocoon whose three figures consist of apes. Annibale had a peculiar facility in these incongruous inventions, and even the severe Leonardo da Vinci considered them as useful exercises.

Such was the academy founded by the Caracci; and Lodovico lived to realise his project in the reformation of art, and witnessed the school of Bologna flourishing afresh when all the others had fallen. The great masters of this last epoch of Italian painting were their pupils. Such were Domenichino, who, according to the expression of Bellori, *delinea gli animi, colorisce la vita*; he drew the soul and coloured life*; Albano, whose grace distinguishes him as the Anacreon of painting; Guido, whose touch was all beauty and delicacy, and, as Passeri delightfully expresses it, "whose faces came from Paradise†," a scholar of whom his masters became jealous, while Annibale, to depress Guido, patronised Domenichino, and even the wise Lodovico could not dissimulate the fear of a new competitor in a pupil, and to mortify Guido, preferred Guercino, who trod in

* Bellori, *Le Vite de Pitton*, &c.

† Passeri, *Vite de Pitton*.

another path. Lanfranco closes this glorious list, whose freedom and grandeur for their full display required the ample field of some vast history.

The secret history of this *Accademia* forms an illustration for that chapter on "Literary Jealousy" which I have written in "The Literary Character." We have seen even the gentle Lodovico infected by it; but it raged in the breast of Annibale. Careless of fortune as they were through life, and freed from the bonds of matrimony, that they might wholly devote themselves to all the enthusiasm of their art, they lived together in the perpetual intercourse of their thoughts; and even at their meals laid on their table their crayons and their papers, so that any motion or gesture which occurred, as worthy of picturing, was instantly sketched. Annibale catching something of the critical taste of Agostino, learnt to work more slowly, and to finish with more perfection, while his inventions were enriched by the elevated thoughts and erudition of Agostino. Yet a circumstance which happened in the academy betrays the mordacity and envy of Annibale at the superior accomplishments of his more learned brother. While Agostino was describing with great eloquence the beauties of the Laocoon, Annibale approached the wall, and snatching up his crayons, drew the marvellous figure with such perfection, that the spectators gazed on it in astonishment. Alluding to his brother's lecture, the proud artist disdainfully observed, "Poets paint with words, but painters only with their pencils*."

* D'Argenville, n 26.

The brothers could neither live together nor endure absence. Many years their life was one continued struggle and mortification, and Agostino often sacrificed his genius to pacify the jealousy of Annibale, by relinquishing his pallet to resume those exquisite engravings, in which he corrected the faulty outlines of the masters whom he copied, so that his engravings are more perfect than their originals. To this unhappy circumstance, observes Lanzi, we must attribute the loss of so many noble compositions which otherwise Agostino, equal in genius to the other Caracci, had left us. The jealousy of Annibale, at length, for ever tore them asunder. Lodovico happened not to be with them when they were engaged in painting together the Farnesian gallery at Rome. A rumour spread that in their present combined labour the engraver had excelled the painter. This Annibale could not forgive; he raved at the bite of the serpent: words could not mollify, nor kindness any longer appease that perturbed spirit; neither the humiliating forbearance of Agostino, the counsels of the wise, nor the mediation of the great. They separated for ever! a separation in which they both languished, till Agostino, broken-hearted, sunk into an early grave, and Annibale, now brotherless, lost half his genius; his great invention no longer accompanied him—for Agostino was not by his side*! After suffering

* Fuseli describes the gallery of the Farnese palace as a work of uniform vigour of execution, which nothing can equal but its *imbecility and incongruity of conception*. This deficiency in Annibale was always readily supplied by the taste and learning of Agostino, the

many vexations, and preyed on by his evil temper, Annibale was deprived of his senses.

AN ENGLISH ACADEMY OF LITERATURE *

WE have Royal Societies for philosophers, for antiquaries, and for artists—none for men of letters! The lovers of philological studies have regretted the want of an asylum since the days of Anne, when the establishment of an English Academy of Literature was designed; but political changes occurred which threw out a literary administration. France and Italy have glorièd in great national academies, and even in provincial ones. With us, the curious history and the fate of the societies at Spalding, Stamford, and Peterborough, whom their zealous founder lived to see sink into country clubs, is that of most of our *rural* attempts at literary academies! The Manchester society has but an ambiguous existence; and that of Exeter expired in its birth. Yet that a great purpose may be obtained by an inconsiderable number, the history of “The Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures,” &c., may prove, for that originally consisted only of twelve persons, brought together with great difficulty, and neither distinguished for their ability nor their rank.

The opponents to the establishment of an academy in this country may urge, and find Bruyère on their

vigour of Annibale was deficient both in sensibility and correct invention

* Long after this article was composed, the *Royal Society of Literature* was projected

side, that no corporate body generates a single man of genius. No Milton, no Hume, no Adam Smith, will spring out of an academical community, however they may partake of one common labour. Of the fame, too, shared among the many, the individual feels his portion too contracted, besides that he will often suffer by comparison. Literature, with us, exists independent of patronage or association. We have done well without an academy; our dictionary and our style have been polished by individuals, and not by a society.

The advocates for such a literary institution may reply, that in what has been advanced against it, we may perhaps find more glory than profit. Had an academy been established in this country, we should have possessed all our present advantages, with the peculiar ones of such an institution. A series of volumes composed by the learned of England, had rivalled the precious "Memoirs of the French Academy," probably more philosophical, and more congenial to our modes of thinking! The congregating spirit creates by its sympathy, an intercourse exists between its members, which had not otherwise occurred, in this attrition of minds, the torpid awakens, the timid is emboldened, and the secluded is called forth; to contradict, and to be contradicted, is the privilege and the source of knowledge. Those original ideas, hints, and suggestions, which some literary men sometimes throw out once or twice during their whole lives, might here be preserved; and if endowed with sufficient funds, there are important labours, which surpass the means and industry of the individual, which would be more advantageously performed by such literary unions.

An academy of literature can only succeed by the same means in which originated all such academies—among individuals themselves. It will not be “by the favour of the MANY, but by the wisdom and energy of the FEW.” It is not even in the power of royalty to create at a word what can only be formed by the co-operation of the workmen themselves, and of the great taskmaster, Time!

Such institutions have sprung from the same principle, and have followed the same march. It was from a private meeting that “The French Academy” derived its origin; and the true beginners of that celebrated institution assuredly had no foresight of the object to which their conferences tended. Several literary friends at Paris, finding the extent of the city occasioned much loss of time in their visits, agreed to meet on a fixed day every week, and chose Conrart’s residence as central. They met for the purposes of general conversation, or to walk together, or, what was not least social, to partake in some refreshing *collation*. All being literary men, those who were authors submitted their new works to this friendly society, who, without jealousy or malice, freely communicated their strictures; the works were improved, the authors were delighted, and the critics were honest! Such was the happy life of the members of this private society, during three or four years. Pelisson, the earliest historian of the French Academy, has delightfully described it: “It was such that, now when they speak of these first days of the academy, they call it the golden age, during which, with all the innocence and freedom of that fortunate period, without pomp and noise, and without any other laws

than those of friendship, they enjoyed together all which a society of minds, and a rational life, can yield of whatever softens and charms."

They were happy, and they resolved to be silent, nor was this bond and compact of friendship violated till one of them, Malleville, secretary of Marshal Bassompierre, being anxious that his friend Faret, who had just printed his *L'Honnête Homme*, which he had drawn from the famous "Il Cortigiano" of Castiglione, should profit by all their opinions, procured his admission to one of their conferences, Faret presented them with his book, heard a great deal concerning the nature of his work, was charmed by their literary communications, and returned home ready to burst with the secret. Could the society hope that others would be more faithful than they had been to themselves? Faret happened to be one of those light-hearted men who are communicative in the degree in which they are grateful, and he whispered the secret to Des Marets and to Boisrobert. The first, as soon as he heard of such a literary senate, used every effort to appear before them and read the first volume of his "Ariane." Boisrobert, a man of distinction, and a common friend to them all, could not be refused an admission; he admired the frankness of their mutual criticisms. The society, besides, was a new object; and his daily business was to furnish an amusing story to his patron Richelieu. The cardinal-minister was very literary, and apt to be sohipped in his hours of retirement, that the physician declared, that "all his drugs were of no avail, unless his patient mixed with them a drachm of

Boisrobert." In one of those fortunate moments, when the cardinal was "in the vein," Boisrobert painted, with the warmest hues, this region of literary felicity, of a small, happy society formed of critics and authors! The minister, who was ever considering things in that particular aspect which might tend to his own glory, instantly asked Boisrobert, whether this private meeting would not like to be constituted a public body, and establish itself by letters patent, offering them his protection. The flatterer of the minister was overjoyed, and executed the important mission; but not one of the members shared in the rapture, while some regretted an honour which would only disturb the sweetness and familiarity of their intercourse. Malleville, whose master was a prisoner in the Bastile, and Serisay, the *intendant* of the Duke of Rochefaucault, who was in disgrace at court, loudly protested, in the style of an opposition party, against the protection of the minister; but Chapelain, who was known to have no party-interests, argued so clearly, that he left them to infer that Richelieu's *offer* was a *command*; that the cardinal was a minister who willed not things by halves; and was one of those very great men who avenge any contempt shown to them, even on such little men as themselves! In a word, the dogs bowed their necks to the golden collar. However, the appearance, if not the reality, of freedom was left to them; and the minister allowed them to frame their own constitution, and elect their own magistrates and citizens in this infant and illustrious republic of literature. The history of the farther establishment of the French Academy is elegantly

narrated by Pelisson. The usual difficulty occurred of fixing on a title, and they appear to have changed it so often, that the academy was at first addressed by more than one title; *Academie des beaux Esprits*; *Academie de l'Eloquence*; *Academie Eminente*, in allusion to the quality of the cardinal, its protector. Desirous of avoiding the extravagant and mystifying titles of the Italian academies*, they fixed on the most unaffected, "*L'Academie Française*," but though the national genius may disguise itself for a moment, it cannot be entirely got rid of, and they assumed a vaunting device of a laurel wreath, including their epigraph, "*à l'Immortalité*." The Academy of Petersburg has chosen a more enlightened inscription, *Paulatim* ("little by little,") so expressive of the great labours of man—even of the inventions of genius!

Such was the origin of L'ACADEMIE FRANÇAISE, it was long a private meeting before it became a public institution. Yet, like the Royal Society, its origin has been attributed to political motives, with a view to divert the attention from popular discontents; but when we look into the real origin of the French Academy, and our Royal Society, it must be granted, that if the government either in France or England ever entertained this project, it came to them so accidentally that at least we cannot allow them the merit of profound invention. Statesmen are often considered

* See an article "On the ridiculous titles assumed by the Italian Academies," in this volume.

by speculative men in their closets to be mightier wonder-workers than they often prove to be.

Were the origin of the Royal Society inquired into, it might be justly dated a century before its existence; the real founder was Lord Bacon, who planned the *ideal institution* in his philosophical romance of the New Atlantis! This notion is not fanciful, and it was that of its first founders, as not only appears by the expression of old Aubrey, when alluding to the commencement of the society, he adds, *secundum mentem Domini Baconi*; but by a rare print designed by Evelyn, probably for a frontispiece to Bishop Sprat's history, although we seldom find the print in the volume. The design is precious to a Grangerite, exhibiting three fine portraits. On one side is represented a library, and on the table lie the statutes, the journals, and the mace of the Royal Society; on its opposite side are suspended numerous philosophical instruments, in the centre of the print is a column, on which is placed a bust of Charles the Second, the patron; on each side whole lengths of Lord Brouncker, the first president, and Lord Bacon, as the founder, inscribed *Artium Instaurator*. The graver of Hollar has preserved this happy intention of Evelyn's which exemplifies what may be called the continuity and genealogy of genius, as its spirit is perpetuated by its successors.

When the fury of the civil wars had exhausted all parties, and a breathing time from the passions and madness of the age allowed ingenious men to return once more to their forsaken studies, Bacon's vision of

a philosophical society appears to have occupied their reveries. It charmed the fancy of Cowley and Milton, but the politics and religion of the times were still possessed by the same frenzy, and divinity and politics were unanimously agreed to be utterly proscribed from their inquiries. On the subject of religion they were more particularly alarmed, not only at the time of the foundation of the society, but at a much later period, when under the direction of Newton himself. Even Bishop Sprat, their first historian, observed, that "they have freely admitted men of different religions, countries, and professions of life; not to lay the foundation of an English, Scotch, Irish, popish, or protestant philosophy, but a philosophy of mankind." A curious protest of the most illustrious of philosophers may be found: when "the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge" were desirous of holding their meetings at the house of the Royal Society, Newton drew up a number of arguments against their admission. One of them is, that "It is a fundamental rule of the society not to meddle with religion; and the reason is, that we may give no occasion to religious bodies to meddle with us." Newton would not even comply with their wishes, lest by this complance the Royal Society might "dissatisfy those of other religions." The wisdom of the protest by Newton is as admirable as it is remarkable,—the preservation of the Royal Society from the passions of the age.

It was in the lodgings of Dr. Wilkins in Wadham College that a small philosophical club met together, which proved to be, as Aubrey expresses it, the *incu-*

nabula of the Royal Society. When the members were dispersed about London, they renewed their meetings first at a tavern, then at a private house; and when the society became too great to be called a club, they assembled in "the parlour" of Gresham College, which itself had been raised by the munificence of a citizen, who endowed it liberally, and presented a noble example to the individuals now assembled under its roof. The society afterwards derived its title from a sort of accident. The warm loyalty of Evelyn in the first hopeful days of the Restoration, in his dedicatory epistle of Naudé's treatise on libraries, called that philosophical meeting THE ROYAL SOCIETY. These learned men immediately voted their thanks to Evelyn for the happy designation, which was so grateful to Charles the Second, who was himself a virtuoso of the day, that the charter was soon granted: the king, declaring himself their founder, "sent them a mace of silver gilt, of the same fashion and bigness as those carried before his majesty, to be borne before the president on meeting days." To the zeal of Evelyn the Royal Society owe no inferior acquisition to its title and its mace: the noble Arundelian library, the rare literary accumulation of the noble Howards; the last possessor of which had so little inclination for books, that the treasures which his ancestors had collected lay open at the mercy of any purloiner. This degenerate heir to the literature and the name of Howard seemed perfectly relieved when Evelyn sent his marbles which were perishing in his gardens, to Oxford, and his books which were diminishing daily, to the Royal Society!

The SOCIETY of ANTIQUARIES might create a deeper interest, could we penetrate to its secret history: it was interrupted, and suffered to expire, by some obscure cause of political jealousy. It long ceased to exist, and was only reinstated almost in our own days. The revival of learning under Edward the Sixth suffered a severe check from the papistical government of Mary, but under Elizabeth a happier era opened to our literary pursuits. At this period, several students of the inns of court, many of whose names are illustrious for their rank or their genius, formed a weekly society, which they called "the Antiquaries' College." From very opposite quarters we are furnished with many curious particulars of their literary intercourse. it is delightful to discover Rawleigh borrowing manuscripts from the library of Sir Robert Cotton, and Selden deriving his studies from the collections of Rawleigh. Their mode of proceeding has even been preserved. At every meeting they proposed a question or two respecting the history or the antiquities of the English nation, on which each member was expected, at the subsequent meeting, to deliver a dissertation or an opinion. They also "supped together." From the days of Athenæus to those of Dr. Johnson, the pleasures of the table have enlivened those of literature. A copy of each question and a summons for the place of conference were sent to the absent members. The opinions were carefully registered by the secretary, and the dissertations deposited in their archives. One of these summonses to Stowe, the antiquary, with his memoranda on the back,

exists in the Ashmolean Museum. I shall preserve it with all its verbal *æru*go.

“ Society of Antiquaries.

“ To Mr. Stowe.

“ The place appointed for a conference upon the question followinge ys att Mr. Garter's house, on Frydaye the 11th of this November, 1598, being Al Soule's daye, at 11 of the clocke in the afternoone, where your oppinoun in wrytinge or otherwise is expected.

“ The question is,

“ Of the antiquitie, etimologie, and priviledges of parishes in Englande.

“ Yt ys desyred that you give not notice hereof to any, but such as haue the like somons.”

Such is the summons, the memoranda in the handwriting of Stowe are these.—

[630. Honorius Romanus, Archbyshope of Canterbury, devided his province into *parishes*; he ordeyned clerks and prechars, comaunding them that they should instruct the people, as well by good lyfe, as by doctryne.

760. Cuthbert, Archbyshope of Canterbury, procured of the Pope that in cities and townes there should be appoynted church yards for buriall of the dead, whose bodies were used to be buried abroad, & cet.]

Their meetings had hitherto been private; but to give stability to them, they petitioned for a charter of incorporation, under the title of the *Academy for the*

Study of Antiquity and History, founded by Queen Elizabeth. And to preserve all the memorials of history which the dissolution of the monasteries had scattered about the kingdom, they proposed to erect a library, to be called "The Library of Queen Elizabeth." The death of the queen overturned this honourable project. The society was somewhat interrupted by the usual casualties of human life, the members were dispersed, or died, and it ceased for twenty years. Spelman, Camden, and others, desirous of renovating the society, met for this purpose at the Herald's office, they settled their regulations, among which, one was "for avoiding offence, they should neither meddle with matters of state nor religion." "But before our next meeting," says Spelman, "we had notice that his majesty took a *little mishke* of our society, not being informed that we had resolved to decline all matters of state. Yet hereupon we forbore to meet again, and so all our labour's lost!" Unquestionably much was lost, for much could have been produced; and Spelman's work on law-terms, where I find this information, was one of the first projected. James the First has incurred the censure of those who have written more boldly than Spelman on the suppression of this society, but whether James was misinformed by "taking a little mishke," or whether the antiquaries failed in exerting themselves to open their plan more clearly to that "timid pedant," as Gough and others designate this monarch, may yet be doubtful, assuredly James was not a man to contemn their erudition!

The king at this time was busied by furthering a

similar project, which was to found "King James's College at Chelsea;" a project originating with Dean Sutchiff, and zealously approved by Prince Henry, to raise a nursery for young polemics in scholastical divinity, for the purpose of defending the Protestant cause from the attacks of catholics and sectaries; a college which was afterwards called by Laud "Controversy College." In this society were appointed historians and antiquaries, for Camden and Haywood filled these offices.

The Society of Antiquaries, however, though suppressed, was perhaps never extinct. it survived in some shape under Charles the Second, for Ashmole in his Diary notices "the Antiquaries' Feast," as well as "the Astrologers," and another of "the Freemasons." The present society was only incorporated in 1751. There are two sets of their Memoirs, for besides the modern *Archæologia*, we have two volumes of "Curious Discourses," written by the Fathers of the Antiquarian Society in the Age of Elizabeth, collected from their dispersed manuscripts, which Camden preserved with a parental hand.

The philosophical spirit of the age, it might have been expected, would have reached our modern antiquaries; but neither profound views, nor eloquent disquisitions, have imparted that value to their confined researches and languid efforts, which the character of the times, and the excellence of our French rivals in their "Academie," so peremptorily required. It is, however, hopeful to hear Mr. Hallam declare, "I think our last volumes improve a little, and but a little! A

comparison with the Academy of Inscriptions in its better days must still inspire us with shame."

Among the statutes of the Society of Antiquaries, there is one which expels any member "who shall, by speaking, writing, or printing, publicly defame the society." Some things may be too antique and obsolete even for the Society of Antiquaries! and such is this vile restriction! It compromises the freedom of the republic of letters.

QUOTATION

It is generally supposed that where there is no QUOTATION, there will be found most originality. Our writers usually furnish their pages rapidly with the productions of their own soil: they run up a quickset hedge, or plant a poplar, and get trees and hedges of this fashion much faster than the former landlords procured their timber. The greater part of our writers, in consequence, have become so original, that no one cares to imitate them; and those who never quote, in return are seldom quoted!

This is one of the results of that adventurous spirit which is now stalking forth and raging for its own innovations. We have not only rejected AUTHORITY, but have also cast away EXPERIENCE, and often the unburthened vessel is driving to all points of the compass, and the passengers no longer know whither they are going. The wisdom of the wise, and the experience of ages, may be preserved by QUOTATION.

It seems, however, agreed, that no one would quote

if he could think; and it is not imagined that the well-read may quote from the delicacy of their taste, and the fulness of their knowledge. Whatever is felicitously expressed risks being worse expressed: it is a wretched taste to be gratified with mediocrity when the excellent lies before us. We quote, to save proving what has been demonstrated, referring to where the proofs may be found. We quote, to screen ourselves from the odium of doubtful opinions, which the world would not willingly accept from ourselves; and we may quote from the curiosity which only a quotation itself can give, when in our own words it would be divested of that tint of ancient phrase, that detail of narrative, and that *naiveté*, which we have for ever lost, and which we like to recollect once had an existence.

The ancients, who in these matters were not, perhaps, such blockheads as some may conceive, considered poetical quotation as one of the requisite ornaments of oratory. Cicero, even in his philosophical works, is as little sparing of quotations as Plutarch. Old Montaigne is so stuffed with them, that he owns, if they were taken out of him little of himself would remain; and yet this never injured that original turn which the old Gascon has given to his thoughts. I suspect that Addison hardly ever composed a *Spectator* which was not founded on some quotation, noted in those three folio manuscript volumes which he had previously collected; and Addison lasts, while Steele, who always wrote from first impressions and to the times, with perhaps no very inferior genius, has passed away, inso-much that Dr. Beattie once considered that he was

obliging the world by collecting Addison's papers, and carefully omitting Steele's.

Quotation, like much better things, has its abuses. One may quote till one compiles. The ancient lawyers used to quote at the bar till they had stagnated their own cause "Retournons à nos moutons," was the cry of the chent. But these vagrant prowlers must be consigned to the beadles of criticism. Such do not always understand the authors whose names adorn their barren pages, and which are taken, too, from the third or the thirtieth hand. Those who trust to such false quoters will often learn how contrary this transmission is to the sense and application of the original. Every transplantation has altered the fruit of the tree, every new channel, the quality of the stream in its remove from the spring-head. Bayle, when writing on "Comets," discovered this; for having collected many things applicable to his work, as they stood quoted in some modern writers, when he came to compare them with their originals, he was surprised to find that they were nothing for his purpose! the originals conveyed a quite contrary sense to that of the pretended quoters, who often, from innocent blundering, and sometimes from purposed deception, had falsified their quotations. This is an useful story for second-hand authorities!

Selden had formed some notions on this subject of quotations in his "Table-talk," art. "*Books and Authors*;" but, as Le Clerc justly observes, proud of his immense reading, he has too often violated his own precept. "In quoting of books," says Selden, "quote such authors as are usually read, others read for your

own satisfaction, but not name them." Now it happens that no writer names more authors, except Prynne, than the learned Selden. La Mothe le Vayer's curious works consist of fifteen volumes; he is among the the greatest quoters. Whoever turns them over will perceive that he is an original thinker, and a great wit; his style, indeed, is meagre, which, as much as his quotations, may have proved fatal to him. But in both these cases it is evident, that even quoters who have abused the privilege of quotation, are not necessarily writers of a mean genius.

The Quoters who deserve the title, and it ought to be an honorary one, are those who trust to no one but themselves. In borrowing a passage, they carefully observe its connexion; they collect authorities, to reconcile any disparity in them before they furnish the one which they adopt; they advance no fact without a witness, and they are not loose and general in their references, as I have been told is our historian Henry so frequently, that it is suspected he deals much in second-hand ware. Bayle lets us into a mystery of author craft. "Suppose an able man is to prove that an ancient author entertained certain particular opinions, which are only insinuated here and there through his works, I am sure it will take him up more days to collect the passages which he will have occasion for, than to *argue at random* on those passages. Having once found out his authorities and his quotations, which perhaps will not fill six pages, and may have cost him a month's labour, he may finish in two mornings' work, twenty pages of arguments, objections, and answers to

objections ; and, consequently, *what proceeds from our own genius sometimes costs much less time than what is requisite for collecting*. Corneille would have required more time to defend a tragedy by a great collection of authorities, than to write it, and I am supposing the same number of pages in the tragedy and in the defence. Heinsius perhaps bestowed more time in defending his *Herodes infanticidæ* against Balzac, than a Spanish (or a Scotch) metaphysician bestows on a large volume of controversy, where he takes all from his own stock." I am somewhat concerned in the truth of this principle. There are articles in the present work occupying but a few pages, which could never have been produced had not more time been allotted to the researches which they contain than some would allow to a small volume, which might excel in genius, and yet be likely not to be long remembered ! All this is labour which never meets the eye. It is quicker work, with special pleading and poignant periods, to fill sheets with generalising principles, those bird's-eye views of philosophy for the *nonce* seem as if things were seen clearer when at a distance and *en masse*, and require little knowledge of the individual parts. Such an *art of writing* may resemble the famous Lullian method, by which the *doctor illuminatus* enabled any one to invent arguments by a machine ! Two tables, one of *attributes*, and the other of *subjects*, worked about circularly in a frame, and placed correlatively to one another, produced certain combinations ; the number of *questions* multiplied as they were worked ! So that here was a mechanical invention, by

which they might dispute without end, and write on without any particular knowledge of their subject !

But the pains-taking gentry, when heaven sends them genius enough, are the more instructive sort, and they are those to whom we shall appeal while time and truth can meet together. A well-read writer, with good taste, is one who has the command of the wit of other men ; he searches where knowledge is to be found ; and though he may not himself excel in invention, his ingenuity may compose one of those agreeable books, the *delicia* of literature, that will out-last the fading meteors of his day. Epicurus is said to have borrowed from no writer in his three hundred inspired volumes, while Plutarch, Seneca, and the elder Pliny made such free use of their libraries, and it has happened that Epicurus, with his unsubstantial nothingness, has “ melted into thin air,” while the solid treasures have buoyed themselves up amidst the wrecks of nations.

On this subject of quotation, literary politics,—for the commonwealth has its policy and its cabinet-secrets,—are more concerned than the reader suspects. Authorities in matters of fact are often called for ; in matters of opinion, indeed, which, perhaps are of more importance, no one requires any authority. But too open and generous a revelation of the chapter and the page of the original quoted, has often proved detrimental to the legitimate honours of the quoter. They are unfairly appropriated by the next comer, the quoter is never quoted, but the authority he has afforded is produced by his successor with the air of an original research. I

have seen MSS. thus confidently referred to, which could never have met the eye of the writer. A learned historian declared to me of a contemporary, that the latter had appropriated his researches ; he might, indeed, and he had a right to refer to the same originals ; but if his predecessor had opened the sources for him, gratitude is not a silent virtue. Gilbert Stuart thus lived on Robertson : and as Professor Dugald Stewart observes, " his curiosity has seldom led him into any path where the genius and industry of his predecessor had not previously cleared the way." It is for this reason some authors, who do not care to trust to the equity and gratitude of their successors, will not furnish the means of supplanting themselves ; for, by not yielding up their authorities, they themselves become one. Some authors, who are pleased at seeing their names occur in the margins of other books than their own, have practised this political management ; such as Alexander ab Alexandro, and other compilers of that stamp, to whose labours of small value, we are often obliged to refer, from the circumstance that they themselves have not pointed out their authorities.

One word more on this long chapter of QUOTATION. To make a happy one is a thing not easily to be done, Cardinal du Perron used to say, that the happy application of a verse from Virgil was worth a talent ; and Bayle, perhaps too much prepossessed in their favour, has insinuated, that there is not less invention in a just and happy application of a thought found in a book, than in being the first author of that thought. The art of quotation requires more delicacy in the practice than

those conceive who can see nothing more in a quotation than an extract. Whenever the mind of a writer is saturated with the full inspiration of a great author, a quotation gives completeness to the whole, it seals his feelings with undisputed authority. Whenever we would prepare the mind by a forcible appeal, an opening quotation is a symphony preluding on the chords whose tones we are about to harmonise. Perhaps no writers of our times have discovered more of this delicacy of quotation than the author of the "Pursuits of Literature;" and Mr. Southey, in some of his beautiful periodical investigations, where we have often acknowledged the solemn and striking effect of a quotation from our elder writers.

THE ORIGIN OF DANTE'S INFERNO

NEARLY six centuries have elapsed since the appearance of the great work of Dante, and the literary historians of Italy are even now disputing respecting the origin of this poem, singular in its nature and in its excellence. In ascertaining a point so long inquired after, and so keenly disputed, it will rather increase our admiration than detract from the genius of this great poet; and it will illustrate the useful principle, that every great genius is influenced by the objects and the feelings which occupy his own times, only differing from the race of his brothers by the magical force of his developments: the light he sends forth over the world he often catches from the faint and unobserved spark which would die away, and turn to nothing, in another hand.

The *Divina Commedia* of Dante is a visionary journey through the three realms of the after-life existence, and though, in the classical ardour of our poetical pilgrim, he allows his conductor to be a Pagan, the scenes are those of monkish imagination. The invention of a VISION was the usual vehicle for religious instruction in his age, it was adapted to the genius of the sleeping Homer of a monastery, and to the comprehension, and even to the faith, of the populace, whose minds were then awake to these awful themes.

This mode of writing visions has been imperfectly detected by several modern inquirers. It got into the Fabliaux of the Jongleurs, or Provençal bards, before the days of Dante, they had these visions or pilgrimages to Hell, the adventures were no doubt solemn to them—but it seemed absurd to attribute the origin of a sublime poem to such inferior, and to us even ludicrous inventions. Every one, therefore, found out some other origin of Dante's Inferno—since they were resolved to have one—in other works more congenial to its nature; the description of a second life, the melancholy or the glorified scenes of punishment or bliss, with the animated shades of men who were no more, had been opened to the Italian bard by his favourite Virgil, and might have been suggested, according to Warton, by the *Somnium Scipionis* of Cicero.

But the entire work of Dante is Gothic; it is a picture of his times, of his own ideas, of the people about him; nothing of classical antiquity resembles it, and although the name of Virgil is introduced into a

Christian Hades, it is assuredly not the Roman, for Dante's Virgil speaks and acts as the Latin poet could never have done. It is one of the absurdities of Dante, who, like our Shakspeare, or like Gothic architecture itself, has many things which "lead to nothing" amidst their massive greatness.

Had the Italian and the French commentators, who have troubled themselves on this occasion, known the art which we have happily practised in this country, of illustrating a great national bard, by endeavouring to recover the contemporary writings and circumstances which were connected with his studies and his times, they had long ere this discovered the real framework of the Inferno.

Within the last twenty years it had been rumoured that Dante had borrowed, or stolen his *Inferno* from "The Vision of Alberico," which was written two centuries before his time. The literary antiquary Bottari had discovered a manuscript of this Vision of Alberico, and, in haste, made extracts of a startling nature. They were well adapted to inflame the curiosity of those who are eager after anything new about something old, it throws an air of erudition over the small talker, who otherwise would care little about the original! This was not the first time that the whole edifice of genius had been threatened by the motion of a remote earthquake; but in these cases it usually happens that those early discoverers who can judge of a little part, are in total blindness when they would decide on a whole. A poisonous muldew seemed to have settled on the laurels of Dante; nor were we relieved from our constant

inquiries, till il Sigr. Abbate Cancellieri at Rome, published, in 1814, this much talked-of manuscript, and has now enabled us to see and to decide, and even to add the present little article as an useful supplement.

True it is, that Dante must have read with equal attention and delight, this authentic *vision* of Alberico, for it is given, so we are assured by the whole monastery, as it happened to their ancient brother, when a boy; many a striking, and many a positive resemblance in the "*Divina Commedia*" has been pointed out; and Mr. Cary, in his English version of Dante, so English, that he makes Dante speak in blank verse very much like Dante in stanzas, has observed, that "The reader will, in these marked resemblances, see enough to convince him that Dante *had read this singular work.*" The truth is, that the "*Vision of Alberico*" must not be considered as a *singular* work—but, on the contrary, as the prevalent mode of composition in the monastic ages. It has been ascertained that Alberico was written in the twelfth century, judging of the age of a manuscript by the writing. I shall now preserve a vision which a French antiquary had long ago given, merely with the design to show how the monks abused the simplicity of our Gothic ancestors, and with an utter want of taste for such inventions, he deems the present one to be "monstrous." He has not told us the age in which it was written. This vision, however, exhibits such complete scenes of the *Inferno* of the great poet, that the writer must have read Dante, or Dante must have read this writer. The manuscript, with another of the same kind, is in the King's library at Paris, and

some future researcher may ascertain the age of these Gothic compositions; doubtless they will be found to belong to the age of Alberico, for they are alike stamped by the same dark and awful imagination, the same depth of feeling, the solitary genius of the monastery!

It may, however, be necessary to observe, that these "Visions" were merely a vehicle for popular instruction, nor must we depend on the age of their composition by the names of the supposititious visionaries affixed to them: they were the satires of the times. The following elaborate views of some scenes in the *Inferno* were composed by an honest monk who was dissatisfied with the bishops, and took this covert means of pointing out how the neglect of their episcopal duties was punished in the after-life; he had an equal quarrel with the feudal nobility for their oppressions: and he even boldly ascended to the throne.

"The Vision of Charles the Bald, of the places of punishment, and the happiness of the just*.

"I, Charles, by the gratuitous gift of God, king of the Germans, Roman patrician, and likewise emperor of the Franks;

"On the holy night of Sunday, having performed the divine offices of matins, returning to my bed to sleep, a voice most terrible came to my ear; 'Charles! thy spirit shall now issue from thy body; thou shalt go and behold the judgments of God; they shall serve thee only as presages, and thy spirit shall again return shortly afterwards.' Instantly was my spirit rapt, and

* In MS. Bib. Reg. inter lat. No. 2447, p. 134

he who bore me away was a being of the most splendid whiteness. He put into my hand a ball of thread, which shed about a blaze of light, such as the comet darts when it is apparent. He divided it, and said to me, 'Take thou this thread, and bind it strongly on the thumb of thy right hand, and by this I will lead thee through the infernal labyrinth of punishments.'

"Then going before me with velocity, but always unwinding this luminous thread, he conducted me into deep valleys filled with fires, and wells inflamed, blazing with all sorts of unctuous matter. There I observed the prelates who had served my father and my ancestors. Although I trembled, I still, however, inquired of them to learn the cause of their torments. They answered 'We are the bishops of your father and your ancestors; instead of uniting them and their people in peace and concord, we sowed among them discord, and were the kindlers of evil: for this are we burning in these Tartarean punishments; we, and other men-slayers and devourers of rapine. Here also shall come your bishops, and that crowd of satellites who surround you, and who imitate the evil we have done.'

"And while I listened to them tremblingly, I beheld the blackest demons flying with hooks of burning iron, who would have caught that ball of thread which I held in my hand, and have drawn it towards them, but it darted such a reverberating light, that they could not lay hold of the thread. These demons, when at my back, hustled to precipitate me into those sulphureous pits; but my conductor, who carried the ball, wound about my shoulder a double thread, drawing me to him

with such force, that we ascended high mountains of flame, from whence issued lakes and burning streams, melting all kinds of metals. There I found the souls of lords who had served my father and my brothers; some plunged in up to the hair of their heads, others to their chins, others with half their bodies immersed. These yelling, cried to me, 'It is for inflaming discontents with your father, and your brothers, and yourself, to make war and spread murder and rapine, eager for earthly spoils, that we now suffer these torments in these rivers of boiling metal.' While I was timidly bending over their suffering, I heard at my back the clamour of voices, *potentes potenter tormenta patientur* ! 'The powerful suffer torments powerfully;' and I looked up, and beheld on the shores boiling streams and ardent furnaces, blazing with pitch and sulphur, full of great dragons, large scorpions, and serpents of a strange species; where also I saw some of my ancestors, princes, and my brothers also, who said to me, 'Alas, Charles! behold our heavy punishment for evil, and for proud malignant counsels, which, in our realms and in thine, we yielded to from the lust of dominion.' As I was grieving with their groans, dragons hurried on, who sought to devour me with throats opened, belching flame and sulphur. But my leader trebled the thread over me, at whose resplendent light these were overcome. Leading me then securely, we descended into a great valley, which on one side was dark, except where lighted by ardent furnaces, while the amenity of the other was so pleasant and splendid that I cannot describe it. I turned, however

to the obscure and flaming side; I beheld some kings of my race agonised in great and strange punishments, and I thought how in an instant the huge black giants who in turmoil were working to set this whole valley into flames, would have hurled me into these gulfs; I still trembled, when the luminous thread cheered my eyes, and on the other side of the valley a light for a little while whitened, gradually breaking: I observed two fountains; one, whose waters had extreme heat, the other more temperate and clear; and two large vessels filled with these waters. The luminous thread rested on one of the fervid waters, where I saw my father Louis covered to his thighs, and though labouring in the anguish of bodily pain, he spoke to me. 'My son Charles, fear nothing! I know that thy spirit shall return unto thy body; and God has permitted thee to come here that thou mayest witness, because of the sins I have committed, the punishments I endure. One day I am placed in the boiling bath of this large vessel, and on another changed into that of more tempered waters: this I owe to the prayers of Saint Peter, Saint Denis, Saint Remy, who are the patrons of our royal house; but if by prayers and masses, offerings and alms, psalmody and vigils, my faithful bishops, and abbots, and even all the ecclesiastical order, assist me, it will not be long before I am delivered from these boiling waters. Look on your left!' I looked, and beheld two tuns of boiling waters. 'These are prepared for thee,' he said, 'if thou wilt not be thy own corrector, and do penance for thy crimes!' Then I began to sink with horror, but my guide per-

ceiving the panic of my spirit, said to me, 'Follow me to the right of the valley bright in the glorious light of Paradise.' I had not long proceeded, when, amidst the most illustrious kings, I beheld my uncle Lotharius seated on a topaz, of marvellous magnitude, crowned with a most precious diadem; and beside him was his son Louis, like him crowned, and seeing me, he spake with a blandishment of air, and a sweetness of voice, 'Charles, my successor, now the third in the Roman empire, approach! I know that thou hast come to view these places of punishment, where thy father and my brother groans to his destined hour: but still to end by the intercession of the three saints, the patrons of the kings and the people of France. Know that it will not be long ere thou shalt be dethroned, and shortly after thou shalt die!' Then Louis turning towards me: 'Thy Roman empire shall pass into the hands of Louis, the son of my daughter; give him the sovereign authority, and trust to his hands that ball of thread thou holdest.' Directly I loosened it from the finger of my right hand to give the empire to his son. This invested him with empire, and he became brilliant with all light; and at the same instant, admirable to see, my spirit, greatly wearied and broken, returned gliding into my body. Hence let all know whatever happen, that Louis the young possesses the Roman empire destined by God. And so the Lord who reigneth over the living and the dead, and whose kingdom endureth for ever and for aye, will perform when he shall call me away to another life."

The French literary antiquaries judged of these

"Visions" with the mere nationality of their taste. Every thing Gothic with them is barbarous, and they see nothing in the redeeming spirit of genius, nor the secret purpose of these curious documents of the age.

The Vision of Charles the Bald may be found in the ancient chronicles of Saint Denis, which were written under the eye of the Abbé Suger, the learned and able minister of Louis the Young, and which were certainly composed before the thirteenth century. The learned writer of the fourth volume of the *Mélanges tirés d'une grande Bibliothèque*, who had as little taste for these mysterious visions as the other French critic, apologises for the venerable Abbé Suger's admission of such visions: "Assuredly," he says, "the Abbé Suger was too wise and too enlightened to believe in similar visions; but if he suffered its insertion, or if he inserted it himself in the chronicle of Saint Denis, it is because he felt that such a fable offered an excellent lesson to kings, to ministers and bishops, and it had been well if they had not had worse tales told them." The latter part is as philosophical as the former is the reverse.

In these extraordinary productions of a Gothic age we may assuredly discover Dante; but what are they more than the framework of his unimitated picture! It is only this mechanical part of his sublime conceptions that we can pretend to have discovered; other poets might have adopted these "Visions;" but we should have had no "Divina Commedia." Mr. Cary has finely observed of these pretended origins of Dante's genius, although Mr. Cary knew only The Vision of Alberico, "It is the scale of magnificence on which this

conception was framed, and the wonderful development of it in all its parts, that may justly entitle our poet to rank among the few minds to whom the power of a great creative faculty can be ascribed." Milton might originally have sought the seminal hint of his great work from a sort of Italian mystery. In the words of Dante himself,

" Poca favilla gran fiamma seconda "

Il Paradiso, Can. 1.

" ————— From a small spark

Great flame hath risen "

CARY

After all, Dante has said in a letter, " I found the ORIGINAL of MY HELL in THE WORLD which we inhabit," and he said a greater truth than some literary antiquaries can always comprehend* ! "

* In the recent edition of Dante, by Romanis, in four volumes, quarto, the last preserves the vision of Alberico, and a strange correspondence on its publication ; the resemblances in numerous passages are pointed out. It is curious to observe that the good Catholic *Abbate Cancellieri*, at first maintained the *authenticity of the Vision*, by alleging that *similar revelations* have not been unusual !—the Cavaliere *Gherardo Rossi* attacked the whole as the crude legend of a boy who was only made the instrument of the monks, and was either a liar or a parrot ! We may express our astonishment that, at the present day, a subject of mere literary inquiry should have been involved with " the faith of the Roman church " Cancellieri becomes at length submissive to the lively attacks of Rossi, and the editor gravely adds his " conclusion," which had nearly concluded nothing ! He discovers pictures, sculptures, and a mystery acted, as well as Visions in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, from which he imagines the Inferno, the Purgatorio, and the Paradiso, owe their first conception. The originality of Dante, however, is maintained on a right principle ; that the

OF A HISTORY OF EVENTS WHICH HAVE NOT
HAPPENED.

SUCH a title might serve for a work of not incurious nor unphilosophical speculation, which might enlarge our general views of human affairs, and assist our comprehension of those events which are enrolled on the registers of history. The scheme of Providence is carrying on sublunary events, by means inscrutable to us,

“ A mighty maze, but not without a plan !”

Some mortals have recently written history, and “ Lectures on History,” who presume to explain the great scene of human affairs, affecting the same familiarity with the designs of Providence, as with the events which they compile from human authorities. Every party discovers in the events which at first were adverse to their own cause but finally terminate in their favour, that Providence had used a peculiar and particular interference: this is a source of human error and intolerant prejudice. The Jesuit Mariana, exulting over the destruction of the kingdom and nation of the Goths in Spain, observes, that “ It was by a particular providence that out of their ashes might rise *a new and holy Spain, to be the bulwark of the catholic religion ;*” and unquestionably he would have adduced as proofs of this “ holy Spain,” the establishment of the Inquisition, and the dark idolatrous bigotry of that hoodwinked people.

poet only employed the ideas and the materials which he found in his own country and his own times

But a protestant will not sympathise with the feelings of the Jesuit, yet the protestants, too, will discover particular providences, and magnify human events into supernatural ones. This custom has long prevailed among fanatics: we have had books published by individuals, of "particular providences," which, as they imagined, had fallen to their lot. They are called "passages of providence," and one I recollect by a crack-brained puritan, whose experience never went beyond his own neighbourhood, but who having a very bad temper, and many whom he considered his enemies, wrote down all the misfortunes which happened to them as acts of "particular providences," and valued his blessedness on the efficacy of his curses!

Without venturing to penetrate into the mysteries of the present order of human affairs, and the great scheme of fatality or of accident, it may be sufficiently evident to us, that often on a single event revolve the fortunes of men and of nations.

An eminent writer has speculated on the defeat of Charles the Second at Worcester, as "one of those events which most strikingly exemplify how much better events are disposed of by Providence, than they would be if the direction were left to the choice even of the best and the wisest men." He proceeds to show, that a royal victory must have been succeeded by other severe struggles, and by different parties. A civil war would have contained within itself another civil war. One of the blessings of his defeat at Worcester was, that it left the commonwealth's men masters of the three kingdoms, and afforded them "full leisure to com-

plete and perfect their own structure of government. The experiment was fairly tried ; there was nothing from without to disturb the process , it went on duly from change to change." The close of this history is well known. Had the royalists obtained the victory at Worcester, the commonwealth party might have obstinately persisted, that had their republic not been overthrown, "their free and liberal government" would have diffused its universal happiness through the three kingdoms. This idea is ingenious ; and might have been pursued in my proposed "History of Events which have not happened," under the title of "The Battle of Worcester won by Charles the Second." The chapter, however, would have had a brighter close, if the sovereign and the royalists had proved themselves better men than the knaves and fanatics of the commonwealth. It is not for us to scrutinise into "the ways" of Providence ; but if Providence conducted Charles the Second to the throne, it appears to have deserted him when there.

Historians, for a particular purpose, have sometimes amused themselves with a detail of an event which did not happen. A history of this kind we find in the ninth book of Livy ; and it forms a digression, where, with his delightful copiousness, he reasons on the probable consequences which would have ensued had Alexander the Great invaded Italy. Some Greek writers, to raise the Parthians to an equality with the Romans, had insinuated that the great name of this military monarch, who is said never to have lost a battle, would have intimidated the Romans, and would

have checked their passion for universal dominion. The patriotic LIVY, disdaining that the glory of his nation, which had never ceased from war for nearly eight hundred years, should be put in competition with the career of a young conqueror, which had scarcely lasted ten, enters into a parallel of "man with man, general with general, and victory with victory." In the full charm of his imagination he brings Alexander down into Italy, he invests him with all his virtues, and "dusks their lustre" with all his defects. He arranges the Macedonian army, while he exultingly shows five Roman armies at that moment pursuing their conquests; and he cautiously counts the numerous allies who would have combined their forces; he even descends to compare the weapons and the modes of warfare of the Macedonians with those of the Romans. LIVY, as if he had caught a momentary panic at the first success which had probably attended Alexander in his descent into Italy, brings forward the great commanders he would have had to encounter; he compares Alexander with each, and at length terminates his fears, and claims his triumph, by discovering that the Macedonians had but one Alexander, while the Romans had several. This beautiful digression in LIVY is a model for the narrative of an event which never happened.

The Saracens from Asia had spread into Africa, and at length possessed themselves of Spain. Eude, a discontented Duke of Guenne in France, had been vanquished by Charles Martel, who derived that humble but glorious surname from the event we are now to record. Charles had left Eude the enjoyment of his

dukedom, provided that he held it as a fief from the crown; but blind with ambition and avarice, Eude adopted a scheme which threw Christianity itself, as well as Europe, into a crisis of peril which has never since occurred. By marrying a daughter with a Mahometan emir, he rashly began an intercourse with the Ishmaelites, one of whose favourite projects was to plant a formidable colony of their faith in France. An army of four hundred thousand combatants, as the chroniclers of the time affirm, were seen descending into Guienne, possessing themselves in one day of his domains, and Eude soon discovered what sort of workmen he had called, to do that of which he himself was so incapable. Charles, with equal courage and prudence, beheld this heavy tempest bursting over the whole country; and to remove the first cause of this national evil, he reconciled the discontented Eude, and detached the duke from his fatal alliance. But the Saracens were fast advancing through Touraine, and had reached Tours by the river Loire: Abderam, the chief of the Saracens, anticipated a triumph in the multitude of his infantry, his cavalry, and his camels, exhibiting a military warfare unknown in France; he spread out his mighty army to surround the French, and to take them, as it were, in a net. The appearance terrified, and the magnificence astonished. Charles, collecting his far inferior forces, assured them that they had no other France than the spot they covered. He had ordered that the city of Tours should be closed on every Frenchman, unless he entered it victorious; and he took care that every fugitive should be treated as an

enemy by bodies of *gens d'armes*, whom he placed to watch at the wings of his army. The combat was furious. The astonished Mahometan beheld his battalions defeated as he urged them on singly to the French, who on that day had resolved to offer their lives as an immolation to their mother-country. Eude on that day, ardent to clear himself from the odium which he had incurred, with desperate valour, taking a wide compass, attacked his new allies in the rear. The camp of the Mahometan was forced: the shrieks of his women and children reached him from amidst the massacre; terrified, he saw his multitude shaken. Charles, who beheld the light breaking through this dark cloud of men, exclaimed to his countrymen, "My friends, God has raised his banner, and the unbelievers perish!" The mass of the Saracens, though broken, could not fly; their own multitude pressed themselves together, and the Christian sword mowed down the Mahometans. Abderam was found dead in a vast heap, unwounded, stifled by his own multitude. Historians record that three hundred and sixty thousand Saracens perished on *la journée de Tours*; but their fears and their joy probably magnified their enemies. Thus Charles saved his own country, and, at that moment, all the rest of Europe, from this deluge of people, which had poured down from Asia and Africa. Every Christian people returned a solemn thanksgiving, and saluted their deliverer as "the Hammer" of France. But the Saracens were not conquered; Charles did not even venture on their pursuit; and a second invasion proved almost as terrifying; army still poured down on army, and it

was long, and after many dubious results, that the Saracens were rooted out of France. Such is the history of one of the most important events which has passed; but that of an event which did not happen, would be the result of this famous conflict, had the Mahometan power triumphed! The Mahometan dominion had predominated through Europe! The imagination is startled when it discovers how much depended on this invasion, at a time when there existed no political state in Europe, no balance of power in one common tie of confederation! A single battle, and a single treason, had before made the Mahometans sovereigns of Spain. We see that the same events had nearly been repeated in France; and had the crescent towered above the cross, as every appearance promised to the Saracenic hosts, the least of our evils had now been, that we should have worn turbans, combed our beards instead of shaving them, have beheld a more magnificent architecture than the Grecian, while the public mind had been bounded by the arts and literature of the Moorish university of Cordova!

One of the great revolutions of modern Europe perhaps had not occurred, had the personal feelings of Luther been respected, and had his personal interest been consulted. Guicciardini, whose veracity we cannot suspect, has preserved a fact which proves how very nearly some important events which have taken place, might not have happened! I transcribe the passage from his thirteenth book: "Cæsar (the Emperor Charles the Fifth), after he had given an hearing in the Diet of Worms to Martin Luther, and caused his

opinions to be examined by a number of divines, who reported that his doctrine was erroneous and pernicious to the Christian religion, had, to gratify the pontiff, put him under the ban of the empire, which so terrified Martin, that, if the injurious and threatening words which were given him by Cardinal *San Sisto*, the apostolical legate, had not thrown him into the utmost despair, it is believed it would have been easy, by giving him some preferment, or providing for him some honourable way of living, to make him renounce his errors." By this we may infer that one of the true authors of the reformation was this very apostolical legate; they had succeeded in terrifying Luther; but they were not satisfied till they had insulted him, and with such a temper as Luther's, the sense of personal insult would remove even that of terror, it would unquestionably survive it. A similar proceeding with Franklin, from our ministers, is said to have produced the same effect with that political sage. What Guicciardini has told of Luther preserves the sentiment of the times. Charles the Fifth was so fully persuaded that he could have put down the Reformation, had he rid himself at once of the chief, that having granted Luther a safe-guard to appear at the Council at Worms, in his last moments he repented, as of a sin, that having had Luther in his hands he suffered him to escape, for to have violated his faith with a heretic he held to be no crime!

In the history of religion, human instruments have been permitted to be the great movers of its chief revolutions, and the most important events concerning

national religions appear to have depended on the passions of individuals, and the circumstances of the time. Impure means have often produced the most glorious results; and this, perhaps, may be among the dispensations of Providence.

A similar transaction occurred in Europe and in Asia. The motives and conduct of Constantine the Great, in the alliance of the Christian faith with his government, are far more obvious than any one of those qualities with which the panegyric of Eusebius so vainly cloaks over the crimes and unchristian life of this polytheistical Christian. In adopting the new faith, as a *coup-d'état*, and by investing the church with temporal power, at which Dante so indignantly exclaims, he founded the religion of Jesus, but corrupted its guardians. The same occurrence took place in France under Clovis. The fabulous religion of Paganism was fast on its decline; Clovis had resolved to unite the four different principalities, which divided Gaul, into one empire. In the midst of an important battle, as fortune hung doubtful between the parties, the pagan monarch invoked the God of his fair Christian queen, and obtained the victory! St. Remi found no difficulty in persuading Clovis, after the fortunate event, to adopt the Christian creed. Political reasons for some time suspended the king's open conversion. At length the Franks followed their sovereign to the baptismal fonts. According to Pasquier, Naudé, and other political writers, these recorded miracles *, like those of Constantine, were but

* The miracles of Clovis consisted of a shield, which was picked up.

inventions to authorise the change of religion. Clovis used the new creed as a lever by whose machinery he would be enabled to crush the petty princes his neighbours; and, like Constantine, Clovis, sullied by crimes of as dark a dye, obtained the title of "The Great." Had not the most capricious "Defender of the Faith" been influenced by the most violent of passions, the Reformation, so feebly and so imperfectly begun and continued, had possibly never freed England from the papal thralldom,

"For gospel light first beamed from Bullen's eyes"

It is, however, a curious fact, that when the fall of Anne Bullen was decided on, Rome eagerly prepared a reunion with the papacy, on terms too flattering for Henry to have resisted. It was only prevented taking place by an incident that no human foresight could have predicted. The day succeeding the decapitation of Anne Bullen witnessed the nuptials of Henry with the protestant Jane Seymour. This changed the whole policy. The despatch from Rome came a day too late! From such a near disaster the English Reformation escaped!

after having fallen from the skies, the anointing oil, conveyed from Heaven by a white dove in a phial, which, till the reign of Louis XVI consecrated the kings of France, and the oriflamme, or standard with golden flames, long suspended over the tomb of St. Denis, which the French kings only raised over the tomb when their crown was in imminent peril. No future king of France can be anointed with the *sainte ampoule*, or oil brought down to earth by a white dove, in 1794 it was broken by some profane hand, and antiquaries have since agreed that it was only an ancient lachrymatory!

The catholic Ward, in his singular Hudibrastic poem of "England's Reformation," in some odd rhymes, has characterised it by a *naïveté*, which we are much too delicate to repeat. The catholic writers censure Philip for recalling the Duke of Alva from the Netherlands. According to these humane politicians, the unsparing sword, and the penal fires of this resolute captain, had certainly accomplished the fate of the heretics; for angry lions, however numerous, would find their numerical force diminished by gibbets and pit-holes. We have lately been informed by a curious writer, that protestantism once existed in Spain, and was actually extirpated at the moment by the crushing arm of the Inquisition*. According to these catholic politicians, a great event in catholic history did not occur—the spirit of catholicism, predominant in a land of protestants—from the Spanish monarch failing to support Alva in finishing what he had begun! Had the armada of Spain safely landed, with the benedictions of Rome, in England, at a moment when our own fleet was short of gunpowder, and at a time when the English catholics formed a powerful party in the nation, we might now be going to mass.

After his immense conquests, had Gustavus Adolphus not perished in the battle of Lutzen, where his genius obtained a glorious victory, unquestionably a wonderful change had operated on the affairs of Europe;

* This fact was probably quite unknown to us, till it was given in the Quarterly Review, vol. xxiv. However the same event was going on in Italy.

the protestant cause had balanced, if not preponderated, over the catholic interest; and Austria, which appeared a sort of universal monarchy, had seen her eagle's wings clipped. But "the Anti-Christ," as Gustavus was called by the priests of Spain and Italy, the saviour of protestantism, as he is called by England and Sweden, whose death occasioned so many bonfires among the catholics, that the Spanish court interfered lest fuel should become too scarce at the approaching winter—Gustavus fell—the fit hero for one of those great events which have never happened!

On the first publication of the "Icon Basiliké" of Charles the First, the instantaneous effect produced on the nation was such, fifty editions, it is said, appearing in one year, that Mr. Malcolm Laing observes, that "had this book," a sacred volume to those who considered that sovereign as a martyr, "appeared a *week sooner*, it might have preserved the king;" and possibly, have produced a reaction of popular feeling! The chivalrous Dundee made an offer to James the Second, which, had it been acted on, Mr. Laing acknowledges, might have produced another change! What then had become of our "glorious Revolution," which from its earliest step, throughout the reign of William, was still vacillating amidst the unstable opinions and contending interests of so many of its first movers?

The great political error of Cromwell is acknowledged by all parties to have been the adoption of the French interest in preference to the Spanish; a strict alliance with Spain had preserved the balance of Europe, enriched the commercial industry of England, and, above

all, had checked the overgrowing power of the French government. Before Cromwell had contributed to the predominance of the French power, the French Huguenots were of consequence enough to secure an indulgent treatment. The parliament, as Elizabeth herself had formerly done, considered so powerful a party in France as useful allies, and anxious to extend the principles of the Reformation, and to further the suppression of popery, the parliament had once listened to, and had even commenced a treaty with, deputies from Bourdeaux, the purport of which was the assistance of the French Huguenots in their scheme of forming themselves into a republic, or independent state; but Cromwell, on his usurpation, not only overthrew the design, but is believed to have betrayed it to Mazarine. What a change in the affairs of Europe had Cromwell adopted the Spanish interest, and assisted the French Huguenots in becoming an independent state! The revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the increase of the French dominion, which so long afterwards disturbed the peace of Europe, were the consequence of this fatal error of Cromwell's. The independent state of the French Huguenots, and the reduction of ambitious France, perhaps, to a secondary European power, had saved Europe from the scourge of the French revolution!

The elegant pen of Mr. Roscoe has lately afforded me another curious sketch of a *history of events which have not happened*.

M. De Sismondi imagines, against the opinion of every historian, that the death of Lorenzo de' Medici was a matter of indifference to the prosperity of Italy;

as "he could not have prevented the different projects which had been matured in the French cabinet, for the invasion and conquest of Italy; and therefore he concludes that all historians are mistaken who bestow on Lorenzo the honour of having preserved the peace of Italy, because the great invasion that overthrew it did not take place till two years after his death." Mr. Roscoe has philosophically vindicated the honour which his hero has justly received, by employing the principle which in this article has been developed. "Though Lorenzo de' Medici could not perhaps have prevented the important events that took place in other nations of Europe, it by no means follows that the life or death of Lorenzo was equally indifferent to the affairs of Italy, or that circumstances would have been the same in case he had lived, as in the event of his death." Mr. Roscoe then proceeds to show how Lorenzo's "prudent measures, and proper representations, might probably have prevented the French expedition, which Charles the Eighth was frequently on the point of abandoning. Lorenzo would not certainly have taken the precipitate measures of his son Piero, in surrendering the Florentine fortresses. His family would not in consequence have been expelled the city; a powerful mind might have influenced the discordant politics of the Italian princes in one common defence; a slight opposition to the fugitive army of France, at the pass of Faro, might have given the French sovereigns a wholesome lesson, and prevented those bloody contests that were soon afterwards renewed in Italy. *As a single remove at chess varies the whole game,* so the death of an indivi-

dual of such importance in the affairs of Europe as Lorenzo de' Medici could not fail of producing such a change in its political relations, as must have varied them in an incalculable degree." Pignotti also describes the state of Italy at this time. HAD Lorenzo lived to have seen his son elevated to the papacy, this historian, adopting our present principle, exclaims, "A happy era for Italy and Tuscany HAD THEN OCCURRED! On this head we can, indeed, be only allowed to conjecture; but the fancy, guided by reason, may expatiate at will in this *imaginary state*, and contemplate Italy reunited by a stronger bond, flourishing under its own institutions and arts, and delivered from all those lamented struggles which occurred within so short a period of time."

Whitaker, in his "Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots," has a speculation in the true spirit of this article. When such dependence was made upon Elizabeth's dying without issue, the Countess of Shrewsbury had her son purposely residing in London, with two good and able horses continually ready to give the earliest intelligence of the sick Elizabeth's death to the imprisoned Mary. On this the historian observes, "And had this *not improbable event actually taken place what a different complexion would our history have assumed from what it wears at present!* Mary would have been carried from a prison to a throne. Her wise conduct in prison would have been applauded by all. From Tutbury, from Sheffield, and from Chatsworth, she would have been said to have touched with a gentle and masterly hand the springs that actuated all

the nation, against the death of her tyrannical cousin," &c. So ductile is history in the hands of man! and so peculiarly does it bend to the force of success, and warp with the warmth of prosperity!

Thus important events have been nearly occurring, which, however, did not take place, and others have happened which may be traced to accident, and to the character of an individual. We shall enlarge our conception of the nature of human events, and gather some useful instruction in our historical reading by pausing at intervals; contemplating, for a moment, *on certain events which have not happened!*

OF FALSE POLITICAL REPORTS

"A FALSE report, if believed during three days, may be of great service to a government." This political maxim has been ascribed to Catherine of Medici, an adept in *coups d'état*, the *arcana imperii!* Between solid lying and disguised truth there is a difference known to writers skilled in "the art of governing mankind by deceiving them;" as politics, ill-understood, have been defined, and as, indeed, all party-politics are. These forgers prefer to use the truth disguised to the gross fiction. When the real truth can no longer be concealed, then they can confidently refer to it; for they can still explain and obscure, while they secure on their side the party whose cause they have advocated. A curious reader of history may discover the temporary and sometimes the lasting advantages of spreading rumours designed to disguise, or to counteract the real

state of things. Such reports, set a going, serve to break down the sharp and fatal point of a panic, which might instantly occur; in this way the public is saved from the horrors of consternation, and the stupefaction of despair. These rumours give a breathing time to prepare for the disaster, which is doled out cautiously, and, as might be shown, in some cases these first reports have left an event in so ambiguous a state, that a doubt may still arise whether these reports were really destitute of truth! Such reports, once printed, enter into history, and sadly perplex the honest historian. Of a battle fought in a remote situation, both parties for a long time, at home, may dispute the victory after the event, and the pen may prolong what the sword had long decided. This has been no unusual circumstance: of several of the most important battles on which the fate of Europe has hung, were we to rely on some reports of the time, we might still doubt of the manner of the transaction. A skirmish has been often raised into an *arranged* battle, and a defeat concealed in an account of the killed and wounded, while victory has been claimed by both parties! Villeroy, in all his encounters with Marlborough, always sent home despatches by which no one could suspect that he was discomfited. Pompey, after his fatal battle with Cæsar, sent letters to all the provinces and cities of the Romans, describing with greater courage than he had fought, so that a report generally prevailed that Cæsar had lost the battle! Plutarch informs us, that three hundred writers had described the battle of Marathon. Many doubtless had copied their predecessors, but it

would perhaps have surprised us to have observed how materially some differed in their narratives.

In looking over a collection of manuscript letters of the times of James the First, I was struck by the contradictory reports of the result of the famous battle of Lutzen, so glorious and so fatal to Gustavus Adolphus ; the victory was sometimes reported to have been obtained by the Swedes , but a general uncertainty, a sort of mystery, agitated the majority of the nation, who were staunch to the protestant cause. This state of anxious suspense lasted a considerable time. The fatal truth gradually came out in reports *changing in their progress* ; if the victory was allowed, the death of the Protestant Hero closed all hope ! The historian of Gustavus Adolphus observes on this occasion, that “ Few couriers were better received than those who conveyed the accounts of the king’s death to declared enemies or concealed ill-wishers, nor did the report greatly displease the court of Whitehall, where the ministry, as it usually happens in cases of timidity, had its degree of apprehensions for fear the event should not be true ; and, as I have learnt from good authority, imposed silence on the news-writers, and intimated the same to the pulpit in case any funeral encomium might proceed from that quarter.” Although the motive assigned by the writer, that of the secret indisposition of the cabinet of James the First towards the fortunes of Gustavus, is to me by no means certain ; unquestionably the knowledge of this disastrous event was long kept back by “ a timid ministry,” and the fluctuating reports probably regulated by their designs.

The same circumstance occurred on another important event in modern history, where we may observe the artifice of party writers in disguising or suppressing the real fact. This was the famous battle of the Boyne. The French catholic party long reported that Count Lauzun had won the battle, and that Wilham the Third was killed. Bussy Rabutin in some memoirs, in which he appears to have registered public events without scrutinising their truth, says, "I chronicled this account according as the first reports gave out; when at length the real fact reached them, the party did not like to lose their pretended victory." Père Londer, who published a register of the times, which is favourably noticed in the "*Nouvelles de la République des Lettres*," for 1699, has recorded the event in this deceptive manner: "The Battle of the Boyne in Ireland, Schomberg is killed there at the head of the English." This is "an equivocator!" The writer resolved to conceal the defeat of James's party, and cautiously suppresses any mention of a victory, but very carefully gives a real fact, by which his readers would hardly doubt of the defeat of the English! We are so accustomed to this traffic of false reports, that we are scarcely aware that many important events recorded in history were in their day strangely disguised by such mystifying accounts. This we can only discover by reading private letters written at the moment. Bayle has collected several remarkable absurdities of this kind, which were spread abroad to answer a temporary purpose, but which had never been known to us had these contemporary letters not been published. A report was prevalent in Holland in 1580,

that the kings of France and Spain and the Duke of Alba were dead ; a felicity which for a time sustained the exhausted spirits of the revolutionists. At the invasion of the Spanish Armada, Burleigh spread reports of the thumb-screws, and other instruments of torture, which the Spaniards had brought with them, and thus inflamed the hatred of the nation. The horrid story of the bloody Colonel Kirke is considered as one of those political forgeries to serve the purpose of blackening a zealous partisan.

False reports are sometimes stratagems of war. When the chiefs of the league had lost the battle at Ivry, with an army broken and discomfited, they still kept possession of Paris merely by imposing on the inhabitants all sorts of false reports, such as the death of the king of Navarre, at the fortunate moment when victory, undetermined on which side to incline, turned for the leaguers, and they gave out false reports of a number of victories they had elsewhere obtained. Such tales, distributed in pamphlets and ballads among a people agitated by doubts and fears, are gladly believed ; flattering their wishes, or soothing their alarms, they contribute to their ease, and are too agreeable to allow of time for reflection.

The history of a report creating a panic may be traced in the Irish insurrection, in the curious memoirs of James the Second. A forged proclamation of the Prince of Orange was set forth by one Speke, and a rumour spread that the Irish troops were killing and burning in all parts of the kingdom ! A panic-like magic instantly ran through the people, so that in one quarter of the

town of Drogheda they imagined that the other was filled with blood and ruins. During this panic pregnant women miscarried, aged persons died with terror, while the truth was, that the Irish themselves were disarmed and dispersed, in utter want of a meal or a lodging !

In the unhappy times of our civil wars under Charles the First, the newspapers and the private letters afford specimens of this political contrivance of false reports of every species. No extravagance of invention to spread a terror against a party was too gross, and the city of London was one day alarmed that the royalists were occupied by a plan of blowing up the river Thames, by an immense quantity of powder warehoused at the river-side ; and that there existed an organised though invisible brotherhood of many thousands with *consecrated knives* ; and those who hesitated to give credit to such rumours were branded as malignants, who took not the danger of the parliament to heart. Forged conspiracies and reports of great but distant victories were inventions to keep up the spirit of a party, but oftener prognosticated some intended change in the government. When they were desirous of augmenting the army, or introducing new garrisons, or using an extreme measure with the city, or the royalists, there was always a new conspiracy set afloat, or when any great affair was to be carried in parliament, letters of great victories were published to dishearten the opposition, and infuse additional boldness in their own party. If the report lasted only a few days, it obtained its purpose, and verified the observation of Catharine of Medicis. Those politicians who raise such false reports obtain their end : like the

architect, who, in building an arch, supports it with circular props and pieces of timber, or any temporary rubbish, till he closes the arch ; and when it can support itself, he throws away the props ! There is no class of political lying which can want for illustration if we consult the records of our civil wars , there we may trace the whole art in all the nice management of its shades, its qualities, and its more complicate parts, from invective to puff, and from innuendo to prevarication ! we may admire the scrupulous correction of a lie which they had told, by another which they are telling ! and triple lying to over-reach their opponents. Royalists and Parliamentarians were alike ; for, to tell one great truth, “ the father of lies ” is of no party !

As “ nothing is new under the sun,” so this art of deceiving the public was unquestionably practised among the ancients Syphax sent Scipio word that he could not unite with the Romans, but, on the contrary, had declared for the Carthaginians. The Roman army were then anxiously waiting for his expected succours : Scipio was careful to show the utmost civility to these ambassadors, and ostentatiously treated them with presents, that his soldiers might believe they were only returning to hasten the army of Syphax to join the Romans. Livy censures the Roman consul, who, after the defeat at Cannæ, told the deputies of the allies the whole loss they had sustained : “ This consul,” says Livy, “ by giving too faithful and open an account of his defeat, made both himself and his army appear still more contemptible ” The result of the simplicity of the consul was, that the allies, despairing that the

Romans would ever recover their losses, deemed it prudent to make terms with Hannibal. Plutarch tells an amusing story, in his way, of the natural progress of a report, which was contrary to the wishes of the government, the unhappy reporter suffered punishment as long as the rumour prevailed, though at last it proved true. A stranger landing from Sicily, at a barber's shop delivered all the particulars of the defeat of the Athenians; of which, however, the people were yet uninformed. The barber leaves untrimmed the reporter's beard, and flies away to vent the news in the city, where he told the Archons what he had heard. The whole city was thrown into a ferment. The Archons called an assembly of the people, and produced the luckless barber, who in his confusion could not give any satisfactory account of the first reporter. He was condemned as a spreader of false news, and a disturber of the public quiet; for the Athenians could not imagine but that they were invincible! The barber was dragged to the wheel and tortured, till the disaster was more than confirmed. Bayle, referring to this story, observes, that had the barber reported a victory, though it had proved to be false, he would not have been punished; a shrewd observation which occurred to him from his recollection of the fate of Stratocles. This person persuaded the Athenians to perform a public sacrifice and thanksgiving for a victory obtained at sea, though he well knew at the time that the Athenian fleet had been totally defeated. When the calamity could no longer be concealed, the people charged him with being an impostor: but Stratocles saved his life and mollified their anger by the

pleasant turn he gave to the whole affair. "Have I done you any injury?" said he. "Is it not owing to me that you have spent three days in the pleasures of victory?" I think that this spreader of good, but fictitious news, should have occupied the wheel of the luckless barber, who had spread bad but true news; for the barber had no intention of deception, but Stratocles had; and the question here to be tried, was not the truth or the falsity of the reports, but whether the reporters intended to deceive their fellow-citizens? The "Chronicle" and the "Post" must be challenged on such a jury, and all the race of news-scribes, whom Patin characterises as *hominum genus audacissimum mendacissimum avidissimum*. Latin superlatives are too rich to suffer a translation. But what Patin says in his letter 356 may be applied. "These writers insert in their papers things they do not know, and ought not to write. It is the same trick that is playing which was formerly played, it is the very same farce, only it is exhibited by new actors. The worst circumstance, I think, in this, is, that this trick will continue playing a long course of years, and that the public suffer a great deal too much by it."

OF SUPPRESSORS AND DILAPIDATORS OF MANUSCRIPTS

MANUSCRIPTS are suppressed or destroyed from motives which require to be noticed. Plagiarists, at least, have the merit of preservation: they may blush at their artifices, and deserve the pillory, but their

practices do not incur the capital crime of felony. Serassi, the writer of the curious life of Tasso, was guilty of an extraordinary suppression in his zeal for the poet's memory. The story remains to be told, for it is little known.

Gahleo, in early life, was a lecturer at the university of Pisa: delighting in poetical studies, he was then more of a critic than a philosopher, and had Ariosto by heart. This great man caught the literary mania which broke out about his time, when the Cruscans so absurdly began their "*Controversie Tassesche*," and raised up two poetical factions, which infected the Italians with a national fever. Tasso and Ariosto were perpetually weighed and outweighed against each other; Gahleo wrote annotations on Tasso, stanza after stanza, and without reserve, treating the majestic bard with a severity which must have thrown the Tassoists into an agony. Our critic lent his manuscript to Jacopo Mazzoni, who, probably being a disguised Tassoist, by some unaccountable means contrived that the manuscript should be absolutely lost!—to the deep regret of the author and all the Ariostoists. The philosopher descended to his grave—not without occasional groans—nor without exulting reminiscences of the blows he had in his youth inflicted on the great rival of Ariosto—and the rumour of such a work long floated on tradition! Two centuries had nearly elapsed, when Serassi, employed on his elaborate life of Tasso, among his uninterrupted researches in the public libraries of Rome, discovered a miscellaneous volume, in which, on a cursory examination, he found deposited the lost

manuscript of Galileo ! It was a shock from which, perhaps, the zealous biographer of Tasso never fairly recovered ; the awful name of Galileo sanctioned the asperity of critical decision, and more particularly the severe remarks on the language, a subject on which the Italians are so morbidly delicate, and so trivially grave. Serassi's conduct on this occasion was at once political, timorous, and cunning. Gladly would he have annihilated the original, but this was impossible ! It was some consolation that the manuscript was totally unknown—for having got mixed with others, it had accidentally been passed over, and not entered into the catalogue ; his own diligent eye only had detected its existence. "*Nessuno fin ora sa, fuori di me, se vi sia, nè dove sia, e così non potrà darsi alla luce,*" &c. But in the true spirit of a collector, avaricious of all things connected with his pursuits, Serassi cautiously, but completely, transcribed the precious manuscript, with an intention, according to his memorandum, to unravel all its sophistry. However, although the Abbate never wanted leisure, he persevered in his silence, yet he often trembled lest some future explorer of manuscripts might be found as sharp-sighted as himself. He was so cautious as not even to venture to note down the library where the manuscript was to be found, and to this day no one appears to have fallen on the volume ! On the death of Serassi, his papers came to the hands of the Duke of Cerni, a lover of literature ; the transcript of the yet undiscovered original was then revealed ! and this secret history of the manuscript was drawn from a note on the title-page written by Serassi him-

self. To satisfy the urgent curiosity of the literati, these annotations on Tasso by Galileo were published in 1793. Here is a work, which, from its earliest stage, much pains had been taken to suppress, but Serassi's collecting passion inducing him to preserve what he himself so much wished should never appear, finally occasioned its publication! It adds one evidence to the many, which prove that such sinister practices have been frequently used by the historians of a party, poetic or politic.

Unquestionably this entire suppression of manuscripts has been too frequently practised. It is suspected that our historical antiquary Speed owed many obligations to the learned Hugh Broughton, for he possessed a vast number of his MSS which he burnt. Why did he burn? If persons place themselves in suspicious situations, they must not complain if they be suspected. We have had historians who, whenever they met with information which has not suited their historical system, or their inveterate prejudices, have employed interpolations, castrations, and forgeries, and in some cases have annihilated the entire document. Leland's invaluable manuscripts were left at his death in the confused state in which the mind of the writer had sunk, overcome by his incessant labours, when this royal antiquary was employed by Henry the Eighth to write our national antiquities. His scattered manuscripts were long a common prey to many who never acknowledged their fountain head, among these suppressors and dilapidators pre-eminently stands the crafty Italian Polydore Vergil, who not only drew largely from this source, but, to

cover the robbery, did not omit to depreciate the father of our antiquities—an act of a piece with the character of the man, who is said to have collected and burnt a greater number of historical MSS. than would have loaded a wagon, to prevent the detection of the numerous fabrications in his history of England, which was composed to gratify Mary and the Catholic cause.

The Harleian manuscript, 7379, is a collection of state-letters. This MS. has four leaves entirely torn out, and is accompanied by this extraordinary memorandum, signed by the principal librarian.

“Upon examination of this book, Nov. 12, 1764, these four last leaves were torn out.

“C. Morton.

“Mem. Nov. 12, sent down to Mrs. Macaulay.”

As no memorandum of the name of any student to whom a manuscript is delivered for his researches was ever made, before or since, or in the nature of things will ever be, this memorandum must involve our female historian in the obloquy of this dilapidation*. Such dishonest practices of party feeling, indeed, are not peculiar

* It is now, about thirty-seven years ago since I first published this anecdote, at the same time I received information that our female historian and dilapidator had acted in this manner more than once. At that distance of time this rumour so notorious at the British Museum it was impossible to authenticate. The Rev William Graham, the surviving husband of Mrs Macaulay, intemperately called on Dr Morton, in a very advanced period of life, to declare that “it appeared to him that the note does not contain any evidence that the leaves were torn out by Mrs Macaulay” It was more apparent to the unprejudiced, that the doctor must have singularly lost the use of his memory, when he could not explain his own official note, which,

to any party. In Roscoe's "Illustrations" of his life of Lorenzo de' Medici, we discover that Fabroni, whose character scarcely admits of suspicion, appears to have known of the existence of an unpublished letter of Sixtus IV., which involves that pontiff deeply in the assassination projected by the Pazzi; but he carefully suppressed its notice. yet, in his conscience, he could not avoid alluding to such documents, which he concealed by his silence. Roscoe has apologised for Fabroni, overlooking this decisive evidence of the guilt of the hypocritical pontiff in the mass of manuscripts; a circumstance not likely to have occurred, however, to this laborious historical inquirer. All party feeling is the same active spirit with an opposite direction. We have a remarkable case, where a most interesting historical production has been silently annihilated by the consent of *both parties*. There once existed an important diary of a very extraordinary character, Sir George Saville, afterwards Marquis of Halifax. This master-spirit, for such I am inclined to consider the author of the little book of "Maxims and Reflections," with a philosophical indifference, appears to have held in equal contempt all the factions of his times, and, consequently, has often incurred their severe censures. Among other things, the Marquis of Halifax had noted down the conversations he had had with Charles the Second, and the great and

perhaps, at the time he was compelled to insert Dr Morton was not unfriendly to Mr Macaulay's political party, he was the editor of Whitelocke's Diary of his Embassy to the Queen of Sweden, and has, I believe, largely castrated the work. The original lies at the British Museum.

busy characters of the age. Of this curious secret history there existed two copies, and the noble writer imagined that by this means he had carefully secured their existence, yet both copies were destroyed from opposite motives, the one at the instigation of Pope, who was alarmed at finding some of the catholic intrigues of the court developed; and the other at the suggestion of a noble friend, who was equally shocked at discovering that his party, the Revolutionists, had sometimes practised mean and dishonourable deceptions. It is in these legacies of honourable men, of whatever party they may be, that we expect to find truth and sincerity, but thus it happens that the last hope of posterity is frustrated by the artifices, or the malignity, of these party-passions. Pulteney, afterwards the Earl of Bath, had also prepared memoirs of his times, which he proposed to confide to Dr. Douglas, bishop of Salisbury, to be composed by the bishop, but his lordship's heir, the General, insisted on destroying these authentic documents, of the value of which we have a notion by one of those conversations which the earl was in the habit of indulging with Hooke, whom he at that time appears to have intended for his historian. The Earl of Anglesey's MS History of the Troubles of Ireland, and also a Diary of his own Times, have been suppressed; a busy observer of his contemporaries, his tale would materially have assisted a later historian.

The same hostility to manuscripts, as may be easily imagined, has occurred, perhaps more frequently, on the continent. I shall furnish one considerable fact. A French canon, Claude Joly, a bold and learned writer

had finished an ample life of Erasmus, which included a history of the restoration of literature at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. Colomés tells us, that the author had read over the works of Erasmus seven times; we have positive evidence that the MS. was finished for the press: the Cardinal de Noailles would examine the work itself, this important history was not only suppressed, but the hope entertained, of finding it among the cardinal's papers, was never realised.

These are instances of the annihilation of history; but there is a partial suppression, or castration of passages, equally fatal to the cause of truth; a practice too prevalent among the first editors of memoirs. By such deprivations of the text we have lost important truths, while in some cases, by interpolations, we have been loaded with the fictions of a party. Original memoirs, when published, should now be deposited at that great institution, consecrated to our national history—the British Museum, to be verified at all times. In Lord Herbert's history of Henry the Eighth, I find, by a manuscript note, that several things were not permitted to be printed, and that the original MS. was supposed to be in Mr. Sheldon's custody, in 1687. Camden told Sir Robert Filmore that he was not suffered to print all his annals of Elizabeth; but he providently sent these expurgated passages to De Thou, who printed them faithfully; and it is remarkable that De Thou himself used the same precaution in the continuation of his own history. We like remote truths, but truths too near us never fail to alarm ourselves, our

connexions, and our party. Milton, in composing his History of England, introduced, in the third book, a very remarkable digression, on the characters of the Long Parliament; a most animated description of a class of political adventurers, with whom modern history has presented many parallels. From tenderness to a party then imagined to be subdued, it was struck out by command, nor do I find it restituted in Kennett's Collection of English Histories. This admirable and exquisite delineation has been preserved in a pamphlet printed in 1681, which has fortunately exhibited one of the warmest pictures in design and colouring by a master's hand. One of our most important volumes of secret history, "Whitelocke's Memorials," was published by Arthur, Earl of Anglesea, in 1682, who took considerable liberties with the manuscript; another edition appeared in 1732, which restored the many important passages through which the earl appears to have struck his castrating pen. The restitution of the castrated passages has not much increased the magnitude of this folio volume; for the omissions usually consisted of a characteristic stroke, or a short critical opinion, which did not harmonise with the private feelings of the Earl of Anglesea. In consequence of the volume not being much enlarged to the eye, and being unaccompanied by a single line of preface to inform us of the value of this more complete edition, the booksellers imagine that there can be no material difference between the two editions, and wonder at the bibliopolical mystery that they can afford to sell the edition of 1682 at ten shillings, and have five guineas for the edition of 1732!

Hume, who, I have been told, wrote his history usually on a sofa, with the epicurean indolence of his fine genius, always refers to the old truncated and faithless edition of Whitelocke—so little in his day did the critical history of books enter into the studies of our authors, or such was the carelessness of our historian! There is more philosophy in *editions* than some philosophers are aware of. Perhaps most “Memoirs” have been unfaithfully published, “curtailed of their fair proportions;” and not a few might be noticed which subsequent editors have restored to their original state, by uniting their dislocated limbs. Unquestionably, Passion has sometimes annihilated manuscripts, and tamely revenged itself on the papers of hated writers! Louis the Fourteenth, with his own hands, after the death of Fenelon, burnt all the manuscripts which the Duke of Burgundy had preserved of his preceptor.

As an example of the suppressors and dilapidators of manuscripts, I shall give an extraordinary fact concerning Louis the Fourteenth, more in his favour. His character appears, like some other historical personages, equally disguised by adulation and calumny. That monarch was not the Nero which his revocation of the edict of Nantes made him seem to the French protestants. He was far from approving of the violent measures of his catholic clergy. This opinion of that sovereign was, however, carefully suppressed, when his “Instructions to the Dauphin” were first published. It is now ascertained that Louis the Fourteenth was for many years equally zealous and industrious; and, among other useful attempts, composed an elaborate “Discours”

for the dauphin, for his future conduct. The king gave his manuscript to Pelisson to revise; but after the revision our royal writer frequently inserted additional paragraphs. The work first appeared in an anonymous "*Recueil d'Opuscles Littéraires*, Amsterdam, 1767," which Barbier, in his "*Anonymes*," tells us was "*rédigé par Pelisson; le tout publié par l'Abbé Olivet*." When at length the printed work was collated with the manuscript original, several suppressions of the royal sentiments appeared; and the editors, too catholic, had, with more particular caution, thrown aside what clearly showed Louis the Fourteenth was far from approving of the violences used against the protestants. The following passage was entirely omitted: "It seems to me, my son, that those who employ extreme and violent remedies do not know the nature of the evil, occasioned in part by heated minds, which, left to themselves, would insensibly be extinguished, rather than rekindle them afresh by the force of contradiction, above all, when the corruption is not confined to a small number, but diffused through all parts of the state; besides, the Reformers said many true things! The best method to have reduced little by little the Huguenots of my kingdom, was not to have pursued them by any direct severity pointed at them."

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is a remarkable instance of an author nearly lost to the nation, she is only known to posterity by a chance publication; for such were her famous Turkish letters, the manuscript of which her family once purchased with an intention to suppress, but they were frustrated by a transcript. The

more recent letters were reluctantly extracted out of the family trunks, and surrendered in exchange for certain family documents, which had fallen into the hands of a bookseller. Had it depended on her relatives, the name of Lady Mary had only reached us in the satires of Pope. The greater part of her epistolary correspondence was destroyed by her mother; and what that good and Gothic lady spared, was suppressed by the hereditary austerity of rank, of which her family was too susceptible. The entire correspondence of this admirable writer and studious woman (for once, in perusing some unpublished letters of Lady Mary, I discovered that "she had been in the habit of reading seven hours a day for many years") would undoubtedly have exhibited a fine statue, instead of the torso we now possess; and we might have lived with her ladyship, as we do with Madame de Sevigné. This I have mentioned elsewhere; but I have since discovered that a considerable correspondence of Lady Mary's, for more than twenty years, with the widow of Colonel Forrester, who had retired to Rome, has been stifled in the birth. These letters, with other MSS. of Lady Mary's, were given by Mrs Forrester to Philip Thicknesse, with a discretionary power to publish. They were held as a great acquisition by Thicknesse and his bookseller; but when they had printed off the first thousand sheets, there were parts which they considered might give pain to some of the family. Thicknesse says, "Lady Mary had in many places been uncommonly severe upon her husband, for all her letters were loaded with a scrap or

two of poetry at him *." A negociation took place with an agent of Lord Bute's; after some time Miss Forrester put in her claims for the MSS., and the whole terminated, as Thicknesse tells us, in her obtaining a pension, and Lord Bute all the MSS.

The late Duke of Bridgewater, I am informed, burnt many of the numerous family papers, and bricked up a quantity, which, when opened after his death, were found to have perished. It is said he declared that he did not choose that his ancestors should be traced back to a person of a mean trade, which it seems might possibly have been the case. The loss now cannot be appreciated, but unquestionably stores of history, and perhaps of literature, were sacrificed. Milton's manuscript of *Comus* was published from the Bridgewater collection, for it had escaped the bricking up!

Manuscripts of great interest are frequently suppressed from the shameful indifference of the possessors.

Mr. Mathias, in his Essay on Gray, tells us, that "in addition to the valuable manuscripts of Mr. Gray, there is reason to think that there were some other papers, *folia Sibyllæ*, in the possession of Mr. Mason; but though a very diligent and anxious inquiry has been made after them, they cannot be discovered since his death. There was, however, one fragment, by Mr. Mason's own description of it, of very great value,

* There was one passage he recollected—"Just left my bed a lifeless trunk, and scarce a dreaming head!"

namely, "The Plan of an intended Speech in Latin on his Appointment as Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge." Mr. Mason says, "Immediately on his appointment, Mr. Gray sketched out an admirable plan for his inauguration speech; in which, after enumerating the preparatory and auxiliary studies requisite, such as ancient history, geography, chronology, &c., he descended to the authentic sources of the science, such as public treaties, state records, private correspondence of ambassadors, &c. He also wrote the exordium of this thesis, not, indeed, so correct as to be given by way of fragment, but so spirited in point of sentiment, as leaves it much to be regretted that he did not proceed to its conclusion." This fragment cannot now be found; and after so very interesting a description of its value and of its importance, it is difficult to conceive how Mr. Mason could prevail upon himself to withhold it. If there be a subject on which more, perhaps, than on any other, it would have been peculiarly desirable to know and to follow the train of the ideas of Gray, it is that of modern history, in which no man was more intimately, more accurately, or more extensively conversant than our poet. A sketch or plan from his hand, on the subjects of history, and on those which belonged to it, might have taught succeeding ages how to conduct these important researches with national advantage; and, like some wand of divination, it might have

"Pointed to beds where sovereign gold doth grow*"—DRYDEN

* I have seen a transcript, by the favour of a gentleman who sent it

I suspect that I could point out the place in which these precious "*folia Sibyllæ*" of Gray's lie interred, they would no doubt be found among other Sibylline leaves of Mason, in two large boxes, which he left to the care of his executors. These gentlemen, as I am informed, are so extremely careful of them, as to have intrepidly resisted the importunity of some lovers of literature, whose curiosity has been aroused by the secreted treasures. It is a misfortune which has frequently attended this sort of bequests of literary men, that they have left their manuscripts, like their household furniture, and in several cases we find that many legatees conceive that all manuscripts are either to be burnt, like obsolete receipts, or to be nailed down in a box, that they may not stir a law-suit!

In a manuscript note of the times, I find that Sir Richard Baker, the author of a chronicle, formerly the most popular one, died in the Fleet; and that his son-in-law, who had all his papers, burnt them for waste-paper; and he said, that "he thought Sir Richard's life was among them!" An auto-biography of those days which we should now highly prize.

Among these mutilators of manuscripts we cannot too strongly remonstrate with those who have the care of the works of others, and convert them into a vehicle for their own particular purposes, even when they run directly counter to the knowledge and opinions of the

to me of Gray's *Directions for Reading History* It had its merit, at a time when our best histories had not been published, but it is entirely superseded by the admirable "*Methode*" of Lenglet du Fresnoy

original writer. Hard was the fate of honest Anthony Wood, when Dr. Fell undertook to have his history of Oxford translated into Latin; the translator, a sullen dogged fellow, when he observed that Wood was enraged at seeing the perpetual alterations of his copy made to please Dr. Fell, delighted to alter it the more, while the greater executioner supervising the printed sheets, by "correcting, altering, or dashing out what he pleased," compelled the writer publicly to disavow his own work! Such I have heard was the case of Bryan Edwards, who composed the first accounts of Mungo Park. Bryan Edwards, whose personal interests were opposed to the abolishment of the slave-trade, would not suffer any passage to stand in which the African traveller had expressed his conviction of its inhumanity. Park, among confidential friends, frequently complained that his work did not only not contain his opinions, but was even interpolated with many which he utterly disclaimed!

Suppressed books become as rare as manuscripts. In some researches relating to the history of the Mar-prelate faction, that ardent conspiracy against the established Hierarchy, and of which the very name is but imperfectly to be traced in our history, I discovered that the books and manuscripts of the Mar-prelates have been too cautiously suppressed, or too completely destroyed; while those on the other side have been as carefully preserved. In our national collection, the British Museum, we find a great deal against Mar-prelate, but not Mar-prelate himself.

I have written the history of this conspiracy in the third volume of "Quarrels of Authors."

PARODIES

A LADY of *bas bleu* celebrity (the term is getting odious, particularly to our *scavantes*) had two friends, whom she equally admired—an elegant poet and his parodist. She had contrived to prevent their meeting as long as her stratagems lasted, till at length she apologised to the serious bard for inviting him when his mock *umbra* was to be present. Astonished, she perceived that both men of genius felt a mutual esteem for each other's opposite talent, the ridiculed had perceived no malignity in the playfulness of the parody, and even seemed to consider it as a compliment, aware that parodists do not waste their talent on obscure productions; while the ridiculer himself was very sensible that he was the inferior poet. The lady-critic had imagined that PARODY must necessarily be malicious; and in some cases it is said those on whom the parody has been performed have been of the same opinion.

Parody strongly resembles mimicry, a principle in human nature not so artificial as it appears: Man may be well defined a mimetic animal. The African boy, who amused the whole kaffe he journeyed with, by mimicking the gestures and the voice of the auctioneer who had sold him at the slave-market a few days before, could have had no sense of scorn, of superiority, or of malignity; the boy experienced merely the pleasure of repeating attitudes and intonations which had so forcibly excited his interest. The numerous parodies of Hamlet's soliloquy were never made in derision of that solemn

monologue, any more than the travesties of Virgil by Scarron and Cotton ; their authors were never so gaily mad as that. We have parodies on the Psalms by Luther, Dodsley parodied the book of Chronicles, and the scripture-style was parodied by Franklin in his beautiful story of Abraham ; a story he found in Jeremy Taylor, and which Taylor borrowed from the East, for it is preserved in the Persian Sadi. Not one of these writers, however, proposed to ridicule their originals ; some ingenuity in the application was all that they intended. The lady-critic alluded to had suffered by a panic, in imagining that a parody was necessarily a corrosive satire. Had she indeed proceeded one step farther, and asserted that parodies might be classed among the most malicious inventions in literature, when they are such as Colman and Lloyd made on Gray, in their odes to " Oblivion and Obscurity," her reading possibly might have supplied the materials of the present research.

Parodies were frequently practised by the ancients, and with them, like ourselves, consisted of a work grafted on another work, but which turned on a different subject by a slight change of the expressions. It might be a sport of fancy, the innocent child of mirth ; or a satirical arrow drawn from the quiver of caustic criticism ; or it was that malignant art which only studies to make the original of the parody, however beautiful, contemptible and ridiculous. Human nature thus enters into the composition of parodies, and their variable character originates in the purpose of their application.

There is in "the million" a natural taste for farce

after tragedy, and they gladly relieve themselves by mitigating the solemn seriousness of the tragic drama; for they find, that it is but "a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." The taste for parody will, I fear, always prevail; for whatever tends to ridicule a work of genius, is usually very agreeable to a great number of contemporaries. In the history of parodies, some of the learned have noticed a supposititious circumstance, which, however, may have happened, for it is a very natural one. When the rhapsodists, who strolled from town to town to chant different fragments of the poems of Homer, had recited, they were immediately followed by another set of strollers—buffoons, who made the same audience merry by the burlesque turn which they gave to the solemn strains which had just so deeply engaged their attention. It is supposed that we have one of these travestiers of the *Iliad* in one Sotades, who succeeded by only changing the measure of the verses without altering the words, which entirely disguised the Homeric character; fragments of which, scattered in Dionysius Halicarnassensis, I leave to the curiosity of the learned Grecian*. Homer's battle of the frogs and mice, a learned critic, the elder Heinsius, asserts, was not written by the poet, but is a parody on the poem. It is evidently as good-humoured an one as any in the "Rejected Addresses." And it was because Homer was the most popular poet, that he was most

* Henry Stephens appears first to have started this subject of *parody*; his researches have been borrowed by the Abbé Sallier, to whom, in my turn, I am occasionally indebted. His little dissertation is in the French Academy's *Mémoires*, tome vii. 398

susceptible of the playful honours of the parodist, unless the prototype is familiar to us, a parody is nothing! Of these parodists of Homer we may regret the loss of one, Timon of Philus, whose parodies were termed *Silli*, from Silenus being their chief personage, he levelled them at the sophistical philosophers of his age; his invocation is grafted on the opening of the *Iliad*, to recount the evil-doings of those babblers, whom he compares to the bags in which Æolus deposited all his winds; balloons inflated with empty ideas! We should like to have appropriated some of these *silli*, or parodies of Timon the Sillograph, which, however, seem to have been at times calumnious*. Shenstone's "School Mistress," and some few other ludicrous poems, derive much of their merit from parody.

This taste for parodies was very prevalent with the Grecians, and is a species of humour which perhaps has been too rarely practised by the moderns: Cervantes has some passages of this nature in his parodies of the old chivalric romances, Fielding in some parts of his *Tom Jones* and *Joseph Andrews*, in his burlesque poetical descriptions; and Swift in his "Battle of Books," and "Tale of a Tub," but few writers have equalled the delicacy and felicity of Pope's parodies in the "Rape of the Lock." Such parodies give refinement to burlesque.

The ancients made a liberal use of it in their satirical comedy, and sometimes carried it on through an

* See a specimen in Aulus Gellus, where this parodist reproaches Plato for having given a high price for a book, whence he drew his noble dialogue of the *Timæus* Lib iii c. 17

entire work, as in the Menippean satire, Seneca's mock *Eloge* of Claudius, and Lucian in his Dialogues. There are parodies even in Plato; and an anecdotal one, recorded of this philosopher, shows them in their most simple state. Dissatisfied with his own poetical essays, he threw them into the flames; that is, the sage resolved to sacrifice his verses to the god of fire; and in repeating that line in Homer where Thetis addresses Vulcan to implore his aid, the application became a parody, although it required no other change than the insertion of the philosopher's name instead of the goddess's*:—

“Vulcan, arise! 'tis *Plato* claims thy aid!”

Boileau affords a happy instance of this simple parody. Corneille, in his *Cid*, makes one of his personages remark,

“Pour grands que soient les rois ils sont ce que nous sommes,
Ils peuvent se tromper comme les autres hommes”

A slight alteration became a fine parody in Boileau's “Chapelain Decoiffé,”

“Pour grands que soient les rois ils sont ce que nous sommes,
Ils se trompent *en vers* comme les autres hommes”

We find in Athenæus, the name of the inventor of a species of parody which more immediately engages our notice—DRAMATIC PARODIES. It appears this inventor was a satirist, so that the lady-critic, whose opinion we

* See Spanheim *Les Césars de l'Empereur Julien* in his “*Pieuvres*,” Remarque 8. Sallier judiciously observes, “Il peut nous donner une juste idée de cette sorte d'ouvrage, mais nous ne savons pas précisément en quel tems il a été composé,” no more truly than the *Iliad* itself!

had the honour of noticing, would be warranted by appealing to its origin to determine the nature of the thing. A dramatic parody, which produced the greatest effect, was "the Gigantomachia," as appears by the only circumstance known of it. Never laughed the Athenians so heartily as at its representation, for the fatal news of the deplorable state to which the affairs of the republic were reduced in Sicily arrived at its first representation—and the Athenians continued laughing to the end! as the modern Athenians, the volatile Parisians, might in their national concern of an OPERA COMIQUE. It was the business of the dramatic parody to turn the solemn tragedy, which the audience had just seen exhibited, into a farcical comedy, the same actors who had appeared in magnificent dresses, now returned on the stage in grotesque habiliments, with odd postures and gestures, while the story, though the same, was incongruous and ludicrous. The Cyclops of Euripides is probably the only remaining specimen, for this may be considered as a parody of the ninth book of the Odyssey—the adventures of Ulysses in the cave of Polyphemus, where Silenus and a chorus of satyrs are farcically introduced, to contrast with the grave narrative of Homer, of the shifts and escape of the cunning man "from the one-eyed ogre." The jokes are too coarse for the French taste of Brumoy, who, in his translation, goes on with a critical growl and foolish apology for Euripides having written a farce; Brumoy, like Pistol, is forced to eat his omon, but with a worse grace, swallowing and execrating to the end.

In dramatic composition, Aristophanes is perpetually

hooking in parodies of Euripides, whom of all poets he hated, as well as of Æschylus, Sophocles, and other tragic bards. Since, at length, that Grecian wit has found a translator saturated with his genius, and an interpreter as philosophical, the subject of Grecian parody will probably be reflected in a clearer light from his researches.

Dramatic parodies in modern literature were introduced by our vivacious neighbours, and may be said to constitute a class of literary satires peculiar to the French nation. What had occurred in Greece a similar gaiety of national genius unconsciously reproduced. The dramatic parodies in our own literature, as in "the Rehearsal," "Tom Thumb," and "the Critic," however exquisite, are confined to particular passages, and are not grafted on a whole original; we have neither naturalised the dramatic parody into a species, nor dedicated to it the honours of a separate theatre.

This peculiar dramatic satire, a burlesque of an entire tragedy, the volatile genius of the Parisians accomplished. Whenever a new tragedy, which still continues the favourite species of drama with the French, attracted the notice of the town, shortly after uprose its parody at the Italian theatre, so that both pieces may have been performed in immediate succession in the same evening. A French tragedy is most susceptible of this sort of ridicule, by applying its declamatory style, its exaggerated sentiments, and its romantic out-of-the-way nature to the common-place incidents and persons of domestic life, out of the stuff of which they made their emperors, their heroes, and their princesses, they cut out

a pompous country justice, a hectoring tailor, or an impudent mantua-maker; but it was not merely this travesty of great personages, nor the lofty effusions of one in a lowly station, which terminated the object of parody. It was designed for a higher object, that of more obviously exposing the original for any absurdity in its scenes, or in its catastrophe, and dissecting its faulty characters; in a word, weighing in the critical scales the nonsense of the poet. Parody sometimes became a refined instructor for the public, whose discernment is often blinded by party or prejudice. But it was, too, a severe touchstone for genius: Racine, some say, smiled, others say he did not, when he witnessed Harlequin, in the language of Titus to Berenice, declaiming on some ludicrous affair to Columbine, La Motte was very sore, and Voltaire, and others, shrunk away with a cry—from a parody! Voltaire was angry when he witnessed his *Mariamne* parodied by *La mauvaise Menage*; or “Bad Housekeeping.” The aged, jealous Herod was turned into an old cross country justice; Varus, bewitched by Mariamne, strutted a dragon, and the whole establishment showed it was under very bad management. Fuzelier collected some of these parodies *, and not unskilfully defends their nature and their object against the protest of La Motte, whose tragedies had severely suffered from these burlesques. His celebrated domestic tragedy of *Inez de Castro*, the fable of which turns on a concealed and clandestine

* Les Parodies du Nouveau Théâtre Italien. 4 vol. 1738 Observations sur la Comédie et sur le Génie de Molière, par Louis Riccoboni. Liv. IV.

marriage, produced one of the happiest parodies in *Agnes de Chaillot*. In the parody, the cause of the mysterious obstinacy of Pierrot the son, in persisting to refuse the hand of the daughter of his mother-in-law Madame *la Baillive*, is thus discovered by her to Monsieur *le Baillif*:—

“ Mon mari, pour le coup j’ai decouvert l’affaire,
Ne vous étonnez plus qu’à nos desirs contraire,
Pour ma fille, Pierrot, ne montre que mépris :
Violâ l’unique objet dont son cœur est épris ”

[*Pointing to Agnes de Chaillot*

The Baillif exclaims,

“ Ma servante ”

This single word was the most lively and fatal criticism of the tragic action of *Inez de Castro*, which, according to the conventional decorum and fastidious code of French criticism, grossly violated the majesty of Melpomene, by giving a motive and an object so totally undignified to the tragic tale. In the parody there was something ludicrous when the secret came out which explained poor Pierrot’s long-concealed perplexities, in the maid-servant bringing forward a whole legitimate family of her own! *La Motte* was also galled by a projected parody of his “*Machabees*”—where the hasty marriage of the young *Machabeus*, and the sudden conversion of the amorous *Antigone*, who, for her first penitential act, persuades a youth to marry her, without first deigning to consult her respectable mother, would have produced an excellent scene for the parody. But *La Motte* prefixed an angry preface to his *Inez de Castro*; he inveighs against all parodies, which he

asserts to be merely a French fashion (we have seen, however, that it was once Grecian), the offspring of a dangerous spirit of ridicule, and the malicious amusement of superficial minds.—“Were this true,” retorts Fuzelier, “we ought to detest parodies; but we maintain, that far from converting virtue into a paradox, and degrading truth by ridicule, PARODY will only strike at what is chimerical and false, it is not a piece of buffoonery so much as a critical exposition. What do we parody but the absurdities of dramatic writers, who frequently make their heroes act against nature, common sense and truth? After all,” he ingeniously adds, “it is the public, not we, who are the authors of these PARODIES; for they are usually but the echoes of the pit, and we parodists have only to give a dramatic form to the opinions and observations we hear. Many tragedies,” Fuzelier, with admirable truth, observes, “disguise vices into virtues, and PARODIES unmask them.” We have had tragedies recently which very much required parodies to expose them, and to shame our inconsiderate audiences, who patronised these monsters of false passions. The rants and bombast of some of these might have produced, with little or no alteration of the inflated originals, “A Modern Rehearsal,” or a new “Tragedy for Warm Weather.”

Of PARODIES, we may safely approve the legitimate use, and even indulge their agreeable maliciousness; while we must still dread that extraordinary facility to which the public, or rather human nature, is so prone, as sometimes to laugh at what at another time they would shed tears.

Tragedy is rendered comic or burlesque by altering the *station* and *manners* of the *persons*; and the reverse may occur, of raising what is comic and burlesque into tragedy. On so little depends the sublime or the ridiculous! Beattie says, "In most human characters there are blemishes, moral, intellectual, or corporeal; by exaggerating which, to a certain degree, you may form a comic character, as by raising the virtues, abilities, or external advantages of individuals, you form epic or tragic characters*;" a subject humorously touched on by Lloyd, in the prologue to "the Jealous Wife."

"Quarrels, upbraidings, jealousies and spleen,
Grow too familiar in the comic scene,
Tinge but the language with heroic clime,
'Tis passion, pathos, character sublime
What big round words had swell'd the pompous scene,
A king the husband, and the wife a queen "

ANECDOTES OF THE FAIRFAX FAMILY

WILL a mind of great capacity be reduced to mediocrity by the ill-choice of a profession?

Parents are interested in the metaphysical discussion, whether there really exists an inherent quality in the human intellect which imparts to the individual an aptitude for one pursuit more than for another. What Lord Shaftesbury calls not innate, but connatural qualities of the human character, were, during the latter part of the last century, entirely rejected; but of late there appears a tendency to return to the notion which is con-

* Beattie on Poetry and Music, p 111

secreted by antiquity. Experience will often correct modern hypothesisists. The term "predisposition" may be objectionable, as are all terms which pretend to describe the occult operations of Nature—and at present we have no other.

Our children pass through the same public education, while they are receiving little or none for their individual dispositions, should they have sufficient strength of character to indicate any. The great secret of education is to develop the faculties of the individual, for it may happen that his real talent may lie hidden and buried under his education. A profession is usually adventitious, made by chance views, or by family arrangements. Should a choice be submitted to the youth himself, he will often mistake slight and transient tastes for permanent dispositions. A decided character, however, we may often observe, is repugnant to a particular pursuit, delighting in another, talents, languid and vacillating in one profession, we might find vigorous and settled in another; an indifferent lawyer might become an admirable architect! At present all our human bullion is sent to be melted down in an university, to come out, as if thrown into a burning mould, a bright physician, a bright lawyer, a bright divine—in other words, to adapt themselves for a profession, preconceived by their parents. By this means we may secure a titular profession for our son, but the true genius of the avocation in the *bent of the mind*, as a man of great original powers called it, is too often absent! Instead of finding fit offices for fit men, we are perpetually discovering, on

the stage of society, actors out of character! Our most popular writer has happily described this error.

“A laughing philosopher, the Democritus of our day, once compared human life to a table pierced with a number of holes, each of which has a pin made exactly to fit it, but which pins being stuck in hastily, and without selection, chance leads inevitably to the most awkward mistakes. For how often do we see,” the orator pathetically concluded,—“how often, I say, do we see the round man stuck into the three-cornered hole!”

In looking over a manuscript life of Tobie Matthews, Archbishop of York in James the First's reign, I found a curious anecdote of his grace's disappointment in the dispositions of his sons. The cause, indeed, is not uncommon, as was confirmed by another great man, to whom the archbishop confessed it. The old Lord Thomas Fairfax one day finding the archbishop very melancholy, inquired the reason of his grace's pensiveness: “My lord,” said the archbishop, “I have great reason of sorrow with respect of my sons; one of whom has wit and no grace, another grace but no wit, and the third neither grace nor wit.” “Your case,” replied Lord Fairfax, “is not singular. I am also sadly disappointed in my sons: one I sent into the Netherlands to train him up a soldier, and he makes a tolerable country justice, but a mere coward at fighting; my next I sent to Cambridge, and he proves a good lawyer, but a mere dunce at divinity; and my youngest I sent to the inns of court, and he is good at divinity, but

nobody at the law." The relater of this anecdote adds, "This I have often heard from the descendant of that honourable family, who yet seems to mince the matter because so immediately related." The eldest son was the Lord Ferdinando Fairfax—and the gunsmith to Thomas Lord Fairfax, the son of this Lord Ferdinando, heard the old Lord Thomas call aloud to his grandson, "Tom! Tom! mind thou the battle! Thy father's a good man, but mere coward! All the good I expect is from thee!" It is evident that the old Lord Thomas Fairfax was a military character, and in his earnest desire of continuing a line of heroes, had preconceived to make his eldest son a military man, who we discover turned out to be admirably fitted for a worshipful justice of the quorum. This is a lesson for the parent who consults his own inclinations and not those of natural disposition. In the present case the same lord, though disappointed, appears still to have persisted in the same wish of having a great military character in his family: having missed one in his elder son, and settled his other sons in different avocations, the grandfather persevered, and fixed his hopes, and bestowed his encouragements, on his grandson, Sir Thomas Fairfax, who makes so distinguished a figure in the civil wars.

The difficulty of discerning the aptitude of a youth for any particular destination in life will, perhaps, even for the most skilful parent, be always hazardous. Many will be inclined, in despair of anything better, to throw dice with fortune; or adopt the determination of the father who settled his sons by a whimsical analogy which he appears to have formed of their dispositions

or aptness for different pursuits. The boys were standing under a hedge in the rain, and a neighbour reported to the father the conversation he had overheard. John wished it would rain books, for he wished to be a preacher; Bezaleel, wool, to be a clothier like his father; Samuel, money, to be a merchant; and Edmund, plums, to be a grocer. The father took these wishes as a hint, and we are told in the life of John Angier the elder son, a puritan minister, that he chose for them these different callings, in which it appears that they settled successfully. "Whatever a young man at first applies himself to is commonly his delight afterwards." This is an important principle discovered by Hartley, but it will not supply the parent with any determinate regulation how to distinguish a transient from a permanent disposition; or how to get at what we may call the connatural qualities of the mind. A particular opportunity afforded me some close observation on the characters and habits of two youths, brothers in blood and affection, and partners in all things, who even to their very dress shared alike; who were never separated from each other; who were taught by the same masters, lived under the same roof, and were accustomed to the same uninterrupted habits; yet had nature created them totally distinct in the qualities of their minds; and similar as their lives had been, their abilities were adapted for very opposite pursuits: either of them could not have been the other. And I observed how the "predisposition" of the parties was distinctly marked from childhood: the one slow, penetrating, and correct; the other quick, irritable, and fanciful: the one persevering in examination, the

other rapid in results: the one unexhausted by labour, the other impatient of whatever did not relate to his own pursuit: the one logical, historical, and critical, the other having acquired nothing, decided on all things by his own sensations. We would confidently consult in the one a great legal character, and in the other an artist of genius. If nature had not secretly placed a bias in their distinct minds, how could two similar beings have been so dissimilar?

A story recorded of Cecco d'Ascoli and of Dante, on the subject of natural and acquired genius, may illustrate the present topic. Cecco maintained that nature was more potent than art, while Dante asserted the contrary. To prove his principle, the great Italian bard referred to his cat, which, by repeated practice, he had taught to hold a candle in its paw while he supped or read. Cecco desired to witness the experiment, and came not unprepared for his purpose; when Dante's cat was performing its part, Cecco, lifting up the lid of a pot which he had filled with mice, the creature of art instantly showed the weakness of a talent merely acquired, and dropping the candle, flew on the mice with all its instinctive propensity. Dante was himself disconcerted; and it was adjudged that the advocate for the occult principle of native faculties had gained his cause.

To tell stories, however, is not to lay down principles, yet principles may sometimes be concealed in stories*.

* I have arranged many facts, connected with the present subject, in the fifth chapter of "The Literary Character," in the enlarged and fourth edition, 1828

MEDICINE AND MORALS.

A STROKE of personal ridicule is levelled at Dryden, when Bayes informs us of his preparations for a course of study by a course of medicine! "When I have a grand design," says he, "I ever take physic and let blood, for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part, in fine, you must purge the belly!" Such was really the practice of the poet, as La Motte, who was a physician, informs us, and in his medical character did not perceive that ridicule in the subject which the wits and most readers unquestionably have enjoyed. The wits here were as cruel against truth as against Dryden; for we must still consider this practice, to use their own words, as "an excellent recipe for writing." Among other philosophers, one of the most famous disputants of antiquity, Carneades, was accustomed to take copious doses of white hellebore, a great aperient, as a preparation to refute the dogmas of the stoics. "The thing that gives me the highest spirits (it seems absurd but true) is a dose of salts; but one can't take them like champagne," said Lord Byron. Dryden's practice was neither whimsical nor peculiar to the poet; he was of a full habit, and, no doubt, had often found by experience the beneficial effects without being aware of the cause, which is nothing less than the reciprocal influence of mind and body.

This simple fact is, indeed, connected with one of the most important inquiries in the history of man—the laws

which regulate the invisible union of the soul with the body : in a word, the inscrutable mystery of our being '—a secret, but an undoubted intercourse, which probably must ever elude our perceptions. The combination of metaphysics with physics has only been productive of the wildest fairy tales among philosophers : with one party the soul seems to pass away in its last puff of air, while man seems to perish in "dust to dust," the other as successfully gets rid of our bodies altogether, by denying the existence of matter. We are not certain that mind and matter are distinct existences, since the one may be only a modification of the other ; however this great mystery be imagined, we shall find with Dr. Gregory, in his lectures "on the duties and qualifications of a physician," that it forms an equally necessary inquiry in the sciences of *morals* and of *medicine*.

Whether we consider the vulgar distinction of mind and body as an union, or as a modified existence, no philosopher denies that a reciprocal action takes place between our moral and physical condition. Of these sympathies, like many other mysteries of nature, the cause remains occult, while the effects are obvious. This close yet inscrutable association, this concealed correspondence of parts seemingly unconnected, in a word, this reciprocal influence of the mind and the body, has long fixed the attention of medical and metaphysical inquirers ; the one having the care of our exterior organisation, the other that of the interior. Can we conceive the mysterious inhabitant as forming a part of its own habitation ? The tenant and the house are so

inseparable, that in striking at any part of the dwelling, you inevitably reach the dweller. If the mind be disordered, we may often look for its seat in some corporeal derangement. Often are our thoughts disturbed by a strange irritability, which we do not even pretend to account for. This state of the body, called the *fidgets*, is a disorder to which the ladies are particularly liable. A physician of my acquaintance was earnestly entreated by a female patient to give a name to her unknown complaints; this he found no difficulty to do, as he is a sturdy asserter of the materiality of our nature, he declared that her disorder was atmospherical. It was the disorder of her frame under damp weather, which was re-acting on her mind; and physical means, by operating on her body, might be applied to restore her to her half-lost senses. Our imagination is higher when our stomach is not overloaded; in spring than in winter; in solitude than amidst company; and in an obscured light than in the blaze and heat of the noon. In all these cases the body is evidently acted on, and re-acts on the mind. Sometimes our dreams present us with images of our restlessness, till we recollect that the seat of our brain may perhaps lie in our stomach, rather than on the pineal gland of Descartes; and that the most artificial logic to make us somewhat reasonable, may be swallowed with "the blue pill." Our domestic happiness often depends on the state of our biliary and digestive organs, and the little disturbances of conjugal life may be more efficaciously cured by the physician than by the moralist; for a sermon misapplied will

never act so directly as a sharp medicine. The learned Gaubius, an eminent professor of medicine at Leyden, who called himself "professor of the passions," gives the case of a lady of too inflammable a constitution, whom her husband, unknown to herself, had gradually reduced to a model of decorum, by phlebotomy. Her complexion, indeed, lost the roses, which some, perhaps, had too wantonly admired for the repose of her conjugal physician.

The art of curing moral disorders by corporeal means has not yet been brought into general practice, although it is probable that some quiet sages of medicine have made use of it on some occasions. The Leyden professor we have just alluded to, delivered at the university a discourse "on the management and cure of the disorders of the mind by application to the body." Descartes conjectured, that as the mind seems so dependent on the disposition of the bodily organs, if any means can be found to render men wiser and more ingenious than they have been hitherto, such a method might be sought from the assistance of *medicine*. The sciences of Morals and of Medicine will therefore be found to have a more intimate connexion than has been suspected. Plato thought that a man must have natural dispositions towards virtue to become virtuous; that it cannot be educated—you cannot make a bad man a good man; which he ascribes to the evil dispositions of the *body*, as well as to a bad education.

There are, unquestionably, constitutional moral disorders; some good-tempered but passionate persons have acknowledged, that they cannot avoid those tem-

porary fits to which they are liable, and which, they say, they always suffered "from a child." If they arise from too great a fulness of blood, is it not cruel to upbraid rather than to cure them, which might easily be done by taking away their redundant humours, and thus quieting the most passionate man alive? A moral patient, who allows his brain to be disordered by the fumes of liquor, instead of being suffered to be a ridiculous being, might have opiates prescribed, for in laying him asleep as soon as possible, you remove the cause of his sudden madness. There are crimes for which men are hanged, but of which they might easily have been cured by physical means. Persons out of their senses with love, by throwing themselves into a river, and being dragged out nearly lifeless, have recovered their senses, and lost their bewildering passion. Submersion is discovered to be a cure for some mental disorders, by altering the state of the body, as Van Helmont notices, "was happily practised in England." With the circumstance to which this sage of chemistry alludes, I am unacquainted, but this extraordinary practice was certainly known to the Italians; for in one of the tales of Poggio we find a mad doctor of Milan, who was celebrated for curing lunatics and demoniacs in a certain time. His practice consisted in placing them in a great high-walled court-yard, in the midst of which there was a deep well full of water, cold as ice. When a demoniac was brought to this physician, he had the patient bound to a pillar in the well, till the water ascended to the knees, or higher, and even to the neck, as he deemed their malady required. In their bodily pain they appear

to have forgot their melancholy, thus by the terrors of the repetition of cold water, a man appears to have been frightened into his senses! A physician has informed me of a remarkable case: a lady with a disordered mind, resolved on death, and swallowed much more than half a pint of laudanum, she closed her curtains in the evening, took a farewell of her attendants, and flattered herself she should never awaken from her sleep. In the morning, however, notwithstanding this incredible dose, she awoke in the agonies of death. By the usual means she was enabled to get rid of the poison she had so largely taken, and not only recovered her life, but, what is more extraordinary, her perfect senses! The physician conjectures that it was the influence of her disordered mind over her body which prevented this vast quantity of laudanum from its usual action by terminating in death.

Moral vices or infirmities, which originate in the state of the body, may be cured by topical applications. Precepts and ethics in such cases, if they seem to produce a momentary cure, have only mowed the weeds, whose roots lie in the soil. It is only by changing the soil itself that we can eradicate these evils. The senses are five porches for the physician to enter into the mind, to keep it in repair. By altering the state of the body, we are changing that of the mind, whenever the defects of the mind depend on those of the organisation. The mind, or soul, however distinct its being from the body, is disturbed or excited, independent of its volition, by the mechanical impulses of the body. A man becomes stupified when the circulation of the blood is

impeded in the *viscera*; he acts more from instinct than reflection; the nervous fibres are too relaxed or too tense, and he finds a difficulty in moving them; if you heighten his sensations, you awaken new ideas in this stupid being; and as we cure the stupid by increasing his sensibility, we may believe that a more vivacious fancy may be promised to those who possess one, when the mind and the body play together in one harmonious accord. Prescribe the bath, frictions, and fomentations, and though it seems a round-about way, you get at the brains by his feet. A literary man, from long sedentary habits, could not overcome his fits of melancholy, till his physician doubled his daily quantity of wine; and the learned Henry Stephens, after a severe ague, had such a disgust of books, the most beloved objects of his whole life, that the very thought of them excited terror for a considerable time. It is evident that the state of the body often indicates that of the mind. Insanity itself often results from some disorder in the human machine. "What is this MIND, of which men appear so vain?" exclaims Flechier. "If considered according to its nature, it is a fire which sickness and an accident most sensibly puts out, it is a delicate temperament, which soon grows disordered; a happy conformation of organs, which wear out; a combination and a certain motion of the spirits, which exhaust themselves; it is the most lively and the most subtile part of the soul, which seems to grow old with the BODY."

It is not wonderful that some have attributed such virtues to their system of *diet*, if it has been found productive of certain effects on the human body. Cornaro

perhaps imagined more than he experienced; but Apollonius Tyaneus, when he had the credit of holding an intercourse with the devil, by his presumed gift of prophecy, defended himself from the accusation by attributing his clear and prescient views of things to the light aliments he lived on, never indulging in a variety of food. "This mode of life has produced such a perspicuity in my ideas, that I see as in a glass things past and future." We may, therefore, agree with Bayes, that "for a sonnet to Amanda, and the like, stewed prunes only" might be sufficient; but for "a grand design," nothing less than a more formal and formidable dose.

Camus, a French physician, who combined literature with science, the author of "*Abdeker, or the Art of Cosmetics*," which he discovered in exercise and temperance, produced another fanciful work, written in 1753, "*La Médecine de l'Esprit*." His conjectural cases are at least as numerous as his more positive facts; for he is not wanting in imagination. He assures us, that having reflected on the physical causes, which, by differently modifying the body, varied also the dispositions of the mind, he was convinced that by employing these different causes, or by imitating their powers by art, we might, by means purely mechanical, affect the human mind, and correct the infirmities of the understanding and the will. He considered this principle only as the aurora of a brighter day. The great difficulty to overcome was to find out a method to root out the defects, or the diseases of the soul, in the same manner as physicians cure a fluxion from the lungs, a dysentery,

a dropsy, and all other infirmities, which seem only to attack the body. This indeed, he says, is enlarging the domain of medicine, by showing how the functions of the intellect and the springs of volition are mechanical. The movements and passions of the soul, formerly restricted to abstract reasonings, are by this system reduced to simple ideas. Insisting that material causes force the soul and body to act together, the defects of the intellectual operations depend on those of the organisation, which may be altered or destroyed by physical causes; and he properly adds, that we are to consider that the soul is material, while existing in matter, because it is operated on by matter. Such is the theory of "*La Médecine de l'Esprit*," which, though physicians will never quote, may perhaps contain some facts worth their attention

Camus's two little volumes seem to have been preceded by a medical discourse delivered in the academy of Dijon in 1748, where the moralist compares the infirmities and vices of the mind to parallel diseases of the body. We may safely consider some infirmities and passions of the mind as diseases, and could they be treated as we do the bodily ones, to which they bear an affinity, this would be the great triumph of "morals and medicine." The passion of avarice resembles the thirst of dropsical patients; that of envy is a slow wasting fever; love is often frenzy, and capricious and sudden restlessness, epileptic fits. There are moral disorders which at times spread like epidemical maladies through towns, and countries, and even nations. There are hereditary vices and infirmities transmitted from the

parent's mind, as there are unquestionably such diseases of the body: the son of a father of a hot and irritable temperament inherits the same quickness and warmth; a daughter is often the counterpart of her mother. Morality, could it be treated medicinally, would require its prescriptions, as all diseases have their specific remedies, the great secret is perhaps discovered by Camus—that of *operating on the mind by means of the body*.

A recent writer seems to have been struck by these curious analogies. Mr. Haslam, in his work on "Sound Mind," says, p. 90, "There seems to be a considerable similarity between the morbid state of the instruments of voluntary motion (that is, the *body*,) and certain affections of the mental powers (that is, the *mind*.) Thus, *paralysis* has its counterpart in *the defects of recollection*, where the utmost endeavour to remember is ineffectually exerted. *Tremor* may be compared with *incapability of fixing the attention*, and this *involuntary state of muscles* ordinarily subjected to the will, also finds a parallel where the mind loses its influence in the train of thought, and becomes subject to spontaneous intrusions, as may be exemplified in *reveries, dreaming*, and some species of *madness*."

Thus one philosopher discovers the analogies of the mind with the body, and another of the body with the mind. Can we now hesitate to believe that such analogies exist—and, advancing one step farther, trace in this reciprocal influence that a part of the soul is the body, as the body becomes a part of the soul? The most important truth remains undivulged, and ever will in this mental pharmacy; but none is more clear than

that which led to the view of this subject, that in this mutual intercourse of body and mind the superior is often governed by the inferior; others think the mind is more wilfully outrageous than the body Plutarch, in his essays, has a familiar illustration, which he borrows from some philosopher more ancient than himself: "Should the body sue the mind before a court of judicature for damages, it would be found that the mind would prove to have been a ruinous tenant to its landlord." The sage of Cheronæa did not foresee the hint of Descartes and the discovery of Camus, that by medicine we may alleviate or remove the diseases of the mind; a practice which indeed has not yet been pursued by physicians, though the moralists have been often struck by the close analogies of the MIND with the BODY! A work by the learned Dom Pernetty, *La connoissance de l'homme moral par celle de l'homme physique*, we are told is more fortunate in its title than its execution; probably it is one of the many attempts to develop this imperfect and obscured truth, which hereafter may become more obvious, and be universally comprehended.

PSALM-SINGING

THE history of Psalm-singing is a portion of the history of the Reformation,—of that great religious revolution which separated for ever, into two unequal divisions, the great establishment of Christianity. It has not, perhaps, been remarked, that psalm-singing, or metrical psalms, degenerated into those scandalous com-

positions which, under the abused title of *hymns*, are now used by some sects *. These are evidently the last disorders of that system of psalm-singing which made some religious persons early oppose its practice. Even Sternhold and Hopkins, our first psalm-singers, says honest Fuller, “found their work afterwards met with some frowns in the faces of great clergymen.” To this day these opinions are not adjusted. Archbishop Secker observes, that though the first Christians (from this passage in James, v. 13, “Is any merry? let him sing psalms!”) made singing a constant part of their worship, and the whole congregation joined in it; yet afterwards the singers by profession, who had been *prudently appointed to lead and direct them*, by degrees USURPED the whole performance. But at the Reformation *the people were restored to their RIGHTS!*” This revolutionary style is singular: one might infer by the expression of *the people being restored to their rights*, that a mixed assembly roaring out confused tunes, nasal, guttural, and sibilant, was a more orderly government of psalmody than when the executive power was consigned to the voices of those whom the archbishop had justly described as having been first *prudently appointed to lead and direct them*; and who, by their subsequent proceedings, evidently discovered, what they might have safely conjectured, that such an universal suffrage,

* It would be polluting these pages with ribaldry, obscenity, and blasphemy, were I to give specimens of some hymns of the Moravians and the Methodists, and some of the still lower sects.

where every man was to have a voice, must necessarily end in clatter and chaos *!

Thomas Warton, however, regards the metrical psalms of Sternhold as a puritanic invention, and asserts, that notwithstanding it is said in their title-page that they are "set forth and *allowed* to be sung in all churches," they were never admitted by lawful authority. They were first introduced by the Puritans, from the Calvinists of Geneva, and afterwards continued by connivance. As a true poetical antiquary, Thomas Warton condemns any *modernisation* of the venerable text of the old Sternhold and Hopkins, which, by changing obsolete for familiar words, destroys the texture of the original style, and many stanzas, already too naked and weak, like a plain old Gothic edifice stripped of its few signatures of antiquity, have lost that little and almost only strength and support which they derived from ancient phrases. "Such alterations, even if executed with prudence and judgment, only corrupt what they endeavour to explain, and exhibit a motley performance, belonging to no character of writing, and which contains more improprieties than those which it professes to remove." This forcible criticism is worthy of our poetical antiquary; the same feeling was experienced by Pasquier, when Marot, in his *Rifacciamento* of the Roman de

* There is a rare tract, entitled "Singing of Psalmes, vindicated from the charge of Novelty," in answer to Dr Russell, M^r Marlow, &c, 1698. It furnishes numerous authorities to show that it was practised by the primitive Christians on almost every occasion. I shall shortly quote a remarkable passage

la Rose, left some of the obsolete phrases, while he got rid of others, *cette bigarrure de langage vieux et moderne*, was with him writing no language at all. The same circumstance occurred abroad, when they resolved to retouch and modernise the old French metrical version of the Psalms, which we are about to notice. It produced the same controversy and the same dissatisfaction. The church of Geneva adopted an *improved* version, but the charm of the old one was wanting.

To trace the history of modern metrical psalmody, we must have recourse to Bayle, who, as a mere literary historian, has accidentally preserved it. The inventor was a celebrated French poet, and the invention, though perhaps in its very origin inclining towards the abuse to which it was afterwards carried, was unexpectedly adopted by the austere Calvin, and introduced into the Geneva discipline. It is indeed strange, that while he was stripping religion not merely of its pageantry, but even of its decent ceremonies, that this levelling reformer should have introduced this taste for *singing* psalms in opposition to *reading* psalms. "On a parallel principle," says Thomas Warton, "and if any artificial aids to devotion were to be allowed, he might at least have retained the use of pictures in the church." But it was decreed that statues should be mutilated of "their fair proportions," and painted glass be dashed into pieces, while the congregation were to sing! Calvin sought for proselytes among "the rabble of a republic, who can have no relish for the more elegant externals." But to have made men sing in concert, in the streets, or at

their work, and, merry or sad, on all occasions to tickle the ear with rhymes and touch the heart with emotion, was betraying no deficient knowledge of human nature.

It seems, however, that this project was adopted accidentally, and was certainly promoted by the fine natural genius of Clement Marot, the favoured bard of Francis the First, that "prince of poets and that poet of princes," as he was quaintly but expressively dignified by his contemporaries. Marot is still an inimitable and true poet, for he has written in a manner of his own with such marked felicity, that he has left his name to a style of poetry called *Marotique*. The original La Fontaine is his imitator. Marot delighted in the very forms of poetry, as well as its subjects and its manner. His life, indeed, took more shapes, and indulged in more poetical licenses than even his poetry. Licentious in morals,—often in prison, or at court, or in the army, or a fugitive, he has left in his numerous little poems many a curious record of his variegated existence. He was indeed very far from being devout, when his friend the learned Vatable, the Hebrew professor, probably to reclaim a perpetual sinner from profane rhymes, as Marot was suspected of heresy (confession and meagre days being his abhorrence), suggested the new project of translating the Psalms into *French verse*, and no doubt assisted the bard; for they are said to be "traduitz en rithme François selon la verité Hebraique." The famous Theodore Beza was also his friend and prompter, and afterwards his continuator. Marot published fifty-two Psalms, written in a variety of measures, with the

same style he had done his ballads and rondeaux. He dedicated to the King of France, comparing him with the royal Hebrew, and with a French compliment '—

“ Dieu le *donna* aux peuples Hebraïques,
Dieu te *devot* ce pense-je, aux Galiliques ’

He insinuates that in his version he had received assistance

“ ————— par les divins esprits
Qui ont sous toy Hebreu langage appris,
Nous sont jettes les Pseumes en lumiere
Clairs, et au sens de la forme première ”

This royal dedication is more solemn than usual, yet Marot, who was never grave but in prison, soon recovered from this dedication to the king, for on turning the leaf we find another, “Aux Dames de France!” Warton says of Marot, that “He seems anxious to deprecate the raillery which the new tone of his versification was likely to incur, and is embarrassed to find an apology for turning saint.” His embarrassments, however, terminate in a highly poetical fancy. When will the golden age be restored? exclaims this lady’s psalmist,

“ Quand n’aurons plus de cours ne lieu
Les chansons de ce petit Dieu
A qui les peintres font des asies?
O vous dames et demoiselles
Que Dieu fait pour estre son temple
Et faites, sous mauvais exemple
Retentir et chambres et sales,
De chansons mondaines ou sales,” &c.

Knowing, continues the poet, that songs that are silent about love can never please you, here are some

composed by love itself; all here is love, but more than mortal ! Sing these at all times,

“ Et les convertir et muer
Faisant vos levres remuer,
Et vos doigts sur les espinettes
Pour dire saintes chansonnettes.”

Marot then breaks forth with that enthusiasm, which perhaps at first conveyed to the sullen fancy of the austere Calvin the project he so successfully adopted, and whose influence we are still witnessing.

“ O bien heureux qui voir pourra
Fleurir le temps, que l'on orra
Le laboureur à sa charrue
Le charretier parmi la rue,
Et l'artisan en sa boutique
Avecques un Pseaume ou cantique,
En son labeur se soulager,
Heureux qui orra le berger
Et la bergère en bois estans
Faire que rochers et estangs
Après eux chantent la hauteur
Du saint nom de leurs Createur.
“ Commencez, dames, commencez
Le siecle doré ! avancez !
En chantant d'un cuer debonnaire
Dedans ce saint cancionnaire ”

Thrice happy they, who shall behold,
And listen in that age of gold !
As by the plough the labourer strays,
And carman mid the public ways,
And tradesman in his shop shall swell
Their voice in Psalm or Canticle,
Singing to solace toil, again,
From woods shall come a sweeter strain !

Shepherd and shepherdess shall vie
 In many a tender Psalmody,
 And the Creator's name prolong
 As rock and stream return their song!
 Begin then, ladies fair! begin
 The age renew'd that knows no sin!
 And with light heart, that wants no wing,
 Sing! from this holy song-book, sing*!

This "holy song-book" for the harpsichord or the voice, was a gay novelty, and no book was ever more eagerly received by all classes than Marot's "Psalms." In the fervour of that day, they sold faster than the printers could take them off their presses, but as they were understood to be *songs*, and yet were not accompanied by music, every one set them to favourite tunes, commonly those of popular ballads. Each of the royal family, and every nobleman, chose a psalm or a song, which expressed his own personal feelings, adapted to his own tune. The Dauphin, afterwards Henry the Second, a great hunter, when he went to the chase, was singing *Ainsi qu'on vit le cerf bruyre*. "Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks." There is a curious portrait of the mistress of Henry, the famous Diane de Poitiers, recently published, on which is inscribed this

* In the curious tract already referred to, the following quotation is remarkable, the scene the fancy of MAROT pictured to him, had *anciently occurred*. St Jerome, in his seventeenth Epistle to Marcellus, thus describes it: "In christian villages little else is to be heard but Psalms, for which way soever you turn yourself, either you have the ploughman at his plough singing *Hallelujahs*, the weary brewer refreshing himself with a *psalm*, or the vine-dresser chanting forth somewhat of *David's* "

verse of the Psalm. On a portrait which exhibits Diane in an attitude rather unsuitable to so solemn an application, no reason could be found to account for this discordance; perhaps the painter, or the lady herself, chose to adopt the favourite psalm of her royal lover, proudly to designate the object of her love, besides its double allusion to her name. Diane, however, in the first stage of their mutual attachment, took *Du fond de ma pensée*, or, "From the depth of my heart." The queen's favourite was,

*"Ne vueilles pas, o sire,
Me reprendre en ton ire,"*

that is, "Rebuke me not in thy indignation," which she sung to a fashionable jig. Antony, king of Navarre, sung, *Revenge moy prens la querelle*, or "Stand up, O Lord, to revenge my quarrel," to the air of a dance of Poitou. We may conceive the ardour with which this novelty was received, for Francis sent to Charles the Fifth Marot's collection, who both by promises and presents encouraged the French bard to proceed with his version, and entreating Marot to send him as soon as possible, *Confitemini Domino quoniam bonus*, because it was his favourite psalm. And the Spanish as well as French composers hastened to set the Psalms of Marot to music. The fashion lasted, for Henry the Second set one to an air of his own composing. Catherine de Medicis had her psalm, and it seems that every one at court adopted some particular psalm for themselves, which they often played on lutes and guitars, &c. Singing psalms in verse was then one of the chief ingredients in the happiness of social life.

The universal reception of Marot's Psalms induced Theodore Beza to conclude the collection, and ten thousand copies were immediately dispersed. But these had the advantage of being set to music, for we are told they were "admirably fitted to the violin and other musical instruments." And who was the man who had thus adroitly taken hold of the public feeling to give it this strong direction? It was the solitary Thaumaturgus, the ascetic Calvin, who, from the depth of his closet at Geneva, had engaged the finest musical composers, who were, no doubt, warmed by the zeal of propagating his faith, to form these simple and beautiful airs to assist the psalm-singers. At first this was not discovered, and Catholics as well as Huguenots were solacing themselves on all occasions with this new music. But when Calvin appointed these psalms, as set to music, to be sung at his meetings, and Marot's formed an appendix to the Catechism of Geneva, this put an end to all psalm-singing for the poor Catholics. Marot himself was forced to fly to Geneva from the fulminations of the Sorbonne, and psalm-singing became an open declaration of what the French called "Lutheranism," when it became with the reformed a regular part of their religious discipline. The Cardinal of Lorraine succeeded in persuading the lovely patroness of the "holy song-book," Diana de Poitiers, who at first was a psalm-singer and an heretical reader of the Bible, to discountenance this new fashion. He began by finding fault with the Psalms of David, and revived the amatory elegancies of Horace: at that moment ever

the reading of the Bible was symptomatic of Lutheranism ; Diana, who had given way to these novelties, would have a French Bible, because the queen, Catharine de Medicis, had one, and the Cardinal finding a Bible on her table, immediately crossed himself, beat his breast, and otherwise so well acted his part, that "having thrown the Bible down and condemned it, he remonstrated with the fair penitent, that it was a kind of reading not adapted for her sex, containing dangerous matters ; if she was uneasy in her mind she should hear two masses instead of one, and rest contented with her Paternosters and her Primer, which were not only devotional but ornamented with a variety of elegant forms, from the most exquisite pencils of France." Such is the story drawn from a curious letter, written by a Huguenot, and a former friend of Catherine de Medicis, and by which we may infer that the reformed religion was making considerable progress in the French court, —had the Cardinal of Lorraine not interfered by persuading the mistress, and she the king, and the king his queen, at once to give up psalm-singing and reading the Bible !

"This infectious frenzy of psalm-singing," as Warton describes it, under the Calvinistic preachers had rapidly propagated itself through Germany as well as France. It was admirably calculated to kindle the flame of fanaticism, and frequently served as the trumpet to rebellion. These energetic hymns of Geneva excited and supported a variety of popular insurrections in the most flourishing cities of the Low Countries, and what our poetical anti-

quary could never forgive, "fomented the fury which defaced many of the most beautiful and venerable churches of Flanders."

At length it reached our island at that critical moment when it had first embraced the Reformation; and here its domestic history was parallel with its foreign, except, perhaps, in the splendour of its success. Sternhold, an enthusiast for the Reformation, was much offended, says Warton, at the lascivious ballads which prevailed among the courtiers, and with a laudable design to check these indecencies, he undertook to be our Marot—without his genius, "thinking thereby," says our cynical literary historian, Antony Wood, "that the courtiers would sing them instead of their sonnets, *but did not*, only some few excepted." They were practised by the puritans in the reign of Elizabeth, for Shakspeare notices the puritan of his day "singing psalms to hornpipes *," and more particularly during the protectorate of Cromwell, on the same plan of accommodating them to popular tunes and jigs, which one of them said "were too good for the devil." Psalms were now sung at Lord Majors' dinners and city feasts; soldiers sung them on their march and at parade; and few houses, which had windows fronting

* Mr. Douce imagined that this alludes to a common practice at that time among the Puritans of *burlesquing the plain chant* of the Papists, by adapting vulgar and ludicrous music to psalms and pious compositions *Illust. of Shakspeare*, i. 355 Mr Douce does not recollect his authority My idea differs May we not conjecture that the intention was the same which induced Sternhold to versify the Psalms, to be sung instead of lascivious ballads, and the most popular tunes came afterwards to be adopted, that the singer might practise his favourite one, as we find it occurred in France ?

the streets, but had their evening psalms; for a story has come down to us, to record that the hypocritical brotherhood did not always care to sing unless they were heard!

ON THE RIDICULOUS TITLES ASSUMED BY THE
ITALIAN ACADEMIES.

THE Italians are a fanciful people, who have often mixed a grain or two of pleasantry and even of folly with their wisdom. This fanciful character betrays itself in their architecture, in their poetry, in their extemporary comedy, and their *Improvisatori*; but an instance not yet accounted for of this national levity, appears in those denominations of exquisite absurdity given by themselves to their Academies! I have in vain inquired for any assignable reason why the most ingenious men, and grave and illustrious personages, cardinals, and princes, as well as poets, scholars, and artists, in every literary city, should voluntarily choose to burlesque themselves and their serious occupations, by affecting mysterious or ludicrous titles, as if it were carnival-time, and they had to support masquerade characters, and accepting such titles as we find in the cant style of our own vulgar clubs, the Society of "Odd Fellows," and of "Eccentrics!" A principle so whimsical but systematic, must surely have originated in some circumstance not hitherto detected.

A literary friend, recently in an Italian city, exhausted by the *sirocco*, entered a house whose open door and circular seats appeared to offer to passengers a

refreshing *sorbetto*; he discovered, however, that he had got into "the Academy of the Cameleons," where they met to delight their brothers, and any "spirito gentil" they could nail to a recitation. An invitation to join the academicians alarmed him, for with some impatient prejudice against these little creatures, vocal with *prose e rime*, and usually with odes and sonnets begged for, or purloined for the occasion, he waived all further curiosity and courtesy, and has returned home without any information how these "Cameleons" looked, when changing their colours in an "*accademia*."

Such literary institutions, prevalent in Italy, are the spurious remains of those numerous academies which simultaneously started up in that country about the sixteenth century. They assumed the most ridiculous denominations, and a great number is registered by Quadrio and Tiraboschi. Whatever was their design, one cannot fairly reproach them, as Mencken, in his "*Charlatanaria Eruditorum*," seems to have thought, for pompous quackery; neither can we attribute to their modesty their choice of senseless titles, for to have degraded their own exalted pursuits was but folly! Literary history affords no parallel to this national absurdity of the refined Italians. Who could have suspected that the most eminent scholars, and men of genius, were associates of the *Oziosi*, the *Fantastici*, the *Insensati*? Why should Genoa boast of her "Sleepy," Viterbo of her "Obstinates," Sienna of her "Insipids," her "Blockheads," and her "Thunderstruck;" and Naples of her "Furiosi;" while Macerata exults in her "Madmen chained?" Both Quadrio

and Tiraboschi cannot deny that these fantastical titles have occasioned these Italian academies to appear very ridiculous to the *oltramontani*; but these valuable historians are no philosophical thinkers. They apologise for this bad taste, by describing the ardour which was kindled throughout Italy at the restoration of letters and the fine arts, so that every one, and even every man of genius, were eager to enrol their names in these academies, and prided themselves in bearing their emblems, that is, the distinctive arms each academy had chosen. But why did they mystify themselves?

Folly, once become national, is a vigorous plant, which sheds abundant seed. The consequence of having adopted ridiculous titles for these academies, suggested to them many other characteristic fopperies. At Florence every brother of the "Umid" assumed the name of something aquatic, or any quality pertaining to humidity. One was called "the Frozen," another "the Damp;" one was "the Pike," another "the Swan;" and Grazzini, the celebrated novelist, is known better by the cognomen of *La Lasca*, "the Roach," by which he whimsically designates himself among the "Humids." I find among the *Insensati*, one man of learning taking the name of STORDITO *Insensato*, another TENEBROSO *Insensato*. The famous Florentine academy of *La Crusca*, amidst their grave labours to sift and purify their language, threw themselves headlong into this vortex of folly. Their title, the academy of "Bran," was a conceit to indicate their art of sifting; but it required an Italian prodigality of conceit to have induced these

grave scholars to exhibit themselves in the burlesque scenery of a pantomimical academy, for their furniture consists of a mill and a bakehouse; a pulpit for the orator is a hopper, while the learned director sits on a mill-stone; the other seats have the forms of a miller's dossers, or great panniers, and the backs consist of the long shovels used in ovens. The table is a baker's kneading-trough, and the academician who reads has half his body thrust out of a great bolting sack, with I know not what else for their inkstands and portfolios. But the most celebrated of these academies is that "degli Arcadia" at Rome, who are still carrying on their pretensions much higher. Whoever aspires to be aggregated to these Arcadian shepherds receives a pastoral name and a title, but not the deeds, of a farm, picked out of a map of the ancient Arcadia or its environs; for Arcadia itself soon became too small a possession for these partitioners of moonshine. Their laws, modelled by the twelve tables of the ancient Romans, their language in the venerable majesty of their renowned ancestors, and this erudite democracy dating by the Grecian Olympiads, which Crescembini, their first custode, or guardian, most painfully adjusted to the vulgar era, were designed that the sacred erudition of antiquity might for ever be present among these shepherds*. Goldoni, in his Memoirs, has given an amusing account of these honours. He says "he was presented with two diplomas; the one was my charter of aggregation to the *Arcadi* of Rome,

* Crescembini, at the close of "*La bellezza della Volgar Poesia*" Roma, 1700

under the name of *Polisseno*, the other gave me the investiture of the *Phlegean* fields. I was on this saluted by the whole assembly in chorus, under the name of *Polisseno Phlegéo*, and embraced by them as a fellow shepherd and brother. The *Arcadians* are very rich, as you may perceive, my dear reader: we possess estates in Greece; we water them with our labours for the sake of reaping laurels, and the Turks sow them with grain, and plant them with vines, and laugh at both our titles and our songs." When Fontenelle became an *Arcadian*, they baptized him *Il Pastor Pigrasto*, that is, "amiable Fountain!" allusive to his name and his delightful style, and magnificently presented him with the entire Isle of Delos! The late Joseph Walker, an enthusiast for Italian literature, dedicated his "Memoir on Italian Tragedy" to the Countess Spencer; not inscribing it with his christian but his heathen name, and the title of his *Arcadian* estate, *Eubante Tirinzio*! Plain Joseph Walker, in his masquerade dress, with his *Arcadian* signet of Pan's reeds dangling in his title-page, was performing a character to which however well adapted, not being understood, he got stared at for his affectation! We have lately heard of some licentious revelings of these *Arcadians*, in receiving a man of genius from our own country, who, himself composing Italian *Rime*, had "conceit" enough to become a shepherd*! Yet let us inquire before we criticise.

* History of the Middle Ages, ii 584 See, also, Mr. Rose's Letters from the North of Italy, vol. i. 204 Mr Hallam has observed, that "such an institution as the society *degli Arcadi* could at no time have endured public ridicule in England for a fortnight"

Even this ridiculous society of the Arcadians became a memorable literary institution ; and Tiraboschi has shown how it successfully arrested the bad taste which was then prevailing throughout Italy, recalling its muses to purer sources , while the lives of many of its shepherds have furnished an interesting volume of literary history under the title of “ The illustrious Arcadians ” Crescembini, and its founders, had formed the most elevated conceptions of the society at its origin , but poetical vaticinators are prophets only while we read their verses—we must not look for that dry matter of fact—the event predicted !

“ Il vostro seme eterno
Occuperà la terra, ed i confini
D'Arcadia oltrapassando,
Di non più visti gloriosi germi
L'aureo feconderà lito del Gange
E de' Cimmeri l'infeconde arene ”

Mr. Mathias has recently with warmth defended the original *Arcadia* ; and the assumed character of its members, which has been condemned as betraying their affectation, he attributes to their modesty. “ Before the critics of the *Arcadia* (the *pastori*, as they modestly styled themselves) with Crescembini for their conductor, and with the *Adorato Albano* for their patron (Clement XI.), all that was depraved in language, and in sentiment, fled and disappeared.”

The strange taste for giving fantastical denominations to literary institutions grew into a custom, though, probably, no one knew how. The founders were always persons of rank or learning, yet still accident or caprice

created the mystifying title, and invented those appropriate emblems, which still added to the folly. The Arcadian society derived its title from a spontaneous conceit. This assembly first held its meetings, on summer evenings, in a meadow on the banks of the Tiber; for the fine climate of Italy promotes such assemblies in the open air. In the recital of an eclogue, an enthusiast, amidst all he was hearing and all he was seeing, exclaimed, "I seem at this moment to be in the Arcadia of ancient Greece, listening to the pure and simple strains of its shepherds." Enthusiasm is contagious amidst susceptible Italians, and this name, by inspiration and by acclamation, was conferred on the society! Even more recently, at Florence, the *accademia* called the *Colombaria*, or the "Pigeon-house," proves with what levity the Italians name a literary society. The founder was the Cavallero Pazzi, a gentleman, who, like Morose, abhorring noise, chose for his study a garret in his palazzo; it was, indeed, one of the old turrets which had not yet fallen in. there he fixed his library, and there he assembled the most ingenious Florentines to discuss obscure points, and to reveal their own contributions in this secret retreat of silence and philosophy. To get to this cabinet it was necessary to climb a very steep and very narrow staircase, which occasioned some facetious wit to observe, that these literati were so many pigeons who flew every evening to their dove-cot. The Cavallero Pazzi, to indulge this humour, invited them to a dinner entirely composed of their little brothers, in all the varieties of cookery, the members, after a hearty laugh, assumed the title of the *Colombaria*, invented a

device consisting of the top of a turret, with several pigeons flying about it, bearing an epigraph from Dante, *Quanto veder si può*, by which they expressed their design not to apply themselves to any single object. Such facts sufficiently prove that some of the absurd or facetious denominations of these literary societies originated in accidental circumstances or in mere pleasantry, but this will not account for the origin of those mystifying titles we have noticed, for when grave men call themselves dolts or lunatics, unless they are really so, they must have some reason for laughing at themselves.

To attempt to develop this curious but obscure singularity in literary history, we must go farther back among the first beginnings of these institutions. How were they looked on by the governments in which they first appeared? These academies might, perhaps, form a chapter in the history of secret societies, one not yet written, but of which many curious materials lie scattered in history. It is certain that such literary societies, in their first origins, have always excited the jealousy of governments, but more particularly in ecclesiastical Rome, and the rival principalities of Italy. If two great nations, like those of England and France, had their suspicions and fears roused by a select assembly of philosophical men, and either put them down by force, or closely watched them, this will not seem extraordinary in little despotic states. We have accounts of some philosophical associations at home, which were joined by Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh, but which soon got the odium of atheism attached to them, and

the establishment of the French Academy occasioned some umbrage, for a year elapsed before the parliament of Paris would register their patent, which was at length accorded by the political Richelieu observing to the president, that "he should like the members according as the members liked him." Thus we have ascertained one principle, that governments in those times looked on a new society with a political glance; nor is it improbable that some of them combined an ostensible with a latent motive.

There is no want of evidence to prove that the modern Romans, from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, were too feelingly alive to their obscured glory, and that they too frequently made invidious comparisons of their ancient republic with the pontifical government; to revive Rome, with everything Roman, inspired such enthusiasts as Rienzi, and charmed the visions of Petrarch. At a period when ancient literature, as if by a miracle, was raising itself from its grave, the learned were agitated by a correspondent energy; not only was an estate sold to purchase a manuscript, but the relic of genius was touched with a religious emotion. The classical purity of Cicero was contrasted with the barbarous idiom of the Missal; the glories of ancient Rome with the miserable subjugation of its modern pontiffs; and the metaphysical reveries of Plato, and what they termed the "Enthusiasmus Alexandrinus"—the dreams of the Platonists—seemed to the fanciful Italians more elevated than the humble and pure ethics of the Gospels. The vain and amorous Eloisa could even censure the gross manners, as it

seemed to her, of the apostles, for picking the ears of corn in their walks, and at their meals eating with unwashed hands. Touched by this mania of antiquity, the learned affected to change their vulgar christian name, by assuming the more classical ones of a Junius Brutus, a Pomponius, or a Julius, or any other rusty name unwashed by baptism. This frenzy for the ancient republic not only menaced the pontificate; but their Platonic, or their pagan ardours, seemed to be striking at the foundation of christianity itself. Such were Marcellus Ficinus, and that learned society who assembled under the Medici. Pomponius Lætus, who lived at the close of the fifteenth century, not only celebrated by an annual festival the foundation of Rome, and raised altars to Romulus, but openly expressed his contempt for the christian religion, which this visionary declared was only fit for barbarians; but this extravagance and irreligion, observes Nicéron, were common with many of the learned of those times, and this very Pomponius was at length formally accused of the crime of changing the baptismal names of the young persons whom he taught, for pagan ones! "This was the taste of the times," says the author we have just quoted; but it was imagined that there was a mystery concealed in these changes of names.

At this period these literary societies first appear: one at Rome had the title of "Academy," and for its chief this very Pomponius; for he is distinguished as "*Romanæ Princeps Academix*," by his friend Politian, in the "*Miscellanea*" of that elegant scholar. This was under the pontificate of Paul the Second. The

regular meetings of "the Academy" soon excited the jealousy and suspicions of Paul, and gave rise to one of the most horrid persecutions and scenes of torture, even to death, in which these academicians were involved. This closed with a decree of Paul's, that for the future no one should pronounce, either seriously or in jest, the very name of *academy*, under the penalty of heresy! The story is told by Platina, one of the sufferers, in his *Life of Paul the Second*, and although this history may be said to bear the bruises of the wounded and dislocated body of the unhappy historian, the facts are unquestionable, and connected with our subject. Platina, Pomponius, and many of their friends, were suddenly dragged to prison; on the first and second day torture was applied, and many expired under the hands of their executioners. "You would have imagined," says Platina, "that the castle of St. Angelo was turned into the bull of Phalaris, so loud the hollow vault resounded with the cries of those miserable young men, who were an honour to their age for genius and learning. The torturers, not satisfied, though weary, having racked twenty men in those two days, of whom some died, at length sent for me to take my turn. The instruments of torture were ready; I was stripped, and the executioners put themselves to their work. Vianesius sat like another Minos on a seat of tapestry-work, gay as at a wedding, and while I hung on the rack in torment, he played with a jewel which Sanga had, asking him who was the mistress which had given him this love-token? Turning to me, he asked 'why Pomponio, in a letter, should call me Holy Father?' Did the conspirators agree to make you Pope? 'Pom-

ponio,' I replied, 'can best tell why he gave me this title, for I know not.' At length, having pleased, but not satisfied himself with my tortures, he ordered me to be let down, that I might undergo tortures much greater in the evening. I was carried, half dead, into my chamber, but not long after, the inquisitor having dined, and being fresh in drink, I was fetched again. and the archbishop of Spalatro was there. They inquired of my conversations with Malatesta. I said, it only concerned ancient and modern learning, the military arts, and the characters of illustrious men, the ordinary subjects of conversation. I was bitterly threatened by Vianesius, unless I confessed the truth on the following day, and was carried back to my chamber, where I was seized with such extreme pain, that I had rather have died than endured the agony of my battered and dislocated limbs. But now those who were accused of heresy were charged with plotting treason. Pomponius being examined why he changed the names of his friends, he answered boldly, that this was no concern of his judges or the pope; it was, perhaps, out of respect for antiquity, to stimulate to a virtuous emulation. After we had now lain ten months in prison, Paul comes himself to the castle, where he charged us, among other things, that we had disputed concerning the immortality of the soul, and that we held the opinion of Plato; by disputing you call the being of a God in question. This, I said, might be objected to all divines and philosophers, who, to make the truth appear, frequently question the existence of souls and of God, and of all separate intelligences. St. Austin

says, the opinion of Plato is like the faith of christians. I followed none of the numerous heretical factions. Paul then accused us of being too great admirers of pagan antiquities, yet none were more fond of them than himself, for he collected all the statues and sarcophagi of the ancients to place in his palace, and even affected to imitate, on more than one occasion, the pomp and charm of their public ceremonies. While they were arguing, mention happened to be made of "the Academy," when the Cardinal of San Marco cried out, that we were not 'Academics,' but a scandal to the name, and Paul now declared that he would not have that term evermore mentioned under pain of heresy. He left us in a passion, and kept us two months longer in prison to complete the year, as, it seems, he had sworn."

Such is the interesting narrative of Platina, from which we may surely infer, that if these learned men assembled for the communication of their studies,—inquiries suggested by the monuments of antiquity, the two learned languages, ancient authors, and speculative points of philosophy,—these objects were associated with others, which terrified the jealousy of modern Rome.

Sometime after, at Naples, appeared the two brothers, John Baptiste and John Vincent Porta, those twin spirits, the Castor and Pollux of the natural philosophy of that age, and whose scenical museum delighted and awed, by its optical illusions, its treasure of curiosities, and its natural magic, all learned natives and foreigners. Their name is still famous, and their treatises *De Humana Physiognomia* and *Magia Naturalis*, are still

opened by the curious, who discover these children of philosophy wandering in the arcana of nature, to them a world of perpetual beginnings ! These learned brothers united with the Marquis of Manso, the friend of Tasso, in establishing an academy under the whimsical name *degli Oziosi* (the Lazy), which so ill described their intentions. This academy did not sufficiently embrace the views of the learned brothers ; and then they formed another under their own roof, which they appropriately named *di Secreti*. The ostensible motive was, that no one should be admitted into this interior society who had not signalised himself by some experiment or discovery. It is clear that, whatever they intended by the project, the election of the members was to pass through the most rigid scrutiny ; and what was the consequence ? The court of Rome again started up with all its fears, and, secretly obtaining information of some discussions which had passed in this academy *degli Secreti*, prohibited the Portas from holding such assemblies, or applying themselves to those illicit sciences, whose amusements are criminal, and turn us aside from the study of the Holy Scriptures *. It seems that one of the Portas had delivered himself in the style of an ancient oracle ; but what was more alarming in this prophetic spirit, several of his predictions had been actually verified ! The infallible court was in no want of a new school of prophecy. Baptista Porta went to Rome to justify himself ; and, content to wear his head, placed his tongue in the

* Nicéron, vol. xliii., Art. Porta.

custody of his Holiness, and no doubt preferred being a member of the *Accademia degli Oziosi* to that of *gli Secreti*. To confirm this notion that these academies excited the jealousy of those despotic states of Italy, I find that several of them at Florence, as well as at Sienna, were considered as dangerous meetings, and in 1568, the Medici suddenly suppressed those of the "Insipids," the "Shy," the "Disheartened," and others, but more particularly the "Stunned," *gli Intronati*, which excited loud laments. We have also an account of an academy which called itself the *Lanternists*, from the circumstance that their first meetings were held at night, the academicians not carrying torches, but only *Lanterns*. This academy, indeed, was at Toulouse, but evidently formed on the model of its neighbours. In fine, it cannot be denied, that these literary societies or academies were frequently objects of alarm to the little governments of Italy, and were often interrupted by political persecution.

From all these facts I am inclined to draw an inference. It is remarkable that the first Italian academies were only distinguished by the simple name of their founders. One was called the Academy of Pomponius Lætus, another of Panormita, &c. It was after the melancholy fate of the Roman academy of Lætus, which could not, however, extinguish that growing desire of creating literary societies in the Italian cities, from which the members derived both honour and pleasure, that suddenly we discover these academies bearing the most fantastical titles. I have not found any writer who has attempted to solve this extraordinary appear-

ance in literary history; and the difficulty seems great, because, however frivolous or fantastical the titles they assumed, their members were illustrious for rank and genius. Tiraboschi, aware of this difficulty, can only express his astonishment at the absurdity, and his vexation at the ridicule to which the Italians have been exposed by the coarse jokes of Menkenius, in his *Charlatanaria Eruditorum* *. I conjecture, that the invention of these ridiculous titles for literary societies, was an attempt to throw a sportive veil over meetings which had alarmed the papal and the other petty courts of Italy; and to quiet their fears and turn aside their political wrath, they implied the innocence of their pursuits by the jocularity with which the members treated themselves, and were willing that others should treat them. This otherwise inexplicable national levity, of so refined a people, has not occurred in any other country, because the necessity did not exist any where but in Italy. In France, in Spain, and in England, the title of the ancient *Academy* was never profaned by an adjunct which systematically degraded and ridiculed its venerable character and its illustrious members.

Long after this article was finished, I had an opportunity of consulting an eminent Italian, whose name is already celebrated in our country, Il Sigr. Ugo Foscolo; his decision ought necessarily to outweigh mine; but although it is incumbent on me to put the reader in

* See Tiraboschi, vol vii, cap 4 *Accademie*, and Quadrio's *Della Storia e della Ragione d'ogni Poesia*. In the immense receptacle of these seven quarto volumes, printed with a small type, the curious may consult the voluminous Index, Art. *Accademia*.

possession of the opinion of a native of his high acquirements, it is not as easy for me, on this obscure and curious subject, to relinquish my own conjecture.

Il Sigr. Foscolo is of opinion, that the origin of the fantastical titles assumed by the Italian Academies entirely arose from a desire of getting rid of the air of pedantry, and to insinuate that their meetings and their works were to be considered merely as sportive relaxations, and an idle business.

This opinion may satisfy an Italian, and this he may deem a sufficient apology for such absurdity; but when scarlet robes and cowed heads, laureated bards and *Monsignores*, and *Cavalleros*, baptize themselves in a public assembly "Blockheads" or "Madmen," we *ultramontanes*, out of mere compliment to such great and learned men, would suppose that they had their good reasons; and that in this there must have been "something more than meets the ear." After all, I would almost flatter myself that our two opinions are not so wide of each other as they at first seem to be.

ON THE HERO OF HUDIBRAS, BUTLER VINDICATED

THAT great Original, the author of HUDIBRAS, has been recently censured for exposing to ridicule the Sir Samuel Luke, under whose roof he dwelt, in the grotesque character of his hero. The knowledge of the critic in our literary history is not curious; he appears to have advanced no farther than to have taken up the first opinion he found, but this served for an attempt to blacken the moral character of BUTLER! "Having

lived," says our critic, "in the family of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's captains, at the very time he planned the Hudibras, of which he was pleased to make his *kind and hospitable patron* the hero. We defy the history of Whiggism to match this anecdote," as if it could not be matched! Whigs and Tories are as like as two eggs when they are wits and satirists; their friends too often become their first victims! If Sir Samuel resembled that renowned personification, the ridicule was legitimate and unavoidable when the poet had espoused his cause, and espoused it too from the purest motive—a detestation of political and fanatical hypocrisy. Comic satirists, whatever they may allege to the contrary, will always draw largely and most truly from their own circle. After all, it does not appear that Sir Samuel sat for Sir Hudibras, although from the hiatus still in the poem, at the end of Part I, Canto I, his name would accommodate both the metre and the rhyme. But who, said Warburton, ever compared a person to himself? Butler might aim a sly stroke at Sir Samuel by hunting to him how well he resembled Hudibras, but with a remarkable forbearance he has left posterity to settle the affair, which is certainly not worth their while. But Warburton tells, that a friend of Butler's had declared the person was a Devonshire man—one Sir Henry Rosewell, of Ford Abbey, in that county. There is a curious life of our learned wit, in the great General Dictionary; the writer, probably Dr. Birch, made the most authentic researches, from the contemporaries of

* Edinburgh Review, No. 67—159, on Jacobite Relics.

Butler or their descendants; and from Charles Longueville, the son of Butler's great friend, he obtained much of the little we possess. The writer of this life believes that Sir Samuel was the hero of Butler, and rests his evidence on the hiatus we have noticed, but with the candour which becomes the literary historian, he has added the following marginal note: "Whilst this sheet was at press, I was assured by Mr. Longueville, that Sir Samuel Luke *is not the person* ridiculed under the name of HUDIBRAS."

It would be curious, after all, should the prototype of Hudibras turn out to be one of the heroes of "the Rolliad;" a circumstance which, had it been known to the copartnership of that comic epic, would have furnished a fine episode and a memorable hero to their line of descent. "When BUTLER wrote his Hudibras, *one Coll. Rolle*, a Devonshire man, lodged with him, and was exactly like his description of the Knight; whence it is highly probable, that it was this gentleman, and not Sir Samuel Luke, whose person he had in his eye. The reason that he gave for calling his poem *Hudibras* was, because the name of the old tutelary saint of Devonshire was *Hugh de Bras*." I find this in the Grub-street Journal, January, 1731, a periodical paper conducted by two eminent literary physicians, under the appropriate names of Bavius and Mævius*,

* Bavius and Mævius were Dr Martyn, the well-known author of the Dissertation on the *Æneid* of Virgil, and Dr. Russel, another learned physician, as his publications attest. It does great credit to their taste, that they were the hebdomadal defenders of Pope from the attacks of the heroes of the Dunciad.

and which for some time enlivened the town with the excellent design of ridiculing silly authors and stupid critics.

It is unquestionably proved, by the confession of several friends of Butler, that the prototype of Sir Hudibras was a Devonshire man, and if Sir *Hugh de Bras* be the old patron saint of Devonshire, (which however I cannot find in Prince's or in Fuller's Worthies*,) this discovers the suggestion which led Butler to the *name* of his hero; burlesquing the *new saint* by pairing him with the chivalrous saint of the county, hence, like the Knights of old, did

“Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a *Colonelling*!”

This origin of the name is more appropriate to the character of the work than deriving it from the Sir Hudibras of Spenser, with whom there exists no similitude.

It is as honourable as it is extraordinary, that such was the celebrity of Hudibras, that the workman's name was often confounded with the work itself; the poet was once better known under the name of HUDIBRAS

* There is great reason to doubt the authenticity of this information concerning a Devonshire tutelar saint. Mr Charles Butler has kindly communicated the researches of a Catholic clergyman, residing at Exeter, who having examined the voluminous registers of the See of Exeter, and numerous MSS and records of the diocese, cannot trace that any such saint was particularly honoured in the county. It is lamentable that ingenious writers should invent fictions for authority, but with the hope that the present authors have not done this, I have preserved this apocryphal tradition.

than of BUTLER. Old Southern calls him " Hudibras Butler ;" and if any one would read the most copious life we have of this great poet in the great General Dictionary, he must look for a name he is not accustomed to find among English authors—that of *Hudibras* ! One fact is remarkable : that, like Cervantes, and unlike Rabelais and Sterne, Butler in his great work, has not sent down to posterity a single passage of indecent ribaldry, though it was written amidst a court which would have got such by heart, and in an age in which such trash was certain of popularity.

We know little more of Butler than we do of Shakespeare and of Spenser ! Longueville, the devoted friend of our poet, has unfortunately left no reminiscences of the departed genius whom he so intimately knew, and who bequeathed to Longueville the only legacy a neglected poet could leave—all his manuscripts ; and to his care, though not to his spirit, we are indebted for Butler's " Remains." His friend attempted to bury him with the public honours he deserved, among the tombs of his brother-bards in Westminster Abbey ; but he was compelled to consign the bard to an obscure burial-place in Paul's, Covent Garden. Many years after, when Alderman Barber raised an inscription to the memory of Butler in Westminster Abbey, others were desirous of placing one over the poet's humble gravestone. This probably excited some competition : and the following fine one, attributed to Dennis, has perhaps never been published. If it be Dennis's, it must have been composed in one of his most lucid moments.

Near this place lies interred
The body of Mr Samuel Butler,
Author of Hudibras

He was a whole species of Poets in one!

Admirable in a Manner

In which no one else has been tolerable,

A Manner which began and ended in Him;

In which he knew no Guide,

And has found no Followers

To this too brief article I add a proof that that fanaticism, which is branded by our immortal Butler, can survive the castigation. Folly is sometimes immortal, as nonsense is sometimes irrefutable. Ancient follies revive, and men repeat the same unintelligible jargon: just as contagion keeps up the plague in Turkey by lying hid in some obscure corner, till it breaks out afresh. Recently we have seen a notable instance where one of the school to which we are alluding, declares of Shakspeare, that "it would have been happy if he had never been born, for that thousands will look back with incessant anguish on the guilty delight which the plays of Shakspeare ministered to them*." Such is the anathema of Shakspeare! We have another of Butler, in "An historic defence of experimental religion;" in which the author contends, that the best men have experienced the agency of the Holy Spirit in an immediate illumination from heaven. He furnishes his historic proofs by a list from Abel to Lady Huntingdon! The author of Hudibras is denounced, "*One Samuel Butler, a celebrated buffoon*

* See Quarterly Review, vol. viii, p. 111, where I found this quotation justly reprobated

in the abandoned reign of Charles the Second, wrote a mock-heroic poem, in which he undertook to burlesque the pious puritan. He ridicules all the gracious promises by comparing the *divine illumination* to an *ignis fatuus*, and dark lantern of the spirit *." Such are the writers whose ascetic spirit is still descending among us from the monkery of the deserts, adding poignancy to the very ridicule they would annihilate. The satire which we deemed obsolete, we find still applicable to contemporaries †

The FIRST part of Hudibras is the most perfect ; that was the rich fruit of matured meditation, of wit, of learning, and of leisure. A mind of the most original powers had been perpetually acted on by some of the most extraordinary events and persons of political and religious history. Butler had lived amidst scenes which might have excited indignation and grief, but his strong contempt of the actors could only supply ludicrous images and caustic railery. Yet once, when villany was at its zenith, his solemn tones were raised to reach it †.

The SECOND part was precipitated in the following year. An interval of fourteen years was allowed to elapse before the THIRD and last part was given to the world, but then every thing had changed ! the poet, the subject, and the patron ! The old theme of the sectarists had lost its freshness, and the cavaliers, with their royal libertine, had become as obnoxious to public

* This work, published in 1795, is curious for the materials the writer's reading has collected.

† The case of King Charles the First truly stated against John Cook, master of Gray's Inn, in Butler's "Remains."

decency as the Tartuffes. Butler appears to have turned aside, and to have given an adverse direction to his satirical arrows. The slavery and dotage of Hudibras to the widow revealed the voluptuous epicurean, who slept on his throne, dissolved in the arms of his mistresses. "The enchanted bower," and "The amorous suit," of Hudibras reflected the new manners of this wretched court; and that Butler had become the satirist of the party whose cause he had formerly so honestly espoused, is confirmed by his "Remains," where, among other nervous satires, is one, "On the licentious age of Charles the Second, contrasted with the puritanical one that preceded it." This then is the greater glory of Butler, that his high and indignant spirit equally satirised the hypocrites of Cromwell, and the libertines of Charles.

SHENSTONE'S SCHOOL-MISTRESS

THE inimitable "School-Mistress" of Shenstone is one of the felicities of genius; but the purpose of this poem has been entirely misconceived. Johnson, acknowledging this charming effusion to be "the most pleasing of Shenstone's productions," observes, "I know not what claim it has to stand among the *moral works*." The truth is, that it was intended for quite a different class by the author, and Dodsley, the editor of his works, must have strangely blundered in designating it "a moral poem." It may be classed with a species of poetry, till recently, rare in our language, and which we sometimes find among the Italians, in their *rime piacevoli*, or *poesie burlesche*, which do not always consist of low

humour in a facetious style with jingling rhimes, to which form we attach our idea of a burlesque poem. There is a refined species of ludicrous poetry, which is comic yet tender, lusory yet elegant, and with such a blending of the serious and the facetious, that the result of such a poem may often, among its other pleasures, produce a sort of ambiguity ; so that we do not always know whether the writer is laughing at his subject, or whether he is to be laughed at. Our admirable Whistlecraft met this fate ! "The School-Mistress" of Shenstone has been admired for its simplicity and tenderness, not for its exquisitely ludicrous turn !

This discovery I owe to the good fortune of possessing the original edition of "The School-Mistress," which the author printed under his own directions, and to his own fancy. To this piece of LUDICROUS POETRY, as he calls it, "lest it should be mistaken," he added a LUDICROUS INDEX, "purely to show fools that I am in jest." But "the fool," his subsequent editor, who, I regret to say, was Robert Dodsley, thought proper to suppress this amusing "ludicrous index," and the consequence is, as the poet foresaw, that his aim has been "mistaken."

The whole history of this poem, and this edition, may be traced in the printed correspondence of Shenstone. Our poet had pleased himself by ornamenting "A six-penny pamphlet" with certain "seemly" designs of his, and for which he came to town to direct the engraver ; he appears also to have intended accompanying it with "The deformed portrait of my old school-dame, Sarah Lloyd." The frontispiece to this first edition represents the "Thatched-house" of his old school-mistress, and

before it is the "birch-tree," with "the sun setting and gilding the scene" He writes on this, "I have the first sheet to correct upon the table. I have laid aside the thoughts of fame a good deal in this unpromising scheme; and fix them upon the landskip which is engraving, the red letter which I propose, and the fruit-piece which you see, being the most seemly ornaments of the first six-penny pamphlet that was ever so highly honoured. I shall incur the same reflection with Ogilby, of having nothing good but my decorations. I expect that in your neighbourhood and in Warwickshire there should be twenty of my poems sold. I print it myself. I am pleased with Mynde's engravings."

On the publication Shenstone has opened his idea on its poetical characteristic. "I dare say it must be very incorrect; for I have added eight or ten stanzas within this fortnight. But inaccuracy is more excusable in *ludicrous poetry* than in any other. If it strikes *any*, it must be merely people of *taste*; for people of *wit* without taste, which comprehends the larger part of the critical tribe, will unavoidably despise it. I have been at some pains to recover myself from A. Philips' misfortune of mere *childishness*, 'Little charm of placid mien,' &c. I have added a *ludicrous index* purely to show (fools) that I am in jest; and my motto, 'O, quàm sol habitabiles illustrat oras, maxima principum!' is calculated for the same purpose. You cannot conceive how large the number is of those that mistake burlesque for the very foolishness it exposes; which observation I made once at the Rehearsal, at Tom Thumb, at Chrononhotonthologos, all which are pieces of elegant hu-

mour. I have some mind to pursue this caution further, and advertise it 'The School-Mistress,' &c. a very *childish* performance every body knows (*novorum more*). But if a person seriously calls this, or rather burlesque, a childish or low species of poetry, he says wrong. For the most regular and formal poetry may be called trifling, folly, and weakness, in comparison of what is written with a more *manly* spirit in ridicule of it."

This first edition is now lying before me, with its splendid "red-letter," its "seemly designs," and what is more precious, its "Index." Shenstone, who had greatly pleased himself with his graphical inventions, at length found that his engraver, Mynde, had sadly bungled with the poet's ideal. Vexed and disappointed, he writes, "I have been plagued to death about the ill-execution of my designs. Nothing is certain in London but expense, which I can ill bear." The truth is, that what is placed in the landskip over the thatched-house, and the birch-tree, is like a falling monster rather than a setting sun; but the fruit-piece at the end, the grapes, the plums, the melon, and the Catharine pears, Mr. Mynde has made sufficiently tempting. This edition contains only twenty-eight stanzas, which were afterwards enlarged to thirty five. Several stanzas have been omitted, and they have also passed through many corrections, and some improvements, which show that Shenstone had more judgment and felicity in severe correction, than perhaps is suspected. Some of these I will point out *.

* I have usually found the School-Mistress printed without num-

In the second stanza, the *first* edition has,

In every mart that stands on Britain's isle,
In every village less reveal'd to fame,
Dwells there in cottage known about a mile,
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name

Improved thus :—

In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embow'ed in trees, and hardly known to fame
There dwells in lowly shed and mean attire
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name

The eighth stanza, in the *first* edition, runs,

The gown, which o'er her shoulders thrown she had
Was russet stuff (who knows not russet stuff?)
Great comfort to her mind that she was clad
In texture of her own, all strong and tough,
Ne did she e'er complain, ne deem it rough, &c.

More elegantly descriptive is the dress as now delineated :—

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air,
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair,
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare, &c

The additions made to the first edition consist of the 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15th stanzas, in which are so beautifully introduced the herbs and garden stores, and the psalmody of the school-mistress, the 29th and 30th stanzas were also subsequent insertions. But those

bearing the stanzas, to enter into the present view it will be necessary for the reader to do this himself with a pencil-mark

lines which give so original a view of genius in its infancy,

A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo, &c

were printed in 1742; and I cannot but think that the far-famed stanzas in Gray's *Elegy*, where he discovers men of genius in peasants, as Shenstone has in children, was suggested by this original conception :

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood,

is, to me, a congenial thought, with an echoed turn of expression of the lines from the *School-Mistress*.

I shall now restore the ludicrous INDEX, and adapt it to the stanzas of the later edition.

	Stanza		Stanza
Introduction .	1	CAP, APRON, and a tremendous description of her	
The subject proposed .	2	BIRCHEN SCEPTRE	6
A circumstance in the situation of the MANSION OF EARLY DISCIPLINE, discovering the surprising influence of the connexions of ideas . . .	3	A parallel instance of the advantages of LEGAL GOVERNMENT with regard to children and the wind . . .	7
A simile, introducing a deprecation of the joyless effects of BIGOTRY and SUPERSTITION	4	Her gown . . .	8
Some peculiarities indicative of a COUNTRY SCHOOL, with a short sketch of the sovereign presiding over it	5	Her TITLES, and punctilious nicety in the ceremonious assertion of them	9
Some account of her NIGHT-		A digression concerning her HEN's presumptuous behaviour, with a circumstance tending to give the cautious reader a more accurate idea of the officious	

	Stanza		Stanza
diligence and economy of an old woman . . .	10	The piety of the poet in relation to that school- dame's memoir, who had the first formation of a certain patriot.	
A view of this RURAL POTEN- TATE as seated in her chair of state, conferring HO- NOURS, distributing BOUN- TIES, and dispersing PRO- CLAMATIONS . . .	16	[This stanza has been left out in the later editions; it refers to the Duke of Argyle]	
Her POLICIES . . .	17		
THE ACTION of the poem commences with a general summons, follows a parti- cular description of the artful structure, decora- tion, and fortifications of an HORN-BIBLE . . .	18	The secret connexion be- tween WHIPPING and RISING IN THE WORLD, with a view, as it were, through a per- spective, of the same LIT- TLE FOLK in the highest posts and reputation . . .	28
A surprising picture of sis- terly affection by way of episode . . .	20, 21	An account of the nature of an EMBRYO-FOX-HUNTER — [Another stanza omitted]	
A short list of the methods now in use to avoid a whipping — which never- theless follows . . .	22	A deviation to an huckster's shop . . .	32
The force of example . . .	23	Which being continued for the space of three stanzas, gives the author an oppor- tunity of paying his com- pliments to a particular county, which he gladly seizes, concluding his piece with respectful mention of the ancient and loyal city of SHREWSBURY.	
A sketch of the particular symptoms of obstinacy as they discover themselves in a child, with a simile illustrating a blubbered face . . .	24, 25, 26		
A hint of great importance . . .	27		

BEN JONSON ON TRANSLATION

I HAVE discovered a poem by this great poet, which
has escaped the researches of all his editors. Prefixed

to a translation, translation is the theme; with us an unvalued art, because our translators have usually been the jobbers of booksellers, but no inglorious one among our French and Italian rivals. In this poem, if the reader's ear be guided by the compressed sense of the massive lines, he may feel a rhythm which, should they be read like our modern metre, he will find wanting, here the fulness of the thoughts form their own cadences. The mind is musical as well as the ear. One verse running into another, and the sense often closing in the middle of a line, is the Club of Hercules; Dryden sometimes succeeded in it, Churchill abused it, and Cowper attempted to revive it. Great force of thought only can wield this verse

On the AUTHOR, WORKE, and TRANSLATOR, prefixed to the translation of Mateo Alemans's Spanish Rogue, 1623

Who tracks this author's or translator's pen
 Shall finde, that either hath read bookes, and men
 To say but one were single. Then it chimes,
 When the old words doe strike on the new times,
 As in this Spanish Proteus, who, though writ
 But in one tongue, was formed with the world's wit
 And hath the noblest marke of a good booke,
 That an ill man dares not securely looke
 Upon it, but will loath, or let it passe,
 As a deformed face doth a true glasse.
 Such bookes, deserve translators of like coate
 As was the genius wherewith they were wrote,
 And this hath met that one, that may be stul'd
 More than the foster-father of this chuld,
 For though Spaine gave him his first ayre and vogue
 He would be call'd, henceforth, *the English rogue*,
 But that hee's too well suted, in a cloth
 Finer than was his Spanish, if my oath

THE LOVES OF "THE LADY ARABELLA." 361

Will be receiv'd in court, if not, would I
Had cloath'd him so! Here's all I can supply
To your desert who have done it, friend! And this
Faie æmulation, and no envy is,
When you behold me wish myselfe, the man
That would have done, that, which you only can!

BEN JONSON

The translator of *Guzman* was James Mabbe, which he disguised under the Spanish pseudonym of *Diego Puede-ser*; *Diego* for *James*, and *Puede-ser* for *Mabbe* or *May-be*! He translated, with the same spirit as his *Guzman*, *Celestina*, or the Spanish bawd, that singular tragi-comedy,—a version still more remarkable. He had resided a considerable time in Spain, and was a perfect master of both languages,—a rare talent in a translator, and the consequence is, that he is a translator of genius.

THE LOVES OF "THE LADY ARABELLA *."

Where London's towre its turrets show
So stately by the Thames's side,
Faire Arabella, child of woe!
For many a day had sat and sigh'd

And as shee heard the waves arise,
And as shee heard the bleake windes roare,

* Long after this article was composed, Miss Arkin published her "Court of James the First." That agreeable writer has written her popular volumes, without wasting the bloom of life in the dust of libraries, and our female historian has not occasioned me to alter a single sentence in these researches.

362 THE LOVES OF "THE LADY ARABELLA."

As fast did heave her heartfelte sighes,
And still so fast her teares did poure¹

Arabella Stuart, in Evans's Old Ballads.

(Probably written by Mickle)

THE name of Arabella Stuart, Mr. Lodge observes, "is scarcely mentioned in history." The whole life of this lady seems to consist of secret history, which, probably, we cannot now recover. The writers who have ventured to weave together her loose and scattered story, are ambiguous and contradictory. How such slight domestic incidents as her life consisted of could produce results so greatly disproportioned to their apparent cause, may always excite our curiosity. Her name scarcely ever occurs without raising that sort of interest which accompanies mysterious events, and more particularly when we discover that this lady is so frequently alluded to by her foreign contemporaries.

The historians of the Lady Arabella have fallen into the grossest errors. Her chief historian has committed a violent injury on her very person, which, in the history of a female, is not the least important. In hastily consulting two passages relative to her, he applied to the Lady Arabella the defective understanding and headstrong dispositions of her aunt, the Countess of Shrewsbury; and by another misconception of a term, as I think, asserts that the Lady Arabella was distinguished neither for beauty, nor intellectual qualities*. This

* Morant in the *Biographia Britannica*. This gross blunder has been detected by Mr. Lodge. The other I submit to the reader's judgment. A contemporary letter-writer, alluding to the flight of Arabella and Seymour, which alarmed the Scottish so much more than

authoritative decision perplexed the modern editor, Kippis, whose researches were always limited; Kippis had gleaned from Oldys's precious manuscripts a single note, which shook to its foundations the whole structure before him; and he had also found, in Ballard, to his utter confusion, some hints that the Lady Arabella was a learned woman, and of a poetical genius, though even the writer himself, who had recorded this discovery, was at a loss to ascertain the fact! It is amusing to observe honest George Ballard in the same dilemma as honest Andrew Kippis. "This lady," he says, "was not more distinguished for the dignity of her birth, than celebrated for her fine parts and learning; and yet," he adds, in all the simplicity of his ingenuousness, "I know so little in relation to the two last accomplishments, that I should not have given her a place in these memoirs had not Mr. Evelyn put her in his list of learned women, and Mr. Philips (Milton's nephew) introduced her among his modern poetesses."

the English party, tells us, among other reasons of the little danger of the political influence of the parties themselves over the people, that not only their pretensions were far removed, but he adds, "They were *UNGRACEFUL* both in their *persons* and their *houses*" Morant takes the term *UNGRACEFUL* in its modern acceptation, but in the style of that day, I think, *UNGRACEFUL* is opposed to *GRACIOUS* in the eyes of the people, meaning that their *persons* and their *houses* were not considerable to the multitude. Would it not be absurd to apply *ungraceful* in its modern sense to a *family* or *house*? And had any political danger been expected, assuredly it would not have been diminished by the want of *personal grace* in these lovers. I do not recollect any authority for the sense of *ungraceful* in opposition to *gracious*, but a critical and literary antiquary has sanctioned my opinion.

"The Lady Arabella," for by that name she is usually noticed by her contemporaries, rather than by her maiden name of Stuart, or by her married one of Seymour, as she latterly subscribed herself, was, by her affinity with James the First, and our Elizabeth, placed near the throne; too near, it seems, for her happiness and quiet! In their common descent from Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry the Seventh, she was cousin to the Scottish monarch, but born an Englishwoman, which gave her some advantage in a claim to the throne of England. "Her double relation to royalty," says Mr. Lodge, "was equally obnoxious to the jealousy of Elizabeth, and the timidity of James, and they secretly dreaded the supposed danger of her having a legitimate offspring." Yet James himself, then unmarried, proposed for the husband of the Lady Arabella one of her cousins, Lord Esme Stuart, whom he had created Duke of Lenox, and designed for his heir. The first thing we hear of "the Lady Arabella" concerns a marriage: marriages are the incidents of her life, and the fatal event which terminated it was a marriage. Such was the secret spring on which her character and her misfortunes revolved.

This proposed match was desirable to all parties; but there was one greater than them all, who forbade the bans. Elizabeth interposed; she imprisoned the Lady Arabella, and would not deliver her up to the king, of whom she spoke with asperity, and even with contempt*. The greatest infirmity of Elizabeth was her

* A circumstance which we discover by a Spanish memorial, when

mysterious conduct respecting the succession to the English throne; her jealousy of power, her strange unhappiness in the dread of personal neglect, made her averse to see a successor in her court, or even to hear of a distant one, in a successor she could only view a competitor. Camden tells us that she frequently observed, that "most men neglected the setting-sun," and this melancholy presentiment of personal neglect this political coquette not only lived to experience, but even this circumstance of keeping the succession unsettled miserably disturbed the queen on her death-bed. Her ministers, it appears, harassed her when she was lying speechless; a remarkable circumstance, which has hitherto escaped the knowledge of her numerous historians, and which I shall take an opportunity of disclosing in this work.

Elizabeth leaving a point so important always problematical, raised up the very evil she so greatly dreaded; it multiplied the aspirants, while every party humoured itself by selecting its own claimant, and none more busily than the continental powers. One of the most curious is the project of the Pope, who, intending to put aside James the First on account of his religion, formed a chimerical scheme of uniting Arabella with a

our James the First was negotiating with the cabinet of Madrid. He complains of Elizabeth's treatment of him, that the queen refused to give him his father's estate in England, nor would deliver up his uncle's daughter, Arabella, to be married to the Duke of Lenox, at which time the queen *uso palabras muy asperas y de mucho disprescha contra el dicho Rey de Escocia*, she used harsh words, expressing much contempt of the king. Winwood's Mem. i. 4

prince of the house of Savoy; the pretext, for without a pretext no politician moves, was their descent from a bastard of our Edward the Fourth; the Duke of Parma was, however, married; but the Pope, in his infallibility, turned his brother the Cardinal into the Duke's substitute by secularising the churchman. In that case the Cardinal would then become King of England in right of this lady!—provided he obtained the crown*!

We might conjecture from this circumstance, that Arabella was a catholic, and so Mr. Butler has recently told us; but I know of no other authority than Dodd, the catholic historian, who has inscribed her name among his party Parsons, the wily jesuit, was so doubtful how the lady, when young, stood disposed towards catholicism, that he describes "her religion to be as tender, green, and flexible, as is her age and sex, and to be wrought hereafter and settled according to future events and times." Yet, in 1611, when she was finally sent into confinement, one well informed of court affairs writes, "that the Lady Arabella hath *not been found inclinable to popery*†."

Even Henry the Fourth of France was not unfriendly to this papistical project of placing an Italian cardinal

* See a very curious letter, the CCXCIX of Cardinal D'Ossat, vol v The catholic interest expected to facilitate the conquest of England by joining their armies with those of "Arbelle," and the commentator writes that this English lady had a party, consisting of all those English who had been the judges or the avowed enemies of Mary of Scotland, the mother of James the First.

† Winwood's Memorials, iii. 281.

on the English throne. It had always been the state interest of the French cabinet to favour any scheme which might preserve the realms of England and Scotland as separate kingdoms. The manuscript correspondence of Charles the Ninth with his ambassador at the court of London, which I have seen, tends solely to this great purpose, and perhaps it was her French and Spanish allies which finally hastened the political martyrdom of the Scottish Mary.

Thus we have discovered *two* chimerical husbands of the Lady Arabella. The *pretensions* of this lady to the throne had evidently become an object with speculating politicians; and perhaps it was to withdraw herself from the embarrassments into which she was thrown, that, according to De Thou, she intended to marry a son of the Earl of Northumberland; but to the jealous terror of Elizabeth, an English Earl was not an object of less magnitude than a Scotch Duke. This is the *third* shadowy husband!

When James the First ascended the English throne, there existed an Anti-Scottish party. Hardly had the northern monarch entered into the "Land of Promise," when his southern throne was shaken by a foolish plot, which one writer calls "a state riddle;" it involved Rawleigh, and unexpectedly the Lady Arabella. The Scottish monarch was to be got rid of, and Arabella was to be crowned. Some of these silly conspirators having written to her, requesting letters to be addressed to the King of Spain, she laughed at the letter she received, and sent it to the King. Thus for a *second* time was Arabella to have been Queen of England.

This occurred in 1603, but was followed by no harsh measures from James the First.

In the following year, 1604, I have discovered that for the *third* time the lady was offered a crown! "A great ambassador is coming from the King of Poland, whose chief errand is to demand my Lady Arabella in marriage for his master. So may your princess of the blood grow a great queen, and then we shall be safe from *the danger of missuperscribing letters**." This last passage seems to allude to something. What is meant of "the danger of missuperscribing letters?"

If this royal offer were ever made, it was certainly forbidden. Can we imagine the refusal to have come from the lady, who, we shall see, seven years afterwards, complained that the king had neglected her, in not providing her with a suitable match? It was this very time that one of those butterflies, who quiver on the fair flowers of a court, writes that "My Ladye Arbella spends her time in lecture, reiding, &c., and she will not hear of marriage. Indirectly there were speaches used in the recommendation of Count Maurice, who pretendeth to be Duke of Guildres. I dare not attempt her †." Here we find another princely match proposed.

* This manuscript letter from William, Earl of Pembroke, to Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, is dated from Hampton-Court, Oct. 3, 1604 Sloane MSS 4161

† Lodge's Illustrations of British History, iii 286 It is curious to observe, that this letter, by W Fowler, is dated on the same day as the manuscript letter I have just quoted, and it is directed to the same Earl of Shrewsbury, so that the Earl must have received, in one day, accounts of two different projects of marriage for his niece! This

Thus far, to the Lady Arabella, crowns and husbands were like a fairy banquet seen at moonlight, opening on her sight, impalpable and vanishing at the moment of approach.

Arabella, from certain circumstances, was a dependent on the king's bounty, which flowed very unequally, often reduced to great personal distress, we find by her letters, that "she prayed for present money, though it should not be annually." I have discovered that James at length granted her a pension. The royal favours, however, were probably limited to her good behaviour*.

From 1604 to 1608, is a period which forms a blank leaf in the story of Arabella. In this last year this unfortunate lady had again fallen out of favour, and, as usual, the cause was mysterious, and not known even to the writer. Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, mentions, "the Lady Arabella's business, *whatsoever it was*, is ended, and she restored to her former place and graces. The king gave her a cupboard of plate, better than 200*l.*, for a new year's gift, and 1000 marks to pay her debts, besides some yearly addition to her maintenance, want being thought the chiefest

shows how much Arabella engaged the designs of foreigners and natives Will Fowler was a rhyming and fantastical secretary to the queen of James the First.

* Two letters of Arabella, on distress of money, are preserved by Ballard The discovery of a *pension* I made in Sir Julius Cæsar's manuscripts, where one is mentioned of 1600*l.* to the Lady Arabella Sloane MSS., 4160.

Mr Lodge has shown that the king once granted her the duty on oats

cause of her discontentment, though *shee be not altogether free from suspicion of being collapsed**." Another mysterious expression which would seem to allude either to politics or religion ; but the fact appears by another writer to have been a discovery of a new project of marriage without the king's consent. This person of her choice is not named ; and it was to divert her mind from the too constant object of her thoughts, that James, after a severe reprimand, had invited her to partake of the festivities of the court, in that season of revelry and reconciliation.

We now approach that event of the Lady Arabella's life, which reads like a romantic fiction : the catastrophe, too, is formed by the Aristotelian canon ; for its misery, its pathos, and its terror, even romantic fiction has not exceeded !

It is probable that the king, from some political motive, had decided that the Lady Arabella should lead a single life ; but such wise purposes frequently meet with cross ones, and it happened that no woman was ever more solicited to the conjugal state, or seems to have been so little averse to it. Every noble youth, who sighed for distinction, ambitioned the notice of the Lady Arabella ; and she was so frequently contriving a marriage for herself, that a courtier of that day writing to another, observes, "these affectations of marriage in her do give some advantage to the world of impairing the reputation of her constant and virtuous disposition†."

* Winwood's Memorials, vol. iii. 117—119

† Ibid, vol. iii. 119.

The revels of Christmas had hardly closed, when the Lady Arabella forgot that she had been forgiven, and again relapsed into her old infirmity. She renewed a connexion, which had commenced in childhood, with Mr. William Seymour, the second son of Lord Beauchamp, and grandson of the Earl of Hertford. His character has been finely described by Clarendon: he loved his studies and his repose, but when the civil wars broke out, he closed his volumes and drew his sword, and was both an active and a skilful general. Charles the First created him Marquis of Hertford, and governor of the prince, he lived to the Restoration, and Charles the Second restored him to the dukedom of Somerset.

This treaty of marriage was detected in February, 1609, and the parties summoned before the privy council. Seymour was particularly censured for daring to ally himself with the royal blood, although that blood was running in his own veins. In a manuscript letter which I have discovered, Seymour addressed the lords of the privy council. The style is humble; the plea to excuse his intended marriage is, that being but "A young brother, and sensible of mine own good, unknown to the world, of mean estate, not born to challenge any thing by my birthright, and therefore my fortunes to be raised by mine own endeavour, and she a lady of great honour and virtue, and, as I thought, of great means, I did plainly and honestly endeavour lawfully to gain her in marriage." There is nothing romantic in this apology, in which Seymour describes himself as a fortune-hunter!

which, however, was probably done to cover his undoubted affection for Arabella, whom he had early known. He says, that "he conceived that this noble lady might, without offence, make the choice of any subject within this kingdom ; which conceit was begotten in me upon a general report, after her ladyship's *last being called before your lordships**, that it might be." He tells the story of this ancient wooing—"I boldly intruded myself into her ladyship's chamber in the court on Candlemass day last, at what time I imparted my desire unto her, which was entertained, but with this caution on either part, that both of us resolved not to proceed to any final conclusion without his majesty's most gracious favour first obtained. And this was our first meeting! After that we had a second meeting at Briggs's house in Fleet-street, and then a third at Mr. Baynton's; at both which we had the like conference and resolution as before." He assures their lordships that both of them had never intended marriage without his majesty's approbation †.

But Love laughs at privy councils, and the grave promises made by two frightened lovers. The parties were secretly married, which was discovered about July in the following year. They were then separately confined, the lady at the house of Sir Thomas Parry at

* This evidently alludes to the gentleman whose name appears not, which occasioned Arabella to incur the king's displeasure before Christmas, the Lady Arabella, it is quite clear, was resolvedly bent on marrying herself!

Lambeth, and Seymour in the Tower, for "his contempt in marrying a lady of the royal family without the king's leave."

This, their first confinement, was not rigorous; the lady walked in her garden, and the lover was a prisoner at large in the Tower. The writer in the *Biographia Britannica* observes, that "Some intercourse they had by letters, which, after a time was discovered." In this history of love these might be precious documents, and in the library at Long-leat, these love-epistles, or perhaps this volume, may yet lie unread in a corner*. Arabella's epistolary talent was not vulgar: Dr. Montford, in a manuscript letter, describes one of those effusions which Arabella addressed to the king. "This letter was penned by her in the best terms, as she can do right well. It was often read without offence, nay it was even commended by his highness, with the applause of prince and council." One of these amatory letters I have recovered. The circumstance is domestic, being nothing more at first than a very pretty letter on Mr. Seymour having taken cold, but, as every love letter ought, it is not without a pathetic *crescendo*; the tearing away of hearts so firmly joined, while, in her solitary imprisonment, that he lived and was her own, filled her spirit with that consciousness which triumphed even over that sickly frame so nearly subdued to death.

* It is on record that at Long-leat, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, certain papers of Arabella are preserved I leave to the noble owner the pleasure of the research

The familiar style of James the First's age may bear comparison with our own. I shall give it entire.

"LADY ARABELLA TO MR. WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

" Sir,

" I am exceeding sorry to hear you have not been well. I pray you let me know truly how you do, and what was the cause of it I am not satisfied with the reason Smith gives for it, but if it be a cold, I will impute it to some sympathy betwixt us, having myself gotten a swollen cheek at the same time with a cold. For God's sake, let not your grief of mind work upon your body. You may see by me what inconveniences it will bring one to; and no fortune, I assure you, daunts me so much as that weakness of body I find in myself; for *si nous vivons l'age d'un veau*, as Marot says, we may, by God's grace be happier than we look for, in being suffered to enjoy ourself with his majesty's favour. But if we be not able to live to it, I, for my part, shall think myself a pattern of misfortune, in enjoying so great a blessing as you, so little awhile. No separation but that deprives me of the comfort of you. For wheresoever you be, or in what state soever you are, it sufficeth me you are mine! *Rachel wept and would not be comforted, because her children were no more.* And that, indeed, is the remediless sorrow, and none else! And therefore God bless us from that, and I will hope well of the rest, though I see no apparent hope. But I am sure God's book mentioneth many of his children in as great distress, that have done well after, even in this world! I do assure you nothing the

state can do with me can trouble me so much as this news of your being ill doth; and you see when I am troubled, I trouble you too with tedious kindness; for so I think you will account so long a letter, yourself not having written to me this good while so much as how you do. But, sweet sir, I speak not this to trouble you with writing but when you please. Be well, and I shall account myself happy in being

"Your faithfull loving wife,

"ARB. S.*"

In examining the manuscripts of this lady, the defect of dates must be supplied by our sagacity. The following "petition," as she calls it, addressed to the king in defence of her secret marriage, must have been written at this time. She remonstrates with the king for what she calls his neglect of her, and while she fears to be violently separated from her husband, she asserts her cause with a firm and noble spirit, which was afterwards too severely tried!

"TO THE KING.

"May it please your most excellent Majesty.

"I do most heartily lament my hard fortune that I should offend your majesty the least, especially in that whereby I have long desired to merit of your majesty, as appeared before your majesty was my sovereign. And though your majesty's neglect of me, my good liking of this gentleman that is my husband, and my

fortune, drew me to a contract before I acquainted your majesty, I humbly beseech your majesty to consider how impossible it was for me to imagine it could be offensive to your majesty, having *few days before given me your royal consent to bestow myself on any subject of your majesty's* (which likewise your majesty had done long since). Besides, never having been either prohibited any, or spoken to for any, in this land, by your majesty, *these seven years* that I have lived in your majesty's house, I could not conceive that your majesty regarded my marriage at all; whereas if your majesty had vouchsafed to tell me your mind, and accept the free-will offering of my obedience, I would not have offended your majesty, of whose gracious goodness I presume so much, that *if it were now as convenient in a worldly respect, as malice make it seem to separate us, whom God hath joined*, your majesty would not do evil that good might come thereof, nor make me, that have the honour to be so near your majesty in blood, the first precedent that ever was, though our princes may have left some as little imitable, for so good and gracious a king as your majesty, as David's dealing with Uriah. But I assure myself, if it please your majesty in your own wisdom to consider thoroughly of my cause, there will no solid reason appear to debar me of justice and your princely favour, which I will endeavour to deserve whilst I breathe."

It is indorsed, "A copy of my petition to the King's Majesty." In another she implores that "If the necessity of my state and fortune, together with my weakness,

have caused me to do somewhat not pleasing to your majesty, let it be all covered with the shadow of your royal benignity." Again, in another petition, she writes,

" Touching the offence for which I am now punished, I most humbly beseech your majesty, in your most princely wisdom and judgment, to consider in what a miserable state I had been, if I had taken any other course than I did; for my own conscience witnessing before God that I was then the wife of him that now I am, I could never have matched any other man, but to have lived all the days of my life as a harlot, which your majesty would have abhorred in any, especially in one who hath the honour (how otherwise unfortunate soever) to have any drop of your majesty's blood in them."

I find a letter of Lady Jane Drummond, in reply to this or another petition, which Lady Drummond had given the queen to present to his majesty. It was to learn the cause of Arabella's confinement. The pithy expression of James the First is characteristic of the monarch; and the solemn forebodings of Lady Drummond, who appears to have been a lady of excellent judgment, showed, by the fate of Arabella, how they were true!

" LADY JANE DRUMMOND TO LADY ARABELLA,

" Answering her prayer to know the cause of her confinement.

" This day her majesty hath seen your ladyship's letter. Her Majesty says, that when she gave your ladyship's petition to his majesty, he did take it well

enough, but gave no other answer than that *ye had eaten of the forbidden tree*. This was all her majesty commanded me to say to your ladyship in this purpose ; but withal did remember her kindly to your ladyship, and sent you this little token in witness of the continuance of her majesty's favour to your ladyship. Now, where your ladyship desires me to deal openly and freely with you, I protest I can say nothing on knowledge, for I never spoke to any of that purpose but to the queen ; *but the wisdom of this state, with the example how some of your quality in the like case has been used, makes me fear that ye shall not find so easy end to your troubles as ye expect or I wish.*"

In return, Lady Arabella expresses her grateful thanks—presents her majesty with "this piece of my work, to accept in remembrance of the poor prisoner that wrought them, in hopes her royal hands will vouchsafe to wear them, which till I have the honour to kiss, I shall live in a great deal of sorrow. Her case," she adds, "could be compared to no other she ever heard of, resembling no other." Arabella, like the queen of Scots, beguiled the hours of imprisonment by works of embroidery ; for in sending a present of this kind to Sir Andrew Sinclair to be presented to the queen, she thanks him for "vouchsafing to descend to these petty offices to take care even of these womanish toys, for her whose serious mind must invent some relaxation."

The secret correspondence of Arabella and Seymour was discovered, and was followed by a sad scene. It must have been now that the king resolved to consign this unhappy lady to the stricter care of the Bishop of

Durham. Lady Arabella was so subdued at this distant separation, that she gave way to all the wildness of despair; she fell suddenly ill, and could not travel but in a litter, and with a physician. In her way to Durham, she was so greatly disquieted in the first few miles of her uneasy and troublesome journey, that they would proceed no further than to Highgate. The physician returned to town to report her state, and declared that she was assuredly very weak, her pulse dull and melancholy, and very irregular; her countenance very heavy, pale, and wan; and though free from fever, he declared her in no case fit for travel. The king observed, "It is enough to make any sound man sick to be carried in a bed in that manner she is; much more for her *whose impatient and unquiet spirit heapeth upon herself far greater indisposition of body than otherwise she would have.*" His resolution, however, was, that "she should proceed to Durham, if he were king!" "We answered," replied the doctor, "that we made no doubt of her obedience"—"Obedience is that required," replied the king, "which being performed, I will do more for her than she expected*."

The king, however, with his usual indulgence, appears to have consented that Lady Arabella should remain for a month at Highgate, in confinement, till she had sufficiently recovered to proceed to Durham, where the bishop posted, unaccompanied by his charge, to await her reception, and to the great relief of the friends of

* These particulars I derive from the manuscript letters among the papers of Arabella Stuart. Harl MSS 7003.

the lady, who hoped she was still within the reach of their cares, or of the royal favour.

A second month's delay was granted, in consequence of that letter which we have before noticed as so impressive and so elegant, that it was commended by the king, and applauded by prince Henry and the council.

But the day of her departure hastened, and the Lady Arabella betrayed no symptom of her first despair. She openly declared her resignation to her fate, and showed her obedient willingness, by being even over-careful in little preparations to make easy a long journey. Such tender grief had won over the hearts of her keepers, who could not but sympathise with a princess whose love, holy and wedded too, was crossed only by the tyranny of statesmen. But Arabella had not within that tranquillity with which she had lulled her keepers. She and Seymour had concerted a flight, as bold in its plot, and as beautifully wild, as any recorded in romantic story. The day preceding her departure, Arabella found it not difficult to persuade a female attendant to consent that she would suffer her to pay a last visit to her husband, and to wait for her return at an appointed hour. More solicitous for the happiness of lovers than for the repose of kings, this attendant, in utter simplicity, or with generous sympathy, assisted the Lady Arabella in dressing her in one of the most elaborate disguisings. "She drew a pair of large French-fashioned hose or trowsers over her petticoats; put on a man's doublet or coat; a peruke such as men wore, whose long locks covered her own ringlets; a black hat, a black cloak, russet boots with red tops, and a

rapier by her side." Thus accoutred, the Lady Arabella stole out with a gentleman about three o'clock in the afternoon. She had only proceeded a mile and a half, when they stopped at a poor inn, where one of her confederates was waiting with horses, yet she was so sick and faint, that the ostler, who held her stirrup, observed, that "the gentleman could hardly hold out to London." She recruited her spirits by riding; the blood mantled in her face; and at six o'clock our sick lover reached Blackwall, where a boat and servants were waiting. The watermen were at first ordered to Woolwich; there they were desired to push on to Gravesend; then to Tilbury, where, complaining of fatigue, they landed to refresh; but, tempted by their freight, they reached Lee. At the break of morn, they discovered a French vessel riding there to receive the lady; but as Seymour had not yet arrived, Arabella was desirous to lie at anchor for her lord, conscious that he would not fail to his appointment. If he indeed had been prevented in his escape, she herself cared not to preserve the freedom she now possessed; but her attendants, aware of the danger of being overtaken by a king's ship, over-ruled her wishes, and hoisted sail, which occasioned so fatal a termination to this romantic adventure. Seymour indeed had escaped from the Tower; he had left his servant watching at the door, to warn all visitors not to disturb his master, who lay ill of a raging toothach, while Seymour in disguise stole away alone, following a cart which had just brought wood to his apartment. He passed the warders; he reached the wharf, and found his confidential man waiting with a boat; and he arrived

at Lee. The time pressed; the waves were rising; Arabella was not there; but in the distance he descried a vessel. Hiring a fisherman to take him on board, to his grief, on hailing it, he discovered that it was not the French vessel charged with his Arabella. In despair and confusion, he found another ship from Newcastle, which for a good sum altered its course, and landed him in Flanders. In the mean while, the escape of Arabella was first known to government; and the hot alarm which spread may seem ludicrous to us. The political consequences attached to the union and the flight of these two doves from their cotes, shook with consternation the grey owls of the cabinet, more particularly the Scotch party, who, in their terror, paralleled it with the gunpowder treason; and some political danger must have impended, at least in their imagination, for Prince Henry partook of this cabinet panic.

Confusion and alarm prevailed at court; couriers were despatched swifter than the winds wafted the unhappy Arabella, and all was hurry in the sea-ports. They sent to the Tower to warn the lieutenant to be doubly vigilant over Seymour, who, to his surprise, discovered that his prisoner had ceased to be so for several hours. James at first was for issuing a proclamation in a style so angry and vindictive, that it required themoderation of Cecil to preserve the dignity while he concealed the terror of his majesty. By the admiral's detail of his impetuous movements, he seemed in pursuit of an enemy's fleet; for the courier is urged, and the post-masters are roused by a superscription, which warned them of the eventful despatch: "Haste, haste,

post haste! Haste for your life! your life*!" The family of the Seymours were in a state of distraction; and a letter from Mr. Francis Seymour to his grandfather, the Earl of Hertford, residing then at his seat far remote from the capital, to acquaint him of the escape of his brother and the lady, still bears to posterity a remarkable evidence of the trepidations and consternation of the old earl: it arrived in the middle of the night, accompanied by a summons to attend the privy council. In the perusal of a letter written in a small hand, and filling more than two folio pages, such was his agitation, that in holding the taper he must have burnt what he probably had not read, the letter is scorched, and the flame has perforated it in so critical a part, that the poor old earl journeyed to town in a state of uncertainty and confusion. Nor was his terror so unreasonable as it seems. Treason had been a political calamity with the Seymours. Their progenitor, the Duke of Somerset the protector, had found that "all his honours," as Frankland strangely expresses it, "had helped him too forwards to hop headless." Henry, Elizabeth, and James, says the same writer, considered that it was needful, as indeed in all sovereignties, that

* "This emphatic injunction," observed a friend, "would be effective when the messenger could read," but in a letter written by the Earl of Essex about the year 1597, to the Lord High Admiral at Plymouth, I have seen added to the words "Hast, hast, hast for lyfe!" the expressive symbol of a *gallows prepared with a halter*, which could not be well misunderstood by the most illiterate of Mercuries, thus



those who were near the crown "should be narrowly looked into for marriage"

But we have left the Lady Arabella alone and mournful on the seas, not praying for favourable gales to convey her away, but still imploring her attendants to linger for her Seymour; still straining her sight to the point of the horizon for some speck which might give a hope of the approach of the boat freighted with all her love. Alas! never more was Arabella to cast a single look on her lover and her husband! She was overtaken by a pink in the king's service, in Calais roads; and now she declared that she cared not to be brought back again to her imprisonment should Seymour escape, whose safety was dearest to her!

The life of the unhappy, the melancholy, and the distracted Arabella Stuart is now to close in an imprisonment, which lasted only four years; for her constitutional delicacy, her rooted sorrow, and the violence of her feelings, sunk beneath the hopelessness of her situation, and a secret resolution in her mind to refuse the aid of her physicians, and to wear away the faster if she could, the feeble remains of life. But who shall paint the emotions of a mind which so much grief, and so much love, and distraction itself, equally possessed?

What passed in that dreadful imprisonment cannot perhaps be recovered for authentic history; but enough is known; that her mind grew impaired, that she finally lost her reason, and if the duration of her imprisonment was short, it was only terminated by her death. Some loose effusions, often begun and never ended, written and

erased, incoherent and rational, yet remain in the fragments of her papers. In a letter she proposed addressing to Viscount Fenton, to implore for her his majesty's favour again, she says, "Good, my lord, consider the fault cannot be uncommitted; neither can any more be required of any earthly creature but confession and most humble submission." In a paragraph she had written, but crossed out, it seems that a present of her work had been refused by the king, and that she had no one about her whom she might trust.

"Help will come too late; and be assured that *neither physician nor other, but whom I think good, shall come about me while I live*, till I have his majesty's favour, without which I desire not to live. And *if you remember of old, I dare die*, so I be not guilty of my own death, and oppress others with my ruin too, if *there be no other way*, as God forbid, to whom I commit you; and rest as assuredly as heretofore, if you be the same to me,

"Your lordship's faithful friend,

"A. S."

That she had frequently meditated on suicide appears by another letter—"I could not be so unchristian as to be the cause of my own death. Consider what the world would conceive if I should be violently enforced to do it."

One fragment we may save as an evidence of her utter wretchedness.

"In all humility, the most wretched and unfortunate creature that ever lived, prostrates itself at the feet of the most merciful king that ever was, desiring nothing

but mercy and favour, not being more afflicted for any thing than for the losse of that which hath binne this long time the onely comfort it had in the world, and which, if it weare to do again, I would not adventure the losse of for any other worldly comfort ; mercy it is I desire, and that for God's sake !"

Such is the history of the Lady Arabella, who from some circumstances not sufficiently opened to us, was an important personage, designed by others, at least, to play a high character in the political drama. Thrice selected as a queen, but the consciousness of royalty was only felt in her veins while she lived in the poverty of dependence. Many gallant spirits aspired after her hand, but when her heart secretly selected one beloved, it was for ever deprived of domestic happiness ! She is said not to have been beautiful, and to have been beautiful, and her very portrait, ambiguous as her life, is neither the one nor the other. She is said to have been a poetess, and not a single verse substantiates her claim to the laurel. She is said not to have been remarkable for her intellectual accomplishments, yet I have found a Latin letter of her composition in her manuscripts. The materials of her life are so scanty that it cannot be written, and yet we have sufficient reason to believe that it would be as pathetic as it would be extraordinary, could we narrate its involved incidents, and paint forth her delirious feelings. Acquainted rather with her conduct than with her character, for us the Lady ARABELLA has no palpable historical existence, and we perceive rather her shadow than herself ! A writer of romance might render her one of those interesting

personages whose griefs have been deepened by their royalty, and whose adventures, touched with the warm hues of love and distraction, closed at the bars of her prison-grate : a sad example of a female victim to the state !

" Through one dim lattice, fring'd with ivy round,
Successive suns a languid radiance threw,
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
To mark how fast her waning beauty flew !"

SEYMOUR, who was afterwards permitted to return, distinguished himself by his loyalty through three successive reigns, and retained his romantic passion for the lady of his first affections ; for he called the daughter he had by his second lady by the ever-beloved name of ARABELLA STUART.

END OF VOL. IV.